牛红英 单丽英／编译



诺贝尔奖

获奖演说精选集（英文版）

【和平卷·文学卷】



南開大學出版社

SELECTED SPEECHES ON

NOBEL PRIZE

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封面设计／
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Preface

随着中外文化与经济交流的发展，国内英语学习的热潮一浪高过一浪。有的人出于工作的目的而学习，有的人为了通过考试而学习，也有的人为了兴趣而学习。但是不难发现，很多人学习英语的功利性很强。这一点无可厚非。日益紧张的生活节奏和生存压力使我们难得安下心来，静静地读一本书，与智者对话，与自己的心灵对话。而本书是为那些想提高英语水平，同时又希望陶冶心灵的人编写的。

1895年11月27日，瑞典科学家诺贝尔立下遗嘱：将全部财产九百多万美元（相当于现在的十多亿美元）作为设立诺贝尔奖金的基金，每年取出基金利息，奖给对人类文化、科学事业做出重大贡献的人。诺贝尔奖分为物理学、化学、生理学（或医学）、文学、和平奖五项。瑞典银行在1968年增设一项经济学奖，1969年第一次颁奖。由于按规定，每年要从基金利息中抽出10%加入基金，另加上一部分没有发出的奖金也并入基金，因此基金的数目越来越大。

1901年12月10日，诺贝尔基金会举行了第一次颁奖仪式。自1901年以来，诺贝尔奖每年颁发一次，只有在第二次世界大战期间（1940年至1942年），才停顿了几年。诺贝尔奖每年于12月10日，即诺贝尔逝世周年纪念日，以隆重的仪式在斯德哥尔摩宽敞的音乐厅里颁发。和平奖则在挪威的奥斯陆颁发。

诺贝尔奖迄今已经有超过百年的历史。诺贝尔奖得主都是各领域的大家，不仅在专业方面成就卓越，还有着睿智的头脑和思想。如果说他们的专业成就我们无法企及，至少我们可以试着了解他们的思想。而他们在受奖时的演讲便是他们思想的集中体现。在演讲中，他们从自己的研究领域出发，纵览世界的发展和变化，呼吁人们关注知识，关注人类的精神世界。

在编写本书的过程中，考虑到自然科学及经济类奖项得主的讲话中可能涉及专业知识，一般读者很难读懂，所以我们选择了和平奖和文学奖得主的演讲。同时我们也放弃了那些过于深奥晦涩、政治倾向过于明显，或思想意识与我国情况明显有悖的演讲。最后选择的诺贝尔奖得主来自不同国家，但有一些是大家较为熟悉的，比如和平奖得主有美国前总统卡特和罗斯福、南非前总统曼德拉、联合国秘书长安南、已故的特里萨修女、刚去世的阿拉法特等，文学奖得主有罗素、叶芝、赛珍珠等。

每一篇演讲有三部分：演讲者照片及介绍（包括国籍、生平、主要作品或贡献等）、演讲内容和难点注释。其中有些文学奖得主的演讲原文较长，所以做了适当删节。在书后附有诺贝尔的遗嘱以及有关诺贝尔奖的背景及趣闻轶事的文章。

这本书针对的是大学生和有一定英语基础的读者。除了帮助读者提高英语水平外，还希望有助于他们了解这些人类精英的思想，在阅读中提高自身修养和素质，因为这些是演讲者发自心灵最深处的声音。这样的文章也许才是真正的心灵鸡汤。

在本书的编写过程中，陈燕萍和高艳承担了部分的注释和校对工作，张子冠在一些技术问题上给予了热情帮助，在此对他们表示真挚的感谢。

由于诸多原因，书中若有疏漏或偏误，还望读者指正。

编　者

2005 年 5 月

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Part One　Nobel Lectures on Peace



Theodore Roosevelt

西奥多·罗斯福（Theodore Roosevelt, 1858－1919），第26任美国总统。出生于纽约。祖先于17世纪从荷兰移民至美国。18岁入哈佛大学，后前往德国学习，随后进入政坛。自年轻时便被认为是一位积极的革新派人物。1884年，由于健康原因，加上妻子去世，罗斯福暂别政坛，回到美国西部。1886年返纽约，更为积极地投身政治。曾先后在纽约市警察局、美国海军担任要职。在1898年美西战争中，罗斯福率领一个骑兵团在古巴英勇作战，很快成为战斗英雄。回国后被共和党提名竞选纽约州州长，果然他胜出担任，并在其间政纪斐然。1901年9月14日美国McKinley总统被刺身亡后，时任副总统的罗斯福接替行使总统职务，年仅42岁。1904年竞选连任至1909年。此后，他遵从宪法，没有寻求再次连任。

在任期间，罗斯福积极推动海牙国际仲裁法庭发挥其作用，在解决西半球国家的政治冲突方面起到了重要作用。推行反“托拉斯”政策，通过了一些保护劳工的立法，实行了一些维护社会公共利益的措施，在世界推行扩张政策，使美国国力不断增强。他还主持了1905年的日俄战争和平谈判，促成两国放弃战争，维护了和平，由此获得了1906年的诺贝尔和平奖。

由于不满继任者William Howard Taft总统的表现，罗斯福于1912年再度参与竞选美国总统，但输给了Woodrow Wilson。在1919年60

岁时于睡眠中安静地离世。

除了政治家的头衔外，罗斯福还是一位历史学家、传记作家、演说家等。他的作品包括 26 本书以及 1 000 多篇文章等。在这篇演讲中，罗斯福进一步阐述了他先前就已提出的以实际行动促和平的理论。这篇演讲虽是 1906 年诺贝尔和平奖的受奖辞，却是罗斯福在 1910 年 5 月才发表的。

International Peace

(A Delayed Speech for the 1906 Nobel Peace Prize)

It is with peculiar pleasure that I stand here today to express the deep appreciation I feel of the high honor conferred upon me by the presentation of the Nobel Peace Prize. The gold medal which formed part of the prize I shall always keep, and I shall hand it on to my children as a precious heirloom.[1] The sum of money provided as part of the prize by the wise generosity of the illustrious founder of this world-famous prize system, I did not, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, feel at liberty to keep. I think it eminently just and proper that in most cases the recipient of the prize should keep for his own use the prize in its entirety. But in this case, while I did not act officially as President of the United States, it was nevertheless only because I was President that I was enabled to act at all; and I felt that the money must be considered as having been given me in trust for the United States.[2] I therefore used it as a nucleus for a foundation[3] to forward the cause of industrial peace, as being well within the general purpose of your Committee; for in our complex industrial civilization of today the peace of righteousness and justice, the only kind

of peace worth having, is at least as necessary in the industrial world as it is among nations. There is at least as much need to curb the cruel greed and arrogance of part of the world of capital, to curb the cruel greed and violence of part of the world of labor, as to check a cruel and unhealthy militarism in international relationships.

We must ever bear in mind that the great end in view is righteousness, justice as between man and man, nation and nation, the chance to lead our lives on a somewhat higher level, with a broader spirit of brotherly goodwill one for another. Peace is generally good in itself, but it is never the highest good unless it comes as the handmaid of righteousness; and it becomes a very evil thing if it serves merely as a mask for cowardice and sloth, or as an instrument to further the ends of despotism or anarchy.[4] We despise and abhor the bully, the brawler, the oppressor, whether in private or public life, but we despise no less the coward and the voluptuary. No man is worth calling a man who will not fight rather than submit to infamy[5] or see those that are dear to him suffer wrong. No nation deserves to exist if it permits itself to lose the stern and virile virtues; and this without regard to whether the loss is due to the growth of a heartless and all-absorbing commercialism, to prolonged indulgence in luxury and soft, effortless ease, or to the deification of a warped and twisted sentimentality.

Moreover, and above all, let us remember that words count[6] only when they give expression to deeds, or are to be translated into them. The leaders of the Red Terror[7] prattled of peace while they steeped their hands in the blood of the innocent; and many a tyrant has called it peace when he has scourged honest protest into silence. Our words must be judged by our deeds; and in striving for a lofty ideal we must use practical methods; and if we cannot attain all at one leap, we must advance towards it step by step, reasonably content so long as we do actually make some progress in the right direction.

Now, having freely admitted the limitations of our work and the

qualifications to be borne in mind, I feel that I have the right to have my words taken seriously when I point out where, in my judgment, great advance can be made in the cause of international peace. I speak as a practical man, and whatever I now advocate I actually tried to do when I was for the time being the head of a great nation and keenly jealous of [8] its honor and interest. I ask other nations to do only what I should be glad to see my own nation do.

The advance can be made along several lines. First of all there can be treaties of arbitration.[9] There are, of course, states so backward that a civilized community ought not to enter into an arbitration treaty with them, at least until we have gone much further than at present in securing some kind of international police action. But all really civilized communities should have effective arbitration treaties among themselves. I believe that these treaties can cover almost all questions liable to arise between such nations, if they are drawn with the explicit agreement that each contracting party will respect the other's territory and its absolute sovereignty within that territory, and the equally explicit agreement that (aside from the very rare cases where the nation's honor is vitally concerned) all other possible subjects of controversy will be submitted to arbitration. Such a treaty would insure peace unless one party deliberately violated it. Of course, as yet there is no adequate safeguard against such deliberate violation, but the establishment of a sufficient number of these treaties would go a long way towards creating a world opinion which would finally find expression in the provision of methods to forbid or punish any such violation.

Secondly, there is the further development of the Hague Tribunal, of the work of the conferences and courts at The Hague.[10] It has been well said that the first Hague Conference framed a Magna Charta for the nations; it set before us an ideal which has already to some extent been realized, and towards the full realization of which we can all steadily strive. The second Conference made further progress; the third should do yet more.[11]

Meanwhile the American government has more than once tentatively suggested methods for completing the Court of Arbitral Justice constituted at the second Hague Conference and for rendering it effective. It is earnestly to be hoped that the various governments of Europe, working with those of America and of Asia, shall set themselves seriously to the task of devising some method which shall accomplish this result. If I may venture the suggestion, it would be well for the statesmen of the world, in planning for the erection of this world court, to study what has been done in the United States by the Supreme Court. I cannot help thinking that the Constitution of the United States, notably in the establishment of the Supreme Court and in the methods adopted for securing peace and good relations among and between the different states, offers certain valuable analogies to what should be striven for in order to secure, through the Hague courts and conferences, a species of world federation for international peace and justice. There are, of course, fundamental differences between what the United States Constitution does and what we should even attempt at this time to secure at The Hague; but the methods adopted in the American Constitution to prevent hostilities between the states, and to secure the supremacy of the Federal Court in certain classes of cases, are well worth the study of those who seek at The Hague to obtain the same results on a world scale.

Finally, it would be a masterstroke if those great powers honestly bent on peace would form a League of Peace,[12] not only to keep the peace among themselves, but to prevent, by force if necessary, its being broken by others. The supreme difficulty in connection with developing the peace work of The Hague arises from the lack of any executive power, of any police power to enforce the decrees of the court. In any community of any size the authority of the courts rests upon actual or potential force: on the existence of a police, or on the knowledge that the able-bodied men of the country are both ready and willing to see that the decrees of judicial and

legislative bodies are put into effect. In new and wild communities where there is violence, an honest man must protect himself; and until other means of securing his safety are devised, it is both foolish and wicked to persuade him to surrender his arms while the men who are dangerous to the community retain theirs. He should not renounce the right to protect himself by his own efforts until the community is so organized that it can effectively relieve the individual of the duty of putting down violence. So it is with nations. Each nation must keep well prepared to defend itself until the establishment of some form of international police power, competent and willing to prevent violence as between nations. As things are now, such power to command peace throughout the world could best be assured by some combination between those great nations which sincerely desire peace and have no thought themselves of committing aggressions.[13] The combination might at first be only to secure peace within certain definite limits and on certain definite conditions; but the ruler or statesman who should bring about such a combination would have earned his place in history for all time and his title to the gratitude of all mankind.[14]

Notes

1. heirloom 传家宝
2. But in this case, while I did not act officially as President of the United States, it was nevertheless only because I was President that I was enabled to act at all; and I felt that the money must be considered as having been given me in trust for the United States. 虽然不是因为我是美国总统才获奖，但恰恰因为我是美国总统我才能够发挥作用，所以我觉得自己是在替美国接受这笔奖金。
3. a nucleus for a foundation 所获奖金36 734.79美元按照罗斯福的意愿设立了一个基金会，由一个委员会保管。这个委员会包括最高法院的司法长官和农业部长、商业部长以及劳工部长。他们并没有使用这笔钱，而这

笔钱积累的财富在1917年被罗斯福从国会收回作为在美国和欧洲进行各种慈善活动之用。这些钱用来救济第一次世界大战的受害者。在同年8月这笔总数为45 482.83美元的钱按照罗斯福的意愿被分发利用。

4. Peace is generally good in itself, but it is never the highest good unless it comes as the handmaid of righteousness; and it becomes a very evil thing if it serves merely as a mask for cowardice and sloth, or as an instrument to further the ends of despotism or anarchy. 和平本身是件好事，但只有它为正义服务时它才是最高尚的事；如果和平只是掩饰怯懦和懒惰的面具或助长暴政和骚乱的工具，那么它便成为最为邪恶的东西。
5. submit to infamy 向邪恶屈服
6. count 算数，起作用
7. the Red Terror 指法国大革命时期1793~1794年间恐怖统治的词语。称"红色恐怖"使之区别于"白色恐怖"。"白色恐怖"指1795年法国保皇党为破坏大革命所采取的行动，非常短暂。
8. jealous of 珍惜，珍视
9. treaties of arbitration 仲裁条约
10. The Hague 指荷兰海牙，the Hague Tribunal 指海牙国际仲裁法庭。
11. It has been well said that the first Hague Conference framed a Magna Charta for the nations; it set before us an ideal which has already to some extent been realized, and towards the full realization of which we can all steadily strive. The second Conference made further progress; the third should do yet more. 首次海牙会议于1899年5月18日至7月29日召开。在这次会议上建立了常设仲裁法院，被称为海牙国际仲裁法庭。第二次海牙会议于1907年6月15日至10月18日召开；第三次海牙会议原计划于1915年召开，但由于1914年8月第一次世界大战的爆发而未举行。Magna Charta 指1215年英国大封建领主迫使英王签署的保障部分公民权和政治权的《大宪章》，此处指会议达成的保障多国权益的文件。
12. a League of Peace 和平联盟。这里罗斯福提议建立一个旨在维护国际和平的组织。第一次世界大战后成立的国际联盟和第二次世界大战后成立的联合国实现了罗斯福提出的这一建议。

13. committing aggressions 侵犯别国

14. ...the ruler or statesman who should bring about such a combination would have earned his place in history for all time and his title to the gratitude of all mankind. 促成和平联盟的领导人或政治家将名垂青史，获得全人类的爱戴。



George C. Marshall

乔治·马歇尔（George C. Marshall，1880—1959），美国五星上将。出生于宾夕法尼亚州尤宁敦。1897年9月，16岁的马歇尔成功地考入了弗吉尼亚军事学院。

1939年9月1日，马歇尔任陆军参谋长，领临时上将和永久少将军衔，作为富兰克林·罗斯福总统的主要军事助手，组织和领导了第二次世界大战的历次重大战役，并取得了一系列胜利。1944年12月，他被授予五星上将军衔，成为美国历史上军衔最高的将军之一。马歇尔的另一个重大贡献是推行"复兴欧洲计划"，即"马歇尔计划"。为此，他于1953年12月获得诺贝尔和平奖。

马歇尔是美国三名陆军五星上将之一，在第二次世界大战期间一直担任美国陆军参谋长职务，协助罗斯福总统建立了国际反法西斯统一战线，指挥800万美军协同盟军在全世界辽阔的战场上同德、意、日军队作战，并最终赢得了反法西斯战争的伟大胜利，为世界和平民主事业做出了巨大贡献。战后他出任总统特使，赴华"调处"国共两党冲突，未能成功。回国后他又任国务卿。

1959年10月16日，马歇尔在医院病床上去世。他悄然而去，毫无惊动。丘吉尔在伦敦把人们的心情归结成一句话："他是当代美国最后一位伟人。"

Essentials to Peace

I have been greatly and surprisingly honored in the past twenty-four hours, and in return I have been requested to speak here tonight. While no subject has been suggested, it is quite evident that the Cause of Peace is preeminent in your minds.

Discussions without end have been devoted to the subject of peace, and the efforts to obtain a general and lasting peace have been frequent through many years of world history. There has been success temporarily, but all have broken down, and with the most tragic consequences since 1914.[1] What I would like to do is point our attention to some directions in which efforts to attain peace seem promising of success.

I will try to phrase my views or suggestions in the simplest possible terms though I lack the magic and artistry of that great orator whom the Nobel Committee in Stockholm so appropriately honored yesterday. In making my statement I will assume your familiarity with the discussions and efforts of the past eight years and also with something of the conditions which have governed each long continued peace in world history[2].

I would like to make special mention of the years of the Pax Romana, which endured through almost all the first two centuries of the Christian era.[3] I do so because of a personal incident which made a profound impression on me in the spring of 1919. Arriving late at night in Chaumont, the American Headquarters in France, I sought shelter for the night in the house of a group of friends. I found they were temporarily absent, so I selected an unoccupied room and looked about for a book to read as I

waited for sleep to come. The books available were mostly in French or German. Since I was unable to read them with facility, I looked further and finally found an English textbook on the history of Gaul[4]. Casting about for an interesting portion, I landed on[5] a description of the famous Roman Peace. Included in this description was a statement of the dispositions of the Roman troops during this prolonged period, a legion at Cologne, another at Coblenz, a third at Mayence, and the reserve at Trier.[6] Now those happened to be the identical dispositions of our Allied Forces some eighteen hundred years later, with the Peace Commission setting in Paris and evolving the policy of the League of Nations.[7]

I would not wish to imply that the military deployment I have just described corresponds to the protective NATO[8] deployment of today. The threat today is quite different, but I do think that this remarkable historical repetition does suggest that we have walked blindly, ignoring the lessons of the past with, in our century, the tragic consequences of two world wars and the Korean struggle as a result.[9]

In my country my military associates frequently tell me that we Americans have learned our lesson. I completely disagree with this contention and point to the rapid disintegration between 1945 and 1950 of our once vast power for maintaining the peace. As a direct consequence, in my opinion, there resulted the brutal invasion of South Korea, which for a time threatened the complete defeat of our hastily arranged forces in that field. I speak of this with deep feeling because in 1939 and again in the early fall of 1950 it suddenly became my duty, my responsibility, to rebuild our national military strength in the very face of the gravest emergencies.

These opening remarks may lead you to assume that my suggestions for the advancement of world peace will rest largely on military strength. For the moment the maintenance of peace in the present hazardous world situation does depend in very large measure on military power, together

with allied cohesion. But the maintenance of large armies for an indefinite period, is not a practical or a promising basis for policy. We must stand together strongly for these present years, that is in this present situation, but we must, I repeat, we must find another solution, and that is what I wish to discuss this evening.

There has been considerable comment over the awarding of the Nobel Peace Prize to a soldier. I am afraid this does not seem as remarkable to me as it quite evidently appears to others.[10] I know a great deal of the horrors and tragedies of war. Today, as Chairman of the American Battle Monuments Commission, it is my duty to supervise the construction and maintenance of military cemeteries in many countries overseas, particularly in Western Europe. The cost of war in human lives is constantly spread before me, written neatly in many ledgers[11] whose columns are gravestones. I am deeply moved to find some means or method of avoiding another calamity of war. Almost daily I hear from the wives, or mothers, or families of the fallen[12]. The tragedy of the aftermath is almost constantly before me.

I share with you an active concern for some practical method for avoiding war. Let me first say that I regard the present highly dangerous situation as a very special one, which naturally dominates our thinking on the subject of peace, but which should not, in my opinion, be made the principal basis for our reasoning towards in the manner for securing a condition of long continued peace. A very strong military posture is vitally necessary today. How long it must continue I am not prepared to estimate, but I am sure that it is too narrow a basis on which to build a dependable, long-enduring peace. The guarantee for a long continued peace will depend on other factors in addition to a moderated military strength, and no less important. Perhaps the most important single factor will be spiritual regeneration[13] to develop good will, faith and understanding among nations. Economic factors will undoubtedly play an important part.

Agreements to secure a balance of power, however disagreeable they may seem, must likewise be considered. And with all these there must be wisdom and the will to act on that wisdom.

In this brief discussion, I can give only a very limited treatment of these great essentials to peace. However, I would like to select three more specific areas for closer attention.

The first relates to the possibilities of better education in the various factors effecting the life of peaceful security, both in terms of its development and of its disruption. Because wisdom in action in our Western democracies rests squarely upon public understanding, I have long believed that our schools have a key role to play. Peace could, I believe, be advanced through careful study of all the factors which have gone into the various incidents now historical that have marked the breakdown of peace in the past.[14] As an initial procedure our schools, at least our colleges but preferably our senior high schools, as we call them, should have courses which not merely instruct our budding citizens[15] in the historical sequence of events of the past, but which treat with almost scientific accuracy the circumstances which have marked the breakdown of peace and have led to the disruption of life and the horrors of war.

There may perhaps have been a "last clear chance" to avoid the tragic conflagrations of our century[16]. In the case of World War II, for example, the challenge may well have come in the early thirties, and passed largely unrecognized until the situation was unlikely to be retrieved. We are familiar with specific events such as the march into the Rhineland or aggression in Ethiopia or Manchuria[17]. Perhaps there was also a last clear chance to begin to build up the strength of the democracies to keep the military situation in equilibrium[18]. There may also have been a last clear chance to penetrate to the spirit of the peoples of the nations threatening the peace, and to find ways of peaceful adjustment in the economic field as well. Certainly, had the outcome of the war, with its

devastation and disruption, been foreseen, and had there been an understanding on all sides of the problems that were threatening the peace, I feel sure that many possibilities for accommodation would have been much more thoroughly explored.[19]

It is for this reason that I believe our students must first seek to understand the conditions, as far as possible without national prejudices, which have led to past tragedies and should strive to determine the great fundamentals which must govern a peaceful progression toward a constantly higher level of civilization. There are innumerable instructive lessons out of the past, but all too frequently their presentation is highly colored or distorted in the effort to present a favorable national point of view. In our school histories at home, certainly in years past, those written in the North present a strikingly different picture of our Civil War from those written in the South. In some portions it is hard to realize they are dealing with the same war. Such reactions are all too common in matters of peace and security. But we are told that we live in a highly scientific age. Now the progress of science depends on facts and not fancies or prejudice. Maybe in this age we can find a way of facing the facts and discounting the distorted records of the past.

I am certain that a solution of the general problem of peace must rest on broad and basic understanding on the part of free peoples. Great single endeavors like a League of Nations, a United Nations, and undertakings of that character, are of great importance and in fact absolutely necessary, but they must be treated as steps toward the desired end.

We must depend in large measure on the impartiality of those who teach. Their approach must be on a scientific basis in order to present the true facts. The scientists, no matter of what nationality, make a common approach to their problems.

For my second suggestion, I would like to consider the national attitudes that bear on the great problem of peace. I hope you will not think

me amiss if I turn to my own country and certain rather special circumstances found there to illustrate my point. Despite the amazing conquest of the air and its reduction of distances to a matter of hours and not days, or minutes instead of hours, the United States is remote in a general sense from the present turbulent areas of the world. I believe the measure of detachment, limited though it is, has been of help in enabling us on occasion to take an impartial stand on heated international problems.[20]

Also, my country is very specially constituted in terms of population. We have many families of Norwegian ancestry in our population. My country also includes large numbers of former citizens of many of the other countries of Europe, including the present Satellite States. I recall that when the first Polar flight was made by the Russians from Moscow over the top of the world to land on the little airfield of the post I commanded at Vancouver on the Columbia River in the State of Washington, my home was surrounded within a few hours by hundreds and hundreds of Russians, all presumably citizens of the United States. Italians, Turks, Greeks, and many, many others who came to our country now constitute an organic portion of our population.

From this fact we have acquired, I think, a feeling and a concern for the problems of other peoples. There is a deep urge to help the oppressed and to give aid to those upon whom great and sudden hardship has fallen.

We, naturally, cannot see a problem in the exact terms as people like yourselves or the Danes, or the Dutch, or the French, for example; people living in the closest contact with each other, yet widely differing in national heritage. I believe there is, however, a readiness to cooperate which is one of the great and hopeful factors of the world of today. While we are not in close contact with the details of problems, neither are we indifferent to them, and we are not involved in your historical tensions and suspicions.

If I am correct in thinking that these factors have given us as a nation some advantage in the quest for peace, then I would suggest that principles of cooperation based on these factors might contribute to a better understanding amongst all nations.

I realize fully that there is another side to this picture[21]. In America we have not suffered the destruction of our homes, our towns, and cities. We have not been enslaved for long periods, at the complete mercy of a conqueror. We have enjoyed freedom in its fullest sense. In fact, we have come to think in terms of freedom and the dignity of the individual more or less as a matter of course, and our apparent unconcern until times of acute crisis presents a difficult problem to the citizens of the countries of Western Europe who have seldom been free from foreign threat to their freedom, their dignity and their security. I think nevertheless that the people of the United States have fully demonstrated their willingness to fight and die in the terrible struggle for the freedom we all prize, to sacrifice their own men in large numbers for this common cause, and to contribute vast sums for the general benefit of the Western countries.

I recognize that there are bound to be misunderstandings under the conditions of wide separation between your countries and mine. But I believe the attitude of cooperation has been thoroughly proven. I also believe that the participation of millions of our young men and women in the struggle in Western Europe, in the close contact with your people, will bring as its result less of misunderstanding on our side of the Atlantic than perhaps on yours.

In my own case, for example, I spent two and one half years in France during the First World War. Frequently I was quartered in the households of the French peasantry and spent long evenings by the kitchen fires, talking far into the night. I came to know them well, admired them, and in some cases came to love them. Now, how many do you suppose of the present citizens of Western Europe have had a similar look in on the homes

of people in the farms and small towns of America. A few may know much of New York, Washington, and Chicago but those great cities do not represent the heart of America.

The third area I would like to discuss has to do with the problem of the millions who live under subnormal conditions and who have now come to a realization that they may aspire to a fair share of the God-given rights of human beings. Their aspirations present a challenge to the more favored nations to lend assistance in bettering the lot of the poorer. This is a special problem in the present crisis, but it is of basic importance to any successful effort toward an enduring peace. The question is not merely one of self-interest arising from the fact that these people present a situation which is a seed bed for either one or the other of two greatly differing ways of life. Ours is democracy, according to our interpretation of the meaning of the word. If we act with wisdom and magnanimity, we can guide these yearnings of the poor to a richer and better life through democracy.

We must present democracy as a force holding within itself the seeds of unlimited progress by the human race. By our actions we should make it clear that such a democracy is a means to a better way of life, together with a better understanding among nations. Tyranny inevitably must retire before the tremendous moral strength of the gospel of freedom and self-respect for the individual, but we have to recognize that these democratic principles do not flourish on empty stomachs and that people turn to false promises of dictators because they are hopeless and anything promises something better than the miserable existence that they endure.[22] However, material assistance alone is not sufficient. The most important thing for the world today in my opinion is a spiritual regeneration which would reestablish a feeling of good faith among men generally. Discouraged people are in sore need of the inspiration of great principles. Such leadership can be the rallying point against intolerance, against

distrust, against that fatal insecurity that leads to war. It is to be hoped that the democratic nations can provide the necessary leadership.

The points I have just discussed are, of course, no more than a few suggestions in behalf of the cause of peace. I realize that they hold nothing of glittering or early promise, but there can be no substitute for effort in many fields. There must be effort of the spirit—to be magnanimous, to act in friendship, to strive to help rather than to hinder. There must be effort of analysis, to seek out the causes of war and the factors which favor peace, and to study their application to the difficult problems which will beset our international intercourse. There must be material effort—to initiate and sustain those great undertakings, whether military or economic, on which world equilibrium will depend.

If we proceed in this manner, there should develop a dynamic philosophy which knows no restrictions of time or space[23]. In America we have a creed which comes to us from the deep roots of the past. It springs from the convictions of the men and women of many lands who founded the nation and made it great. We share that creed with many of the nations of the Old World and the New[24] with whom we are joined in the cause of peace. We are young in world history, but these ideals of ours we can offer to the world with the certainty that they have the power to inspire and to impel action.

I am not implying in any way that we would attempt to persuade other people to adopt our particular form of government. I refer here specifically to those fundamental values on which our government, like many other democracies, is based. These, I believe, are timeless and have a validity for all mankind. These, I believe, will kindle the imagination and arouse the spirit.

A great proponent of much of what I have just been saying is Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the world humanitarian, who today receives the Nobel Peace Award for 1952. I feel it is a vast compliment to be associated with

him in these awards this year. His life has been utterly different from mine, and we should all be happy that his example among the poor and benighted of the earth should have been recognized by the Peace Award of the Nobel Committee.

I must not further complicate this discussion with the wide variety of specific considerations which will enfold the gradual growth of a sound approach toward some method of securing an enduring peace in the world. I fear, in fact I am rather certain, that due to my inability to express myself with the power and penetration of the great Churchill,[25] I have not made clear the points that assume such prominence and importance in my mind. However, I have done my best, and I hope I have sown some seeds which may bring forth good fruit.

Notes

1. the most tragic consequences since 1914 指两次世界大战
2. In making my statement I will assume your familiarity with the discussions and efforts of the past eight years and also with something of the conditions which have governed each long continued peace in world history. 在进行此篇演讲时，我想当然地认为大家对过去 8 年里关于和平的讨论以及为和平付出的种种努力是了解的，对世界历史进程中每一持续的长久的和平时期所具备的条件也是了解的。
3. the years of the Pax Romana 指公元前 27 年至公元 180 年罗马帝国统治下的和平时期。the first two centuries of the Christian era 指公元 1 世纪和 2 世纪。
4. Gaul 高卢（古代欧洲西部的一个地区，曾为古罗马帝国的一部分）或高卢人
5. landed on 目光落在
6. ...the dispositions of the Roman troops during this prolonged period, a legion at Cologne, another at Coblenz, a third at Mayence, and the reserve at Trier.

……在这一长久的统治时期内罗马军队的部署：一支军团在科隆，另一支在科布伦茨，第三支在美因兹，剩下一支在特里尔。此处4个城市均位于今德国境内。

7. Now those happened to be the identical dispositions of our Allied Forces some eighteen hundred years later, with the Peace Commission setting in Paris and evolving the policy of the League of Nations. 如今盟军的部署和1 800年前古罗马军队的部署不谋而合。盟军的和平委员会设在巴黎，负责执行国际联盟的政策。
8. NATO 即 North Atlantic Treaty Organization 北大西洋公约组织
9. ...this remarkable historical repetition does suggest that we have walked blindly, ignoring the lessons of the past with, in our century, the tragic consequences of two world wars and the Korean struggle as a result. ……这种对历史的惊人重复暗示着我们在盲目前进，完全忘记了历史教训，以至于在本世纪（20世纪）出现了悲剧性的两次世界大战和朝鲜战争。
10. There has been considerable comment over the awarding of the Nobel Peace Prize to a soldier. I am afraid this does not seem as remarkable to me as it quite evidently appears to others. 对于把诺贝尔和平奖授予一名士兵，人们有很多的议论。但我不觉得这有什么希奇。此处的士兵指马歇尔本人。
11. ledgers 账簿
12. the fallen 倒下（死去）的人们
13. spiritual regeneration 精神的重生
14. Peace could, I believe, be advanced through careful study of all the factors which have gone into the various incidents now historical that have marked the breakdown of peace in the past. 我坚信，只有认真研究那些导致过去的和平年代彻底崩溃的原因，才能在现代实现和平。
15. budding citizens 指青少年。
16. the tragic conflagrations of our century 指前面提到的两次世界大战和朝鲜战争。
17. the march into the Rhineland or aggression in Ethiopia or Manchuria 指过去的战争行为。Rhineland 莱茵兰（德国莱茵河以西地区的统称），Ethiopia

埃塞俄比亚，Manchuria 满洲（我国东北的旧称）。

18. keep the military situation in equilibrium 使军事状态保持平衡
19. Certainly, had the outcome of the war, with its devastation and disruption, been foreseen, and had there been an understanding on all sides of the problems that were threatening the peace, I feel sure that many possibilities for accommodation would have been much more thoroughly explored. 毫无疑问，如果能预测到战争的毁灭性后果，如果对威胁和平的问题有全面的了解，我肯定人们一定会认真探讨宽容相处的种种可能。
20. Despite the amazing conquest of the air and its reduction of distances to a matter of hours and not days, or minutes instead of hours, the United States is remote in a general sense from the present turbulent areas of the world. I believe the measure of detachment, limited though it is, has been of help in enabling us on occasion to take an impartial stand on heated international problems. 尽管飞行使我们之间的距离缩短到了以小时而不是天，或者以分钟而不是小时，来计算的地步，总的来说，美国还是离这个纷扰的地区（指欧洲）比较遥远。虽然这种距离很有限，但依然有助于我们在看待一些热点国际问题时采取一个公正的立场。
21. this picture 上述的这种情况
22. Tyranny inevitably must retire before the tremendous moral strength of the gospel of freedom and self-respect for the individual, but we have to recognize that these democratic principles do not flourish on empty stomachs and that people turn to false promises of dictators because they are hopeless and anything promises something better than the miserable existence that they endure. 独裁在个人自由和自尊的福音的强大道德力量面前一定会后退。但我们必须明白，在人们还在挨饿时，在人们困苦无助，不得不相信独裁者的虚假许诺时（因为任何许诺都有可能改善他们当前所处的悲惨境地），这些民主原则是不可能实现的。
23. a dynamic philosophy which knows no restrictions of time or space 一种积极有效的不受时空限制的信条
24. nations of the Old World and the New 指欧美国家和战后新兴的国家

25. the great Churchill 指 Winston Spencer Churchill（1874—1965），英国前首相、保守党领袖及著名作家，第二次世界大战期间领导英国人民对德国作战。1953 年获诺贝尔文学奖。



Martin Luther King

马丁·路德·金（Martin Luther King, 1929－1968），美国黑人律师，著名黑人民权运动领袖。一生曾三次被捕，三次被行刺，1964 年获诺贝尔和平奖。他被誉为近百年来八大最具有说服力的演说家之一。

马丁·路德·金博士出生于佐治亚州的亚特兰大，父亲是浸信会的牧师，他自己也于 1954 年任职浸信会牧师后在阿拉巴马州蒙哥马利市领导教会。他在 1955 年接受波士顿大学的博士学位，然后被选为蒙哥马利市促进会会长，致力于取消蒙哥马利市公共运输的种族隔离政策。1957 年他组织南方基督教领袖会议，并开始全国巡回演讲，呼吁以非暴力方式争取黑人人权。1960 年他在一个午餐台前因抗议种族隔离政策被捕入狱，此案受到全国注意，总统候选人肯尼迪也为营救他陈情。

1963 年金协助组织了华府大游行，成员包括 200 200 多个抗议者。他在该场合发表著名的演说《我有一个梦》。这个游行直接促成了 1964 年人权法案的通过。金获得 1964 年的诺贝尔和平奖。

1968 年他到田纳西孟菲斯市，支援一个环境卫生工人的罢工。4 月 4 日在当地被 J. E. Ray 刺杀身亡。后来国会立法决定每年 1 月的第三个星期一为马丁·路德·金纪念日，为国定假日，全国也开展各种纪念活动。他好像一座丰碑，值得我们永久纪念。

金博士对民权运动具有无可替代的推动作用，主要体现在几个方面：

首先，他是一位天生的演说家和鼓动家。1999 年某个机构在评选 20 世纪最有影响力的演说时，将金博士的最著名的演说《我有一个梦》评为第一名。

其次，他具有天才的领导能力，总是在困难的时候，指出方向，

凝聚共识，把一些观点并不相同的组织、人才团结在一起，最终取得了胜利。

最后，也是最宝贵的，就是他非暴力的哲学。非暴力运动是根植于托尔斯泰、梭罗等这些思想家的理想，在20世纪不断发展形成的一种抗争的方式。其集大成者是印度圣雄甘地。金博士在大学时代就已经接触并且深信非暴力运动的思想，以后的实践中也不断地强化并发展了这种思想，成为非暴力运动的又一个集大成者。非暴力运动的最根本的指导原则就是：不能用非正义的手段去获取正义的结果。以暴易暴只会使这个世界更糟，甚至永无宁日。

The Quest for Peace and Justice

It is impossible to begin this lecture without again expressing my deep appreciation to the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Parliament for bestowing upon me and the civil rights movement in the United States such a great honor. Occasionally in life there are those moments of unutterable fulfillment which cannot be completely explained by those symbols called words. Their meaning can only be articulated by the inaudible language of the heart. Such is the moment I am presently experiencing. I experience this high and joyous moment not for myself alone but for those devotees of nonviolence who have moved so courageously against the ramparts of racial injustice and who in the process have acquired a new estimate of their own human worth. Many of them are young and cultured. Others are middle aged and middle class. The majority are poor and untutored. But they are all united in the quiet conviction that it is better to suffer in dignity than to accept segregation in humiliation. These are the real heroes of the freedom struggle: they are the

noble people for whom I accept the Nobel Peace Prize.

This evening I would like to use this lofty and historic platform to discuss what appears to me to be the most pressing problem confronting mankind today. Modern man has brought this whole world to an awe-inspiring threshold of the future. He has reached new and astonishing peaks of scientific success. He has produced machines that think and instruments that peer into the unfathomable ranges of interstellar space.[1] He has built gigantic bridges to span the seas and gargantuan buildings to kiss the skies. His airplanes and spaceships have dwarfed distance, placed time in chains, and carved highways through the stratosphere. This is a dazzling picture of modern man's scientific and technological progress.

Yet, in spite of these spectacular strides in science and technology, and still unlimited ones to come, something basic is missing. There is a sort of poverty of the spirit which stands in glaring contrast to our scientific and technological abundance. The richer we have become materially, the poorer we have become morally and spiritually. We have learned to fly the air like birds and swim the sea like fish, but we have not learned the simple art of living together as brothers.

Every man lives in two realms, the internal and the external. The internal is that realm of spiritual ends expressed in art, literature, morals, and religion. The external is that complex of devices, techniques, mechanisms, and instrumentalities by means of which we live. Our problem today is that we have allowed the internal to become lost in the external. We have allowed the means by which we live to outdistance the ends for which we live. So much of modern life can be summarized in that arresting dictum of the poet Thoreau: "Improved means to an unimproved end."[2]

This is the serious predicament, the deep and haunting problem confronting modern man. If we are to survive today, our moral and spiritual "lag" must be eliminated. Enlarged material powers spell enlarged

peril if there is not proportionate growth of the soul. When the "without" of man's nature subjugates the "within," dark storm clouds begin to form in the world.[3]

This problem of spiritual and moral lag, which constitutes modern man's chief dilemma, expresses itself in three larger problems which grow out of man's ethical infantilism[4]. Each of these problems, while appearing to be separate and isolated, is inextricably bound to the other. I refer to racial injustice, poverty, and war.

The first problem that I would like to mention is racial injustice. The struggle to eliminate the evil of racial injustice constitutes one of the major struggles of our time. The present upsurge of the Negro people of the United States grows out of a deep and passionate determination to make freedom and equality a reality "here" and "now." In one sense the civil rights movement in the United States is a special American phenomenon which must be understood in the light of American history and dealt with in terms of the American situation. But on another and more important level, what is happening in the United States today is a relatively small part of a world development.

We live in a day, says the philosopher Alfred North Whitehead[5], "when civilization is shifting its basic outlook: a major turning point in history where the presuppositions on which society is structured are being analyzed, sharply challenged, and profoundly changed." What we are seeing now is a freedom explosion, the realization of "an idea whose time has come," to use Victor Hugo's[6] phrase. The deep rumbling of discontent that we hear today is the thunder of disinherited masses, rising from dungeons of oppression to the bright hills of freedom, in one majestic chorus the rising masses singing, in the words of our freedom song, "Ain't gonna let nobody turn us around."[7] All over the world, like a fever, the freedom movement is spreading in the widest liberation in history. The great masses of people are determined to end the exploitation of their races

and land. They are awake and moving toward their goal like a tidal wave. You can hear them rumbling in every village street, on the docks, in the houses, among the students, in the churches, and at political meetings. Historic movement was for several centuries that of the nations and societies of Western Europe out into the rest of the world in "conquest" of various sorts. That period, the era of colonialism, is at an end. East is meeting West. The earth is being redistributed. Yes, we are "shifting our basic outlooks."

These developments should not surprise any student of history. Oppressed people cannot remain oppressed forever. The yearning for freedom eventually manifests itself. The *Bible* tells the thrilling story of how Moses stood in Pharaoh's court centuries ago and cried, "Let my people go."[8] This is a kind of opening chapter in a continuing story. The present struggle in the United States is a later chapter in the same unfolding story. Something within has reminded the Negro of his birthright of freedom, and something without has reminded him that it can be gained. Consciously or unconsciously, he has been caught up by the *Zeitgeist*[9], and with his black brothers of Africa and his brown and yellow brothers in Asia, South America, and the Caribbean, the United States Negro is moving with a sense of great urgency toward the promised land of racial justice.

Fortunately, some significant strides have been made in the struggle to end the long night of racial injustice. We have seen the magnificent drama of independence unfold in Asia and Africa. Just thirty years ago there were only three independent nations in the whole of Africa. But today thirty-five African nations have risen from colonial bondage. In the United States we have witnessed the gradual demise of the system of racial segregation. The Supreme Court's decision of 1954 outlawing segregation in the public schools gave a legal and constitutional deathblow to the whole doctrine of separate but equal. The Court decreed that separate

facilities are inherently unequal and that to segregate a child on the basis of race is to deny that child equal protection of the law. This decision came as a beacon light of hope to millions of disinherited people. Then came that glowing day a few months ago when a strong Civil Rights Bill became the law of our land. This bill, which was first recommended and promoted by President Kennedy, was passed because of the overwhelming support and perseverance of millions of Americans, Negro and white. It came as a bright interlude in the long and sometimes turbulent struggle for civil rights: the beginning of a second emancipation proclamation providing a comprehensive legal basis for equality of opportunity. Since the passage of this bill we have seen some encouraging and surprising signs of compliance. I am happy to report that, by and large, communities all over the southern part of the United States are obeying the Civil Rights Law and showing remarkable good sense in the process.

Another indication that progress is being made was found in the recent presidential election in the United States. The American people revealed great maturity by overwhelmingly rejecting a presidential candidate who had become identified with extremism, racism, and retrogression. The voters of our nation rendered a telling blow to the radical right.[10] They defeated those elements in our society which seek to pit white against Negro and lead the nation down a dangerous Fascist path.

Let me not leave you with a false impression. The problem is far from solved. We still have a long, long way to go before the dream of freedom is a reality for the Negro in the United States. To put it figuratively in biblical language, we have left the dusty soils of Egypt and crossed a Red Sea whose waters had for years been hardened by a long and piercing winter of massive resistance. But before we reach the majestic shores of the Promised Land, there is a frustrating and bewildering wilderness ahead. We must still face prodigious hilltops of opposition and gigantic mountains of resistance. But with patient and firm determination we will press on

until every valley of despair is exalted to new peaks of hope, until every mountain of pride and irrationality is made low by the leveling process of humility and compassion; until the rough places of injustice are transformed into a smooth plane of equality of opportunity; and until the crooked places of prejudice are transformed by the straightening process of bright-eyed wisdom.

What the main sections of the civil rights movement in the United States are saying is that the demand for dignity, equality, jobs, and citizenship will not be abandoned or diluted or postponed. If that means resistance and conflict we shall not flinch. We shall not be cowed. We are no longer afraid.

The word that symbolizes the spirit and the outward form of our encounter is *nonviolence*, and it is doubtless that factor which made it seem appropriate to award a peace prize to one identified with struggle. Broadly speaking, nonviolence in the civil rights struggle has meant not relying on arms and weapons of struggle. It has meant noncooperation with customs and laws which are institutional aspects of a regime of discrimination and enslavement. It has meant direct participation of masses in protest, rather than reliance on indirect methods which frequently do not involve masses in action at all.

Nonviolence has also meant that my people in the agonizing struggles of recent years have taken suffering upon themselves instead of inflicting it on others. It has meant, as I said, that we are no longer afraid and cowed. But in some substantial degree it has meant that we do not want to instill fear in others or into the society of which we are a part. The movement does not seek to liberate Negroes at the expense of the humiliation and enslavement of whites. It seeks no victory over anyone. It seeks to liberate American society and to share in the self-liberation of all the people.

Violence as a way of achieving racial justice is both impractical and immoral. I am not unmindful of the fact that violence often brings about

momentary results. Nations have frequently won their independence in battle. But in spite of temporary victories, violence never brings permanent peace. It solves no social problem: it merely creates new and more complicated ones. Violence is impractical because it is a descending spiral ending in destruction for all. It is immoral because it seeks to humiliate the opponent rather than win his understanding: it seeks to annihilate rather than convert. Violence is immoral because it thrives on hatred rather than love. It destroys community and makes brotherhood impossible. It leaves society in monologue rather than dialogue. Violence ends up defeating itself. It creates bitterness in the survivors and brutality in the destroyers.

In a real sense nonviolence seeks to redeem the spiritual and moral lag that I spoke of earlier as the chief dilemma of modern man. It seeks to secure moral ends through moral means. Nonviolence is a powerful and just weapon. Indeed, it is a weapon unique in history, which cuts without wounding and ennobles the man who wields it.

I believe in this method because I think it is the only way to reestablish a broken community. It is the method which seeks to implement the just law by appealing to the conscience of the great decent majority who through blindness, fear, pride, and irrationality have allowed their consciences to sleep.

The nonviolent resisters can summarize their message in the following simple terms: we will take direct action against injustice despite the failure of governmental and other official agencies to act first. We will not obey unjust laws or submit to unjust practices. We will do this peacefully, openly, cheerfully because our aim is to persuade. We adopt the means of nonviolence because our end is a community at peace with itself. We will try to persuade with our words, but if our words fail, we will try to persuade with our acts. We will always be willing to talk and seek fair compromise, but we are ready to suffer when necessary and even risk our lives to become witnesses to truth as we see it.

This approach to the problem of racial injustice is not at all without successful precedent. It was used in a magnificent way by Mohandas K. Gandhi[11] to challenge the might of the British Empire and free his people from the political domination and economic exploitation inflicted upon them for centuries. He struggled only with the weapons of truth, soul force, non-injury, and courage.

In the past ten years unarmed gallant men and women of the United States have given living testimony to the moral power and efficacy of nonviolence. By the thousands, faceless, anonymous, relentless young people, black and white, have temporarily left the ivory towers of learning for the barricades of bias. Their courageous and disciplined activities have come as a refreshing oasis in a desert sweltering with the heat of injustice. They have taken our whole nation back to those great wells of democracy which were dug deep by the founding fathers in the formulation of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence[12]. One day all of America will be proud of their achievements.

I am only too well aware of the human weaknesses and failures which exist, the doubts about the efficacy of nonviolence, and the open advocacy of violence by some. But I am still convinced that nonviolence is both the most practically sound and morally excellent way to grapple with the age-old problem of racial injustice.

A second evil which plagues the modern world is that of poverty. Like a monstrous octopus, it projects its nagging, prehensile tentacles in lands and villages all over the world. Almost two-thirds of the peoples of the world go to bed hungry at night. They are undernourished, ill-housed, and shabbily clad. Many of them have no houses or beds to sleep in. Their only beds are the sidewalks of the cities and the dusty roads of the villages. Most of these poverty-stricken children of God have never seen a physician or a dentist. This problem of poverty is not only seen in the class division between the highly developed industrial nations and the so-called

underdeveloped nations; it is seen in the great economic gaps within the rich nations themselves. Take my own country for example. We have developed the greatest system of production that history has ever known. We have become the richest nation in the world. Our national gross product this year will reach the astounding figure of almost 650 billion dollars. Yet, at least one-fifth of our fellow citizens—some ten million families, comprising about forty million individuals—are bound to a miserable culture of poverty. In a sense the poverty of the poor in America is more frustrating than the poverty of Africa and Asia. The misery of the poor in Africa and Asia is shared misery, a fact of life for the vast majority; they are all poor together as a result of years of exploitation and underdevelopment. In sad contrast, the poor in America know that they live in the richest nation in the world, and that even though they are perishing on a lonely island of poverty they are surrounded by a vast ocean of material prosperity. Glistening towers of glass and steel easily seen from their slum dwellings spring up almost overnight. Jet liners speed over their ghettoes at 600 miles an hour; satellites streak through outer space and reveal details of the moon. President Johnson, in his State of the Union Message, emphasized this contradiction when he heralded the United States' "highest standard of living in the world," and deplored that it was accompanied by "dislocation; loss of jobs, and the specter of poverty in the midst of plenty."

So it is obvious that if man is to redeem his spiritual and moral "lag," he must go all out to bridge the social and economic gulf between the "haves" and the "have nots" of the world[13]. Poverty is one of the most urgent items on the agenda of modern life.

There is nothing new about poverty. What is new, however, is that we have the resources to get rid of it. More than a century and a half ago people began to be disturbed about the twin problems of population and production. A thoughtful Englishman named Malthus[14] wrote a book that

set forth some rather frightening conclusions. He predicted that the human family was gradually moving toward global starvation because the world was producing people faster than it was producing food and material to support them. Later scientists, however, disproved the conclusion of Malthus, and revealed that he had vastly underestimated the resources of the world and the resourcefulness of man.

Not too many years ago, Dr. Kirtley Mather, a Harvard geologist, wrote a book entitled *Enough and to Spare*. He set forth the basic theme that famine is wholly unnecessary in the modern world. Today, therefore, the question on the agenda must read: Why should there be hunger and privation in any land, in any city, at any table when man has the resources and the scientific know-how to provide all mankind with the basic necessities of life? Even deserts can be irrigated and top soil can be replaced. We cannot complain of a lack of land, for there are twenty-five million square miles of tillable land, of which we are using less than seven million. We have amazing knowledge of vitamins, nutrition, the chemistry of food, and the versatility of atoms. There is no deficit in human resources; the deficit is in human will. The well-off and the secure have too often become indifferent and oblivious to the poverty and deprivation in their midst. The poor in our countries have been shut out of our minds, and driven from the mainstream of our societies, because we have allowed them to become invisible. Just as nonviolence exposed the ugliness of racial injustice, so must the infection and sickness of poverty be exposed and healed—not only its symptoms but its basic causes. This, too, will be a fierce struggle, but we must not be afraid to pursue the remedy no matter how formidable the task.

The time has come for an all-out world war against poverty. The rich nations must use their vast resources of wealth to develop the underdeveloped, school the unschooled, and feed the unfed. Ultimately a great nation is a compassionate nation. No individual or nation can be

great if it does not have a concern for "the least of these." Deeply etched in the fiber of our religious tradition is the conviction that men are made in the image of God and that they are souls of infinite metaphysical value, the heirs of a legacy of dignity and worth.[15] If we feel this as a profound moral fact, we cannot be content to see men hungry, to see men victimized with starvation and ill health when we have the means to help them. The wealthy nations must go all out to bridge the gulf between the rich minority and the poor majority.

In the final analysis, the rich must not ignore the poor because both rich and poor are tied in a single garment of destiny. All life is interrelated, and all men are interdependent. The agony of the poor diminishes the rich, and the salvation of the poor enlarges the rich. We are inevitably our brothers' keeper because of the interrelated structure of reality.

A third great evil confronting our world is that of war. Recent events have vividly reminded us that nations are not reducing but rather the Limited Test Ban Treaty[16] increasing their arsenals of weapons of mass destruction. The best brains in the highly developed nations of the world are devoted to military technology. The proliferation of nuclear weapons has not been halted, in spite of the Limited Test Ban Treaty. The fact that most of the time human beings put the truth about the nature and risks of the nuclear war out of their minds because it is too painful and therefore not "acceptable," does not alter the nature and risks of such war. The device of "rejection" may temporarily cover up anxiety, but it does not bestow peace of mind and emotional security.

So man's proneness to engage in war is still a fact. But wisdom born of experience should tell us that war is obsolete. There may have been a time when war served as a negative good by preventing the spread and growth of an evil force, but the destructive power of modern weapons eliminated even the possibility that war may serve as a negative good. If we assume that life is worth living and that man has a right to survive, then

we must find an alternative to war. In a day when vehicles hurtle through outer space and guided ballistic missiles carve highways of death through the stratosphere, no nation can claim victory in war. A so-called limited war will leave little more than a calamitous legacy of human suffering, political turmoil, and spiritual disillusionment. A world war—God forbid!—will leave only smoldering ashes as a mute testimony of a human race whose folly led inexorably to ultimate death. So if modern man continues to flirt unhesitatingly with war, he will transform his earthly habitat into an inferno such as even the mind of Dante[17] could not imagine.

Therefore, I venture to suggest to all of you and all who hear and may eventually read these words, that the philosophy and strategy of nonviolence become immediately a subject for study and for serious experimentation in every field of human conflict, by no means excluding the relations between nations. It is, after all, nation-states which make war, which have produced the weapons which threaten the survival of mankind, and which are both genocidal and suicidal in character.

Here also we have ancient habits to deal with, vast structures of power, indescribably complicated problems to solve. But unless we abdicate our humanity altogether and succumb to fear and impotence in the presence of the weapons we have ourselves created, it is as imperative and urgent to put an end to war and violence between nations as it is to put an end to racial injustice. Equality with whites will hardly solve the problems of either whites or Negroes if it means equality in a society under the spell of terror and a world doomed to extinction.

I do not wish to minimize the complexity of the problems that need to be faced in achieving disarmament and peace. But I think it is a fact that we shall not have the will, the courage, and the insight to deal with such matters unless in this field we are prepared to undergo a mental and spiritual reevaluation—a change of focus which will enable us to see that the things which seem most real and powerful are indeed now unreal and

have come under the sentence of death. We need to make a supreme effort to generate the readiness, indeed the eagerness, to enter into the new world which is now possible, "the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

We will not build a peaceful world by following a negative path. It is not enough to say "We must not wage war." It is necessary to love peace and sacrifice for it. We must concentrate not merely on the negative expulsion of war, but on the positive affirmation of peace. There is a fascinating little story that is preserved for us in Greek literature about Ulysses and the Sirens. The Sirens had the ability to sing so sweetly that sailors could not resist steering toward their island. Many ships were lured upon the rocks, and men forgot home, duty, and honor as they flung themselves into the sea to be embraced by arms that drew them down to death. Ulysses, determined not to be lured by the Sirens, first decided to tie himself tightly to the mast of his boat, and his crew stuffed their ears with wax. But finally he and his crew learned a better way to save themselves: they took on board the beautiful singer Orpheus whose melodies were sweeter than the music of the Sirens. When Orpheus sang, who bothered to listen to the Sirens?[18]

So we must fix our vision not merely on the negative expulsion of war, but upon the positive affirmation of peace. We must see that peace represents a sweeter music, a cosmic melody that is far superior to the discords of war. Somehow we must transform the dynamics of the world power struggle from the negative nuclear arms race which no one can win to a positive contest to harness man's creative genius for the purpose of making peace and prosperity a reality for all of the nations of the world. In short, we must shift the arms race into a "peace race." If we have the will and determination to mount such a peace offensive, we will unlock hitherto tightly sealed doors of hope and transform our imminent cosmic elegy into a psalm of creative fulfillment.

All that I have said boils down to the point of affirming that mankind's survival is dependent upon man's ability to solve the problems of racial injustice, poverty, and war; the solution of these problems is in turn dependent upon man squaring his moral progress with his scientific progress, and learning the practical art of living in harmony. Some years ago a famous novelist died. Among his papers was found a list of suggested story plots for future stories, the most prominently underscored being this one: "A widely separated family inherits a house in which they have to live together." This is the great new problem of mankind. We have inherited a big house, a great "world house" in which we have to live together—black and white, Easterners and Westerners, Gentiles and Jews, Catholics and Protestants, Moslem and Hindu, a family unduly separated in ideas, culture, and interests who, because we can never again live without each other, must learn, somehow, in this one big world, to live with each other.

This means that more and more our loyalties must become ecumenical rather than sectional. We must now give an overriding loyalty to mankind as a whole in order to preserve the best in our individual societies. This call for a worldwide fellowship that lifts neighborly concern beyond one's tribe, race, class, and nation is in reality a call for an all-embracing and unconditional love for all men. This oft misunderstood and misinterpreted concept so readily dismissed by the Nietzsches of the world[19] as a weak and cowardly force, has now become an absolute necessity for the survival of man. When I speak of love I am not speaking of some sentimental and weak response which is little more than emotional bosh. I am speaking of that force which all of the great religions have seen as the supreme unifying principle of life.

As Arnold Toynbee[20] says: "Love is the ultimate force that makes for the saving choice of life and good against the damning choice of death and evil. Therefore the first hope in our inventory must be the hope that love is

going to have the last word." We can no longer afford to worship the God of hate or bow before the altar of retaliation. The oceans of history are made turbulent by the ever-rising tides of hate. History is cluttered with the wreckage of nations and individuals that pursued this self-defeating path of hate. Love is the key to the solution of the problems of the world.

Let me close by saying that I have the personal faith that mankind will somehow rise up to the occasion and give new directions to an age drifting rapidly to its doom. In spite of the tensions and uncertainties of this period something profoundly meaningful is taking place. Old systems of exploitation and oppression are passing away, and out of the womb of a frail world new systems of justice and equality are being born. Doors of opportunity are gradually being opened to those at the bottom of society. The shirtless and barefoot people of the land are developing a new sense of "some-bodiness" and carving a tunnel of hope through the dark mountain of despair. "The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light." Here and there an individual or group dares to love, and rises to the majestic heights of moral maturity. So in a real sense this is a great time to be alive. Therefore, I am not yet discouraged about the future. Granted that[21] the easygoing optimism of yesterday is impossible. Granted that those who pioneer in the struggle for peace and freedom will still face uncomfortable jail terms, painful threats of death; they will still be battered by the storms of persecution, leading them to the nagging feeling that they can no longer bear such a heavy burden, and the temptation of wanting to retreat to a more quiet and serene life. Granted that we face a world crisis which leaves us standing so often amid the surging murmur of life's restless sea. But every crisis has both its dangers and its opportunities. It can spell either salvation or doom. In a dark confused world the kingdom of God may yet reign in the hearts of men.

Notes

1. He has produced machines that think and instruments that peer into the unfathomable ranges of interstellar space. 人类制造了会思维的机器和能看见遥远的太空的工具。
2. So much of modern life can be summarized in that arresting dictum of the poet Thoreau: "Improved means to an unimproved end." 现代生活可以用梭罗（1817—1862，美国诗人及散文家）的那句令人印象深刻的话来总结："好办法带来的不好的结果。"
3. When the "without" of man's nature subjugates the "within," dark storm clouds begin to form in the world. 当人们对外在物质的追求超过对内在精神的追求时，世界便会变得不那么美好了。
4. man's ethical infantilism 指人类在伦理道德方面的幼稚可笑的表现。
5. Alfred North Whitehead 怀特海德（1861—1947），英国哲学家和数学家，先后任教于伦敦大学和哈佛大学，曾与罗素合著《数学原理》。
6. Victor Hugo 雨果（1802—1885），法国作家，法国浪漫主义文学运动领袖，著有《巴黎圣母院》、《悲惨世界》等。
7. "Ain't gonna let nobody turn us around." 一首黑人灵歌的名字
8. The *Bible* tells the thrilling story of how Moses stood in Pharaoh's court centuries ago and cried, "Let my people go." 出自《圣经》里的故事"出埃及记"。摩西呼吁埃及法老放以色列人离开埃及。
9. *Zeitgeist* （时代）精神
10. The voters of our nation rendered a telling blow to the radical right. 我们国家的选民对极右翼势力的这次打击发人深省。
11. Mohandas K. Gandhi 甘地（1869—1948），印度民族解放运动领袖，印度国大党主席（1925—1934），首倡"非暴力抵抗"，多次发动反英"不合作运动"，领导争取印度独立的斗争，印度独立（1947年）后被印度教极右分子暗杀。
12. the founding fathers in the formulation of the Constitution and the

Declaration of Independence 指在确立美国《宪法》和《独立宣言》时起主要作用的先驱们，如杰斐逊等。

13. the "haves" and the "have nots" of the world 世界上的富人和穷人
14. Malthus 马尔萨斯（1766－1834），英国经济学家，以所著《人口论》著名，认为人口按几何级数增长而生活资料按算术级数增长，如不抑制人口过度增长，必然引起"罪恶和贫困"。
15. Deeply etched in the fiber of our religious tradition is the conviction that men are made in the image of God and that they are souls of infinite metaphysical value, the heirs of a legacy of dignity and worth. 宗教传统使我们深信人是按照上帝的样子造出来的，是有无限精神价值和尊严的。
16. the Limited Test Ban Treaty 即 "Treaty Banning Nuclear Weapons Tests in Atmosphere, in Outer Space, and Underwater", 1963 年 7 月 25 日由前苏联、英国和美国签署的旨在控制核武器实验的条约。
17. Dante 但丁（1265－1321），意大利诗人，文艺复兴的先驱，代表作有《神曲》等。
18. Ulysses, the Sirens, Orpheus 均为古希腊罗马神话里的人物。Ulysses，尤利西斯，是古希腊史诗《奥德赛》的主人公奥德赛的拉丁文名字，the Sirens，塞壬，希腊神话里半人半鸟的女海妖，以美妙歌声诱惑过往海员，使他们的船只触礁沉没。Orpheus，奥菲士，希腊神话里的诗人和歌手，善弹竖琴，弹奏时猛兽俯首，顽石点头。
19. the Nietzsches of the world 信奉尼采哲学的人。尼采（1844－1900），德国哲学家和诗人，唯意志论的代表人物，创立"权力意志说"和"超人哲学"。
20. Arnold Toynbee 汤因比（1889－1975），英国历史学家，代表作为 12 卷的《历史研究》。
21. Granted that... 假定……



Mother Teresa

特里萨修女（Mother Teresa, 1910—1997），被称为全世界穷人之母。1910年生于马其顿一个富裕的家庭。12岁时萌生了做修女的愿望，18岁远赴印度受训成为修女，27岁发终身誓愿并升任女修道院院长。自38岁起，她开始了在加尔各答贫民窟为赤贫者、濒死者、弃婴、麻疯病人服务的生涯。在她的心目中，穷人比富人更需要尊严，穷人在价值的等级中至高无上。40岁时，建立"仁爱传教修女会"。她所在的修道院工作很多，除了贫民区学校、儿童之家，还有临终关怀院和麻疯病人康复中心。对她而言，无私的仁爱就是天主。

迄今为止，特里萨所创建的"仁爱传教修女会"已在100多个国家设立了500多家慈善机构和场所，有数以百万计的人从中得到了帮助。尤其值得一提的是，在1982年，当她得知黎巴嫩贝鲁特一所前线医院有60余名巴勒斯坦弱智儿童处在生死关头时，她便冒着生命危险赶到那里，劝说以色列军队和巴勒斯坦游击队暂时停火，使她进入医院，把那些儿童一一抱上车，转移到安全地带。

为表彰特里萨修女致力于解除贫困促进和平所做出的努力，诺贝尔和平奖委员会把1979年度的和平奖授予了这位身高不足1.5米的矮小修女，并在授奖时这样赞美她："最孤独的人、最可怜的人和快要死了的人都得到了她的同情与帮助，而这种同情与帮助不是以恩赐的态度，而是以尊重人的与生俱来的尊严与价值为基础的。"在接受奖金时，已经69岁的特里萨修女恭谦地说："作为我个人，这份奖金我受之有愧；今天，我以全世界的穷人、病人和孤独的人的名义接受这份荣誉！"

特里萨所从事的慈善事业在全世界影响重大，她一生因此获奖无数，而且遍及几十个国家。当她于1997年9月5日走完87岁的人生历程时，印度政府特地为她举行了在印度只有总统和总理才有资格举

行的国葬。前往参加她的葬礼的有 20 多个国家的 400 多位政府要人，其中包括三位女王与三位总统。在特里萨的葬礼上，加尔各答大主教说：“或许她给我留下的最重要启示就是生命的价值和尊严。”

Love

As we have gathered here together to thank God for the Nobel Peace Prize I think it will be beautiful that we pray the prayer of St. Francis of Assisi[1] which always surprises me very much—we pray this prayer every day after Holy Communion[2], because it is very fitting for each one of us, and I always wonder that 4-500 years ago as St. Francis of Assisi composed this prayer that they had the same difficulties that we have today, as we compose this prayer that fits very nicely for us also. I think some of you already have got it—so we will pray together.

Let us thank God for the opportunity that we all have together today, for this gift of peace that reminds us that we have been created to live that peace, and Jesus became man to bring that good news to the poor. He being God became man in all things like us except sin, and he proclaimed very clearly that he had come to give the good news. The news was peace to all of good will and this is something that we all want—the peace of heart—and God loved the world so much that he gave his son—it was a giving—it is as much as if to say it hurt God to give, because he loved the world so much that he gave his son, and he gave him to Virgin Mary[3], and what did she do with him?

As soon as he came in her life—immediately she went in haste to give that good news, and as she came into the house of her cousin, the child—the unborn child—the child in the womb of Elizabeth, leapt with joy. He

was that little unborn child, was the first messenger of peace. He recognised the Prince of Peace, he recognised that Christ has come to bring the good news for you and for me. And as if that was not enough—it was not enough to become a man—he died on the cross to show that greater love, and he died for you and for me and for that leper and for that man dying of hunger and that naked person lying in the street not only of Calcutta, but of Africa, and New York, and London, and Oslo—and insisted that we love one another as he loves each one of us. And we read that in the Gospel[4] very clearly—love as I have loved you—as I love you— as the Father[5] has loved me, I love you—and the harder the Father loved him, he gave him to us, and how much we love one another, we, too, must give each other until it hurts. It is not enough for us to say: I love God, but I do not love my neighbour. St. John[6] says you are a liar if you say you love God and you don't love your neighbour. How can you love God whom you do not see, if you do not love your neighbour whom you see, whom you touch, with whom you live.

And so this is very important for us to realise that love, to be true, has to hurt. It hurt Jesus to love us, it hurt him. And to make sure we remember his great love he made himself the bread of life to satisfy our hunger for his love. Our hunger for God, because we have been created for that love. We have been created in his image. We have been created to love and be loved, and then he has become man to make it possible for us to love as he loved us. He makes himself the hungry one—the naked one—the homeless one—the sick one—the one in prison—the lonely one—the unwanted one—and he says: You did it to me. Hungry for our love, and this is the hunger of our poor people. This is the hunger that you and I must find, it may be in our own home.

I never forget an opportunity I had in visiting a home where they had all these old parents of sons and daughters who had just put them in an institution and forgotten maybe. And I went there, and I saw in that home

they had everything, beautiful things, but everybody was looking towards the door. And I did not see a single one with their smile on their face. And I turned to the Sister[7] and I asked: How is that? How is it that the people they have everything here, why are they all looking towards the door, why are they not smiling? I am so used to see the smile on our people, even the dying one smile, and she said: This is nearly every day, they are expecting, they are hoping that a son or daughter will come to visit them. They are hurt because they are forgotten, and see—this is where love comes. That poverty comes right there in our own home, even neglect to love. Maybe in our own family we have somebody who is feeling lonely, who is feeling sick, who is feeling worried, and these are difficult days for everybody. Are we there, are we there to receive them, is the mother there to receive the child?

I was surprised in the West to see so many young boys and girls given into drugs, and I tried to find out why—why is it like that, and the answer was: Because there is no one in the family to receive them. Father and mother are so busy they have no time. Young parents are in some institution and the child takes back to the street and gets involved in something. We are talking of peace. These are things that break peace, but I feel the greatest destroyer of peace today is abortion, because it is a direct war, a direct killing—direct murder by the mother herself. And we read in the Scripture,[8] for God says very clearly: Even if a mother could forget her child—I will not forget you—I have carved you in the palm of my hand. We are carved in the palm of His hand, so close to Him that unborn child has been carved in the hand of God. And that is what strikes me most, the beginning of that sentence, that even if a mother could forget something impossible—but even if she could forget—I will not forget you. And today the greatest means—the greatest destroyer of peace is abortion. And we who are standing here—our parents wanted us. We would not be here if our parents would do that to us. Our children, we want them, we love them,

but what of the millions. Many people are very, very concerned with the children in India, with the children in Africa where quite a number die, maybe of malnutrition, of hunger and so on, but millions are dying deliberately by the will of the mother. And this is what is the greatest destroyer of peace today.

Because if a mother can kill her own child—what is left for me to kill you and you kill me—there is nothing between[9]. And this I appeal in India, I appeal everywhere: Let us bring the child back, and this year being the child's year: What have we done for the child? At the beginning of the year I told, I spoke everywhere and I said: Let us make this year that we make every single child born, and unborn, wanted. And today is the end of the year, have we really made the children wanted? I will give you something terrifying. We are fighting abortion by adoption, we have saved thousands of lives, we have sent words to all the clinics, to the hospitals, police stations—please don't destroy the child, we will take the child. So every hour of the day and night it is always somebody, we have quite a number of unwedded mothers—tell them come, we will take care of you, we will take the child from you, and we will get a home for the child. And we have a tremendous demand from families who have no children, that is the blessing of God for us. And also, we are doing another thing which is very beautiful—we are teaching our beggars, our leprosy patients, our slum dwellers, our people of the street, natural family planning.[10]

And in Calcutta alone in six years—it is all in Calcutta—we have had 61,273 babies less from the families who would have had, but because they practise this natural way of abstaining, of self-control, out of love for each other. We teach them the temperature meter which is very beautiful, very simple, and our poor people understand. And you know what they have told me? Our family is healthy, our family is united, and we can have a baby whenever we want. So clear—those people in the street, those beggars—and I think that if our people can do like that how much more

you and all the others who can know the ways and means without destroying the life that God has created in us.

The poor people are very great people. They can teach us so many beautiful things. The other day one of them came to thank and said: You people who have vowed chastity you are the best people to teach us family planning. Because it is nothing more than self-control out of love for each other. And I think they said a beautiful sentence. And these are people who maybe have nothing to eat, maybe they have not a home where to live, but they are great people. The poor are very wonderful people. One evening we went out and we picked up four people from the street. And one of them was in a most terrible condition—and I told the Sisters: You take care of the other three, I take of this one that looked worse. So I did for her all that my love can do. I put her in bed, and there was such a beautiful smile on her face. She took hold of my hand, as she said one word only: Thank you—and she died.

I could not help but examine my conscience before her, and I asked what would I say if I was in her place. And my answer was very simple. I would have tried to draw a little attention to myself, I would have said I am hungry, that I am dying, I am cold, I am in pain, or something, but she gave me much more—she gave me her grateful love. And she died with a smile on her face. As that man whom we picked up from the drain, half eaten with worms[1], and we brought him to the home. I have lived like an animal in the street, but I am going to die like an angel, loved and cared for. And it was so wonderful to see the greatness of that man who could speak like that, who could die like that without blaming anybody, without cursing anybody, without comparing anything. Like an angel—this is the greatness of our people. And that is why we believe what Jesus had said: I was hungry—I was naked—I was homeless—I was unwanted, unloved, uncared for—and you did it to me.

I believe that we are not real social workers. We may be doing social

work in the eyes of the people, but we are really contemplatives in the heart of the world. For we are touching the Body of Christ 24 hours.[12] We have 24 hours in this presence, and so you and I. You too try to bring that presence of God in your family, for the family that prays together stays together. And I think that we in our family don't need bombs and guns, to destroy to bring peace—just get together, love one another, bring that peace, that joy, that strength of presence of each other in the home. And we will be able to overcome all the evil that is in the world.

There is so much suffering, so much hatred, so much misery, and we with our prayer, with our sacrifice are beginning at home. Love begins at home, and it is not how much we do, but how much love we put in the action that we do. It is to God Almighty—how much we do it does not matter, because He is infinite, but how much love we put in that action. How much we do to Him in the person that we are serving.

Some time ago in Calcutta we had great difficulty in getting sugar, and I don't know how the word got around to the children, and a little boy of four years old, Hindu boy, went home and told his parents: I will not eat sugar for three days, I will give my sugar to Mother Teresa for her children. After three days his father and mother brought him to our home. I had never met them before, and this little one could scarcely pronounce my name, but he knew exactly what he had come to do. He knew that he wanted to share his love.

And this is why I have received such a lot of love from you all. From the time that I have come here I have simply been surrounded with love, and with real, real understanding love. It could feel as if everyone in India, everyone in Africa is somebody very special to you. And I felt quite at home I was telling Sister today. I feel in the Convent with the Sisters as if I am in Calcutta with my own Sisters. So completely at home here, right here.

And so here I am talking with you—I want you to find the poor here, right in your own home first. And begin love there. Be that good news to

your own people. And find out about your next-door neighbour—do you know who they are? I had the most extraordinary experience with a Hindu family who had eight children. A gentleman came to our house and said: Mother Teresa, there is a family with eight children, they had not eaten for so long—do something. So I took some rice and I went there immediately. And I saw the children—their eyes shining with hunger—I don't know if you have ever seen hunger. But I have seen it very often. And she took the rice, she divided the rice, and she went out. When she came back I asked her—where did you go, what did you do? And she gave me a very simple answer: They are hungry also. What struck me most was that she knew—and who are they, a Muslim family—and she knew. I didn't bring more rice that evening because I wanted them to enjoy the joy of sharing. But there were those children, radiating joy, sharing the joy with their mother because she had the love to give. And you see this is where love begins—at home. And I want you—and I am very grateful for what I have received. It has been a tremendous experience and I go back to India—I will be back by next week, the 15th I hope—and I will be able to bring your love.

And I know well that you have not given from your abundance, but you have given until it has hurt you. Today the little children they have—I was so surprised—there is so much joy for the children that are hungry. That the children like themselves will need love and care and tenderness, like they get so much from their parents. So let us thank God that we have had this opportunity to come to know each other, and this knowledge of each other has brought us very close. And we will be able to help not only the children of India and Africa, but will be able to help the children of the whole world, because as you know our Sisters are all over the world. And with this prize that I have received as a prize of peace, I am going to try to make the home for many people that have no home. Because I believe that love begins at home, and if we can create a home for the poor—I think that more and more love will spread. And we will be able through this

understanding love to bring peace, be the good news to the poor. The poor in our own family first, in our country and in the world.

To be able to do this, our Sisters, our lives have to be woven with prayer. They have to be woven with Christ to be able to understand, to be able to share. Because today there is so much suffering—and I feel that the passion of Christ is being relived all over again—are we there to share that passion, to share that suffering of people. Around the world, not only in the poor countries, but I found the poverty of the West so much more difficult to remove. When I pick up a person from the street, hungry, I give him a plate of rice, a piece of bread, I have satisfied. I have removed that hunger. But a person that is shut out, that feels unwanted, unloved, terrified, the person that has been thrown out from society—that poverty is so hurtable and so much, and I find that very difficult. Our Sisters are working amongst that kind of people in the West. So you must pray for us that we may be able to be that good news, but we cannot do that without you, you have to do that here in your country. You must come to know the poor, maybe our people here have material things, everything, but I think that if we all look into our own homes, how difficult we find it sometimes to smile at each, other, and that the smile is the beginning of love.

And so let us always meet each other with a smile, for the smile is the beginning of love, and once we begin to love each other naturally we want to do something. So you pray for our sisters and for me and for our brothers, and for our co-workers that are around the world. That we may remain faithful to the gift of God, to love Him and serve Him in the poor together with you. What we have done we should not have been able to do if you did not share with your prayers, with your gifts, this continual giving. But I don't want you to give me from your abundance, I want that you give me until it hurts.

The other day I received 15 dollars from a man who has been on his back[13] for twenty years, and the only part that he can move is his right

hand. And the only companion that he enjoys is smoking. And he said to me: I do not smoke for one week, and I send you this money. It must have been a terrible sacrifice for him, but see how beautiful, how he shared, and with that money I bought bread and I gave to those who are hungry with a joy on both sides, he was giving and the poor were receiving. This is something that you and I—it is a gift of God to us to be able to share our love with others. And let it be as it was for Jesus. Let us love one another as he loved us. Let us love Him with undivided love. And the joy of loving Him and each other—let us give now—that Christmas is coming so close. Let us keep that joy of loving Jesus in our hearts. And share that joy with all that we come in touch with. And that radiating joy is real, for we have no reason not to be happy because we have no Christ with us. Christ in our hearts, Christ in the poor that we meet, Christ in the smile that we give and the smile that we receive. Let us make that one point: That no child will be unwanted, and also that we meet each other always with a smile, especially when it is difficult to smile.

I never forget some time ago about fourteen professors came from the United States from different universities. And they came to Calcutta to our house. Then we were talking about that they had been to the home for the dying. We have a home for the dying in Calcutta, where we have picked up more than 36,000 people only from the streets of Calcutta, and out of that big number more than 18,000 have died a beautiful death. They have just gone home to God; and they came to our house and we talked of love, of compassion, and then one of them asked me: Say, Mother, please tell us something that we will remember, and I said to them: Smile at each other, make time for each other in your family. Smile at each other. And then another one asked me: Are you married, and I said: Yes, and I find it sometimes very difficult to smile at Jesus because he can be very demanding sometimes. This is really something true, and there is where love comes—when it is demanding, and yet we can give it to Him with joy.

Just as I have said today, I have said that if I don't go to Heaven for anything else I will be going to Heaven for all the publicity because it has purified me and sacrificed me and made me really ready to go to Heaven. I think that this is something, that we must live life beautifully, we have Jesus with us and He loves us. If we could only remember that God loves me, and I have an opportunity to love others as He loves me, not in big things, but in small things with great love, then Norway becomes a nest of love. And how beautiful it will be that from here a centre for peace has been given. That from here the joy of life of the unborn child comes out. If you become a burning light in the world of peace, then really the Nobel Peace Prize is a gift of the Norwegian people. God bless you!

Notes

1. St. Francis of Assisi （阿西西的）圣方济各（1182—1226），天主教圣方济各会（1209）和方济各女修会创始人，规定修士恪守苦修，麻衣赤足，步行各地宣传“清贫福音”。
2. Holy Communion 圣餐
3. Virgin Mary 耶稣的母亲，圣母玛利亚。
4. the Gospel 《圣经》中的《福音书》
5. the Father 上帝
6. St. John 施洗者约翰，约公元28年出现在犹太的一位先知。
7. the Sister 修女
8. the Scripture 《圣经》
9. there is nothing between 这两者（指孕妇堕胎和人们相互杀戮）之间并无区别
10. family planning 避孕，计划生育
11. half eaten with worms 快要被蠕虫吞噬死掉了
12. For we are touching the Body of Christ 24 hours. 基督一直和我们在一起。
13. on his back 卧病



Nelson Mandela

纳尔逊·曼德拉（Nelson Mandela, 1918－ ），南非前总统。1918年7月18日出生于南非特兰斯凯一个大酋长家庭，先后获南非大学文学士和威特沃特斯兰德大学律师资格，当过律师。曼德拉自幼性格刚强，崇敬民族英雄。他是家中长子而被指定为酋长继承人。但他表示："决不愿以酋长身份统治一个受压迫的部族"，而要"以一个战士的名义投身于民族解放事业"。他毅然走上了追求民族解放的道路。1944年他参加南非非洲人国民大会（简称非国大）。1952年先后任非国大执委、德兰士瓦省主席、全国副主席。同年年底，他成功地组织并领导了"蔑视不公正法令运动"，赢得了全体黑人的尊敬。为此，南非当局曾两次发出不准他参加公众集会的禁令。

1961年6月曼德拉创建非国大军事组织"民族之矛"，任总司令。1962年8月，曼德拉被捕入狱，从此开始了漫长的铁窗生涯，在狱中度过27个春秋，他备受迫害和折磨，但始终坚贞不屈。1990年2月11日，南非当局在国内外舆论压力下，被迫宣布无条件释放曼德拉。同年3月，他被非国大全国执委任命为副主席，代行主席职务，1991年7月当选为主席。1994年4月，非国大在南非首次不分种族的大选中获胜。同年5月，曼德拉成为南非第一位黑人总统。1997年12月，曼德拉辞去非国大主席一职，并表示不再参加1999年6月的总统竞选。1999年6月正式去职。

主要著作有：《走向自由之路不会平坦》、《斗争就是生活》、《争取世界自由宣言》、自传《自由路漫漫》。

1991年联合国教科文组织授予曼德拉"乌弗埃－博瓦尼争取和平奖"。1993年10月，诺贝尔和平委员会授予他和德克勒克诺贝尔和平奖，以表彰他为废除南非种族歧视政策所做出的贡献。同年他还与当

时的南非总统德克勒克一起被授予美国费城自由勋章。1998年9月曼德拉访美，获美国“国会金奖”，成为第一个获得美国这一最高奖项的非洲人。2000年8月被南部非洲发展共同体授予“卡马”勋章，以表彰他在领导南非人民争取自由的长期斗争中，在实现新旧南非的和平过渡阶段，以及担任南共体主席期间做出的杰出贡献。

The Long Journey to Freedom

I extend my heartfelt thanks to the Norwegian Nobel Committee for elevating us to the status of a Nobel Peace Prize winner.

I would also like to take this opportunity to congratulate my compatriot and fellow laureate, State President F. W. de Klerk[1], on his receipt of this high honour.

Together, we join two distinguished South Africans, the late Chief Albert Luthuli and His Grace Archbishop Desmond Tutu[2], to whose seminal contributions to the peaceful struggle against the evil system of apartheid[3] you paid well-deserved tribute by awarding them the Nobel Peace Prize.

It will not be presumptuous of us if we also add, among our predecessors, the name of another outstanding Nobel Peace Prize winner, the late Rev Martin Luther King Jr.[4] He, too, grappled with and died in the effort to make a contribution to the just solution of the same great issues of the day which we have had to face as South Africans.

We speak here of the challenge of the dichotomies of war and peace, violence and non-violence, racism and human dignity, oppression and repression and liberty and human rights, poverty and freedom from want.

We stand here today as nothing more than a representative of the

millions of our people who dared to rise up against a social system whose very essence is war, violence, racism, oppression, repression and the impoverishment of an entire people.

I am also here today as a representative of the millions of people across the globe, the anti-apartheid movement, the governments and organisations that joined with us, not to fight against South Africa as a country or any of its peoples, but to oppose an inhuman system and sue for a speedy end to the apartheid crime against humanity.

These countless human beings, both inside and outside our country, had the nobility of spirit to stand in the path of tyranny and injustice, without seeking selfish gain. They recognised that an injury to one is an injury to all and therefore acted together in defense of justice and a common human decency.

Because of their courage and persistence for many years, we can, today, even set the dates when all humanity will join together to celebrate one of the outstanding human victories of our century[5].

When that moment comes, we shall, together, rejoice in a common victory over racism, apartheid and white minority rule.

That triumph will finally bring to a close a history of five hundred years of African colonisation that began with the establishment of the Portuguese empire[6].

Thus, it will mark a great step forward in history and also serve as a common pledge of the peoples of the world to fight racism, wherever it occurs and whatever guise it assumes.

At the southern tip of the continent of Africa, a rich reward in the making, an invaluable gift is in the preparation for those who suffered in the name of all humanity when they sacrified everything—for liberty, peace, human dignity and human fulfillment.

This reward will not be measured in money. Nor can it be reckoned in the collective price of the rare metals and precious stones that rest in the

bowels of the African soil we tread in the footsteps of our ancestors.

It will and must be measured by the happiness and welfare of the children, at once the most vulnerable citizens in any society and the greatest of our treasures.

The children must, at last, play in the open veld, no longer tortured by the pangs of hunger or ravaged by disease or threatened with the scourge of ignorance, molestation and abuse, and no longer required to engage in deeds whose gravity exceeds the demands of their tender years[7].

In front of this distinguished audience, we commit the new South Africa to the relentless pursuit of the purposes defined in the World Declaration on the Survival, Protection and Development of Children[8].

The reward of which we have spoken will and must also be measured by the happiness and welfare of the mothers and fathers of these children, who must walk the earth without fear of being robbed, killed for political or material profit, or spat upon because they are beggars.

They too must be relieved of the heavy burden of despair which they carry in their hearts, born of hunger, homelessness and unemployment.

The value of that gift to all who have suffered will and must be measured by the happiness and welfare of all the people of our country, who will have torn down the inhuman walls that divide them.

These great masses will have turned their backs on the grave insult to human dignity which described some as masters and others as servants, and transformed each into a predator whose survival depended on the destruction of the other.[9]

The value of our shared reward will and must be measured by the joyful peace which will triumph, because the common humanity that bonds both black and white into one human race, will have said to each one of us that we shall all live like the children of paradise.

Thus shall we live, because we will have created a society which recognises that all people are born equal, with each entitled in equal

measure to life, liberty, prosperity, human rights and good governance.

Such a society should never allow again that there should be prisoners of conscience nor that any person's human right should be violated.

Neither should it ever happen that once more the avenues to peaceful change are blocked by usurpers who seek to take power away from the people, in pursuit of their own, ignoble purposes.

In relation to these matters, we appeal to those who govern Burma that they release our fellow Nobel Peace Prize laureate, Aung San Suu Kyi[10], and engage her and those she represents in serious dialogue, for the benefit of all the people of Burma.

We pray that those who have the power to do so will, without further delay, permit that she uses her talents and energies for the greater good of the people of her country and humanity as a whole.

Far from the rough and tumble of the politics of our own country. I would like to take this opportunity to join the Norwegian Nobel Committee and pay tribute to my joint laureate, Mr. F. W. de Klerk.

He had the courage to admit that a terrible wrong had been done to our country and people through the imposition of the system of apartheid.

He had the foresight to understand and accept that all the people of South Africa must through negotiations and as equal participants in the process, together determine what they want to make of their future.

But there are still some within our country who wrongly believe they can make a contribution to the cause of justice and peace by clinging to the shibboleths that have been proved to spell nothing but disaster.[11]

It remains out hope that these, too, will be blessed with sufficient reason to realise that history will not be denied and that the new society cannot be created by reproducing the repugnant past, however refined or enticingly repackaged[12].

We would also like to take advantage of this occasion to pay tribute to the many formations of the democratic movement of our country, including

the members of our Patriotic Front[13], who have themselves played a central role in bringing our country as close to the democratic transformation as it is today.

We are happy that many representatives of these formations, including people who have served or are serving in the "homeland" structures, came with us to Oslo. They too must share the accolade which the Nobel Peace Prize confers.

We live with the hope that as she battles to remake herself, South Africa, will be like a microcosm of the new world that is striving to be born.

This must be a world of democracy and respect for human rights, a world freed from the horrors of poverty, hunger, deprivation and ignorance, relieved of the threat and the scourge of civil wars and external aggression and unburdened of the great tragedy of millions forced to become refugees.

The processes in which South Africa and Southern Africa as a whole are engaged, beckon and urge us all that we take this tide at the flood and make of this region as a living example of what all people of conscience would like the world to be.

We do not believe that this Nobel Peace Prize is intended as a commendation for matters that have happened and passed.

We hear the voices which say that it is an appeal from all those, throughout the universe, who sought an end to the system of apartheid.

We understand their call, that we devote what remains of our lives to the use of our country's unique and painful experience to demonstrate, in practice, that the normal condition for human existence is democracy, justice, peace, non-racism, non-sexism, prosperity for everybody, a healthy environment and equality and solidarity among the peoples.

Moved by that appeal and inspired by the eminence you have thrust upon us, we undertake that we too will do what we can to contribute to the renewal of our world so that none should, in future, be described as the

"wretched of the earth."[14]

Let it never be said by future generations that indifference, cynicism or selfishness made us fail to live up to the ideals of humanism which the Nobel Peace Prize encapsulates.[15]

Let the strivings of us all, prove Martin Luther King Jr. to have been correct, when he said that humanity can no longer be tragically bound to the starless midnight of racism and war.

Let the efforts of us all, prove that he was not a mere dreamer when he spoke of the beauty of genuine brotherhood and peace being more precious than diamonds or silver or gold.

Let a new age dawn!

Thank you.

Notes

1. F. W. de Klerk 指与曼德拉同时获得诺贝尔和平奖的南非最后一任白人总统德克勒克。
2. the late Chief Albert Luthuli and His Grace Archbishop Desmond Tutu 前者指阿尔伯特・卢图利，1960 年诺贝尔和平奖得主，后者指南非前大主教图图，1984 年诺贝尔和平奖得主。
3. system of apartheid 种族隔离制度
4. the late Rev Martin Luther King Jr. 指 1964 年诺贝尔和平奖得主小马丁・路德・金。
5. one of the outstanding human victories of our century 指南非种族隔离制度被打破，南非通过民选产生首位黑人总统，即曼德拉。
6. the establishment of the Portuguese empire 指 15 世纪葡萄牙在南非建立起殖民统治
7. engage in deeds whose gravity exceeds the demands of their tender years 从事与他们（孩子们）年龄不相符的沉重劳动
8. the World Declaration on the Survival, Protection and Development of

Children 指《儿童权利宣言》，它于 1959 年 11 月 20 日被联合国大会批准通过，此宣言公布了 10 条儿童基本权利。

9. These great masses will have turned their backs on the grave insult to human dignity which described some as masters and others as servants, and transformed each into a predator whose survival depended on the destruction of the other. 民众将拒绝那种有辱他们尊严的制度，这种制度曾把人们分成主人和仆人，使人们相互杀戮。
10. Aung San Suu Kyi 昂山素季，生于 1945 年 6 月 19 日，缅甸仰光人。1946～1988 年在英国、美国及日本求学，1988 年 9 月回国。因目睹不少学生被枪炮镇压，激发了她为人民争取民主的决心，遂成为全国民主联盟的创始人兼总书记。1990 年 5 月，全国民主联盟在大选中以压倒性票数获胜，但遭军政府否决。她于 1991 年获得诺贝尔和平奖。
11. But there are still some within our country who wrongly believe they can make a contribution to the cause of justice and peace by clinging to the shibboleths that have been proved to spell nothing but disaster. 但依然有一些人错误地认为坚持种族分歧不妨碍实现和平和正义，虽然他们所坚持的东西已经被证明只能带来灾难。
12. enticingly repackaged 被重新包装得非常诱人
13. Patriotic Front 爱国阵线
14. "wretched of the earth" "全世界受苦的人"，出自"Arise, ye wretched of the earth"，是英文版《国际歌》中的一句歌词。
15. Let it never be said by future generations that indifference, cynicism or selfishness made us fail to live up to the ideals of humanism which the Nobel Peace Prize encapsulates. 永远不要让我们的后代因为人情冷淡、玩世不恭或自私自利而不能生活在诺贝尔和平奖中所包涵的人类生存的理想境界中。



F. W. de Klerk

弗雷德里克·威廉·德克勒克（F. W. de Klerk, 1936— ），1936年3月18日出生于约翰内斯堡近郊一个保守色彩极浓的权贵世家。他的曾祖父、祖父和父亲都曾为南非政坛要员。德克勒克1958年从波切夫斯特鲁姆大学毕业，获法学学士学位。对政治的浓厚兴趣使年轻的德克勒克放弃了待遇优厚的律师职业，于1972年在韦雷尼京地区当选国民党议员。1978年，刚过42岁的德克勒克被任命为政府邮电部长。1989年初，他从中风病倒的博塔总统手中接过国民党帅印。同年8月15日，德克勒克成为南非代理总统。当年9月6日，他正式接任南非总统。

德克勒克上任之时正值南非种族主义政权处于风雨飘摇之中。此时的德克勒克显示了过人的政治胆识和勇气，决意开创一个新南非。上任伊始，德克勒克便宣布允许在全国各地举行反对种族主义政权的和平集会。1990年2月2日，德克勒克在南非议会开幕讲话中宣布解除对非国大等33个反种族主义统治政党和组织的禁令。同月，他宣布释放入狱达27年的曼德拉及其他政治犯。1991年，德克勒克又宣布废除《土地法》、《集团住区法》等名目繁多的种族隔离法律，南非种族主义统治的法律支柱随之崩塌。

南非在从种族主义制度向新社会艰难迈进中能够避免大规模流血冲突，从而基本实现和平过渡，德克勒克与曼德拉这一对"黑白双星"均功不可没。1993年的诺贝尔和平奖一同授予了曼德拉与德克勒克。1994年4月南非大选后，德克勒克从总统位上坦然而下，坐进了第二副总统的办公室。1996年6月，德克勒克带领国民党退出民族团结政府，宣布该党将作为主要反对党发挥作用。此时的德克勒克仍不乏审时度势的明智。在坦然承认大选失败的同时，德克勒克曾信誓旦旦地说，他将不会放弃自己新的历史使命，1999年时他仍将竞选南非总统。

可是，德克勒克终于直面现实，再一次做出了一个有胆识的决定：1997年9月9日，急流勇退，就此离去。

在此篇演讲中他说到，对历史，加害者必须承认自己过去罪行的过错，加害者应表谢罪，受害者则更应胸怀宽恕的宏量；为了构建永续的和平，两者必须携手努力。他更指出，“宽恕”并非盲目忘却过去，而是指严峻的自我反省，踏出建设未来第一步的勇气和行动。

The Victory of Democracy

It is a little more than six years to the end of this century and to the dawning of the new millennium[1]. In three years we will mark the centenary of Alfred Nobel's death and in eight the hundredth year of this award.

The intervening years have witnessed the most dreadful wars and carnage in the long and violent history of mankind. Today as we speak, the shells rain down on beleaguered communities in Bosnia; there is bitter conflict in Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan; there are devastating wars and conflicts in Africa—in Angola, in Somalia and recently in Burundi; and in my own country, notwithstanding the tremendous progress which we have made, more than 3,000 people have died in political violence since the beginning of this year.[2]

As always, it is the innocent—and particularly the children—who are the main victims of these conflicts.

Above all, we owe it to the children of the world to stop the conflicts and to create new horizons for them. They deserve peace and decent opportunities in life. I should like to dedicate this address to them and to all those—such as UNICEF[3]—who are working to alleviate their plight.

The question that we must ask is whether we are making progress

toward the goal of universal peace. Or are we caught up on a treadmill of history, turning forever on the axle of mindless aggression and self-destruction?[4] Has the procession of Nobel Peace laureates since 1901 reflected a general movement by mankind toward peace?

When considering the great honour that has been bestowed on us as recipients of this Peace Prize, we must in all humility ask these questions. We must also consider the nature of peace. The greatest peace, I believe, is the peace which we derive from our faith in God Almighty; from certainty about our relationship with our Creator[5]. Crises might beset us, battles might rage about us—but if we have faith and the certainty it brings, we will enjoy peace—the peace that surpasses all understanding.

One's religious convictions obviously also translate into a specific approach towards peace in the secular sense. I have time only for a few perspectives on peace in this world and its effect on human relationships.

Peace does not simply mean the absence of conflict: Throughout history, there has been an absence of conflict in many repressive societies. This lack of conflict does not have its roots in harmony, goodwill or the consent of the parties involved—but often in fear, ignorance and powerlessness. There can thus be no real peace without justice or consent. Neither does peace necessarily imply tranquility.

The affairs of mankind are in incessant flux. No relationship—between individuals or communities or political parties or countries—remains the same from one day to the next. New situations are forever arising and demand constant attention. Tensions build up and need to be defused. Militant radical minorities plan to disrupt peace and need to be contained. There can thus be no real peace without constant effort, planning and hard work. Peace, therefore, is not an absence of conflict or a condition of stagnation.

Peace is a frame of mind. It is a frame of mind in which countries, communities, parties and individuals seek to resolve their differences

through agreements, through negotiation and compromise, instead of threats, compulsion and violence.

Peace is also a framework. It is a framework consisting of rules, laws, agreements and conventions—a framework providing mechanisms for the peaceful resolution of the inevitable clashes of interest between countries, communities, parties and individuals. It is a framework within which the irresistible and dynamic processes of social, economic and political development can be regulated and accommodated.

In our quest for peace we should constantly ask ourselves what we should do to create conditions in which peace can prosper. It is easy to identify those forces and conditions which militate against it and which must be eradicated. Peace does not fare well where poverty and deprivation reign.[6] It does not flourish where there is ignorance and a lack of education and information. Repression, injustice and exploitation are inimical with peace. Peace is gravely threatened by inter-group fear and envy and by the unleashing of unrealistic expectations. Racial, class and religious intolerance and prejudice are its mortal enemies. Since the vast proportion of human history has been characterised by such conditions, it should not surprise us that much of history has been a lamentable tale of violence and war.

But there is reason for optimism. Around the world forces which favour peace are on the move.[7] Amongst those, economic development is fundamentally important. Economic growth, generated by the free market, is transforming societies everywhere. It is helping to eliminate poverty and is providing the wealth which is required to address the pressing needs of the poor[8]. It is extending education and information to an unprecedented portion of the global population. It is changing social and economic relationships and is placing irresistible pressure on archaic political and constitutional systems—whether these are of the left or of the right.[9]

And hand in hand with economic development goes democracy.

Wherever economic growth occurs it promotes the establishment of representative and democratic institutions—institutions which invariably develop a framework for peace.

It is highly significant that there has never been a war between genuine and universal democracies. There have been countless wars between totalitarian and authoritarian states.[10] There have been wars between democracies and dictatorships—most often in defence of democratic values or in response to aggression. But there are no instances of truly free and democratic peoples taking up arms against one another. The reasons for this are evident. It is difficult to incite people to aggression if they are educated and informed, if their basic rights are properly protected. It is difficult to persuade people who have achieved a degree of material well-being to risk all in unnecessary conflict. Such people will not easily be seduced by militarism or allow themselves to become canon fodder. The media—and particularly television—have stripped war and conflict of any of the glory or illusions which it might once have held.[11]

Through these forces good progress is being made. The present worldwide constitutional development toward democracy, underpinned by economic development, augurs well for peace.[12]

It was also these forces which, more than any other, were responsible for the transformation of my own country and for the awakening of hope for all our people. The basis for the fundamental reforms in South Africa was established, not by external pressure, but primarily by social changes which economic growth generated. In as much as apartheid was broken down by pressure, that pressure primarily came—not from an armed struggle—but from the millions of peaceloving people moving to our cities and becoming part of our economy. The realisation that far-reaching change had become inevitable was primarily influenced, not by political speeches and manifestos, but by the exposure to realities which were brought into millions of homes by television and radio.

However, the single most important factor which became the driving force towards a totally new dispensation in South Africa, was a fundamental change of heart. This change occurred on both sides which had been involved in conflict over decades.

It was not a sudden change, but a process—a process of introspection, of soul searching; of repentance; of realisation of the futility of ongoing conflict, of acknowledgement of failed policies and the injustice it brought with it.

This process brought the National Party[13] to the point of making a clean break with apartheid and separate development—a clear break with all forms of discrimination—forever.

Thus, we came to the point where we, as South Africans, could begin to bridge the generations of prejudice, enmity and fear which divided us. This process brought us to the negotiating table where we could begin to develop the frame of mind and frameworks for peace to which I referred earlier. They prepared the way for the new South African Constitution now being debated in Parliament.

I believe that this transitional constitution provides a reasonable framework of agreements and rules, of checks and balances, which are necessary for peace in our complex society. It ensures full participation in all fields of endeavour to all South Africans. It does not discriminate in any way on the basis of colour, creed, class or gender. It contains all the major safeguards which all our communities will need to maintain their respective identities and ways of life. It also provides adequate guarantee for the political, social, cultural and economic rights of individuals.

I also believe that this framework for peace will succeed if we can now establish the frame of mind, to which I referred, which is necessary for peace—the frame of mind which leads people to resolve differences through negotiation, compromise and agreements, instead of through compulsion and violence.

I believe that such a frame of mind already exists in South Africa at the moment, however fragile it might be. All our leaders, including Mr. Mandela and I, will have to lead by example in an effort to consolidate this frame of mind. We will need great wisdom to counteract the strategies of minority elements, threatening with civil conflict. We will have to be firm and resolute in defending the framework for peace which we agreed upon.

There is no room for complacency. All of us who believe in peace must redouble our efforts to reassure all our countrymen that their rights and security will be assured.

I have no doubt that we will succeed. There is a growing awareness among all South Africans of our interdependence—of the fact that none of us can flourish if we do not work together—that all of us will fail if we try to pursue narrow sectional interests.

Five years ago people would have seriously questioned the sanity of anyone who would have predicted that Mr. Mandela and I would be joint recipients of the 1993 Nobel Peace Prize.[14] And yet both of us are here before you today. We are political opponents.[15] We disagree strongly on key issues and we will soon fight a strenuous election campaign against one another. But we will do so, I believe, in the frame of mind and within the framework of peace which has already been established.

We will do it—and many other leaders will do it with us—because there is no other road to peace and prosperity for the people of our country. In the conflicts of the past, there was no gain for anyone in our country. Through reconciliation all of us are now becoming winners. The compromises we have reached demand sacrifices on all sides. It was not easy for the supporters of Mr. Mandela or mine to relinquish the ideals they had cherished for many decades. But we did it. And because we did it, there is hope.

The coming election will not be about the past. It will be about the future. It will not be about Blacks or Whites, or Afrikaners and Xhosas.[16]

It will be about the best solutions for the future in the interests of all our people. It will not be about apartheid or armed struggle. It will be about future peace and stability, about progress and prosperity, about nation-building.

In my first speech after becoming Leader of the National Party, I said on February the 8th, 1989, "Our goal is a new South Africa: A totally changed South Africa; a South Africa which has rid itself of the antagonism of the past; a South Africa free of domination or oppression in whatever form; a South Africa within which the democratic forces—all reasonable people—align themselves behind mutually acceptable goals and against radicalism, irrespective of where it comes from."[17]

Since then we have made impressive progress, thanks to the cooperation of political, spiritual, business and community leaders over a wide spectrum.[18] To Mr. Mandela I sincerely say: Congratulations. And in accepting this Peace Prize today I wish to pay tribute to all who are working for peace in our land. On behalf of all South Africans who supported me, directly or indirectly, I accept it in humility, deeply aware of my own shortcomings.

I thank those who decided to make the award for the recognition they have granted in doing so—recognition of a mighty deed of reformation and reconciliation that is taking place in South Africa. The road ahead is still full of obstacles and, therefore, dangerous. There is, however, no question of turning back.

What is taking place in South Africa is such a deed—a deed resounding over the earth—a deed of peace. It brings hope to all South Africans. It opens new horizons for Sub-Saharan Africa.[19] It has the capacity to unlock the tremendous potential of our country and our region.

The new era which is dawning in our country, beneath the great southern stars, will lift us out of the silent grief of our past and into a future in which there will be opportunity and space for joy and beauty—

for real and lasting peace.

Notes

1. the dawning of the new millennium 新千年即将来临之际
2. 这一段是谈发生在世界许多地方的战争和杀戮，如波斯尼亚、格鲁吉亚、亚美尼亚、阿塞拜疆、安哥拉、索马里、布隆迪等。
3. UNICEF 联合国儿童基金会
4. Or are we caught up on a treadmill of history, turning forever on the axle of mindless aggression and self-destruction? 还是我们身处历史的踏车上，围绕着愚蠢的侵略和自我毁灭不停转动，永远无法挣脱？
5. our Creator 上帝
6. Peace does not fare well where poverty and deprivation reign. 在被贫穷主宰的地方，和平很难实现。
7. Around the world forces which favour peace are on the move. 各种有利于和平的力量正在全世界发挥着作用。
8. address the pressing needs of the poor 满足穷人的迫切需求
9. ...placing irresistible pressure on archaic political and constitutional systems—whether these are of the left or of the right. ……给旧的立宪政体——无论是左翼的还是右翼的——施加了难以抵制的压力。
10. There have been countless wars between totalitarian and authoritarian states. 在集权统治和独裁统治的国家之间一直存在着连绵不断的战争。
11. The media—and particularly television—have stripped war and conflict of any of the glory or illusions which it might once have held. 媒体，尤其是电视，已经使笼罩在战争上方的充满光荣和幻想的光环不复存在。
12. The present worldwide constitutional development toward democracy, underpinned by economic development, augurs well for peace. 目前全球范围的以经济发展为基础的追求民主的合法斗争预示着和平的到来。
13. the National Party 南非国民党，1914 年成立的南非政党，自 1948 年起统治南非，主张实行种族隔离和白人优越政策。

14. Five years ago people would have seriously questioned the sanity of anyone who would have predicted that Mr. Mandela and I would be joint recipients of the 1993 Nobel Peace Prize. 五年前，如果谁预测说曼德拉先生和我将同时获得 1993 年诺贝尔和平奖，人们会怀疑他是否神志清醒。
15. We are political opponents. 我们是政治上的敌人（因为曼德拉代表黑人的利益，而德克勒克代表白人的利益）。
16. It will not be about Blacks or Whites, or Afrikaners and Xhosas. 这场选举将不是关于黑人或白人或布尔人或科萨人的。Afrikaner 南非白人，也称布尔人，指南非的荷兰人等欧洲移民的后裔。 Xhosa 科萨人，指南非原著民。
17. ...align themselves behind mutually acceptable goals and against radicalism, irrespective of where it comes from. ……为了相互能接受的目标联合起来反对极端主义，不论这种极端主义来自哪里。
18. over a wide spectrum 广泛地
19. It opens new horizons for Sub-Saharan Africa. 它为撒哈拉以南的非洲地区展现了新的前景。



Yasser Arafat

亚希尔·阿拉法特（Yasser Arafat, 1929—2004），前巴勒斯坦民族解放运动领导人。1929年8月4日出生于耶路撒冷的一个逊尼派穆斯林家庭。他的父亲是一位成功的商人，母亲出身名门望族，自称是先知穆罕默德的直系后代。

据说阿拉法特从10岁左右就显示出了不受任何人控制的独立精神和超乎常人的组织能力。1948年第一次中东战争爆发，阿拉法特的父亲不幸死于这场战争，年仅19岁的阿拉法特也随父兄投身于抗击以色列的斗争。1949年，战争结束后，阿拉法特一家移居加沙。1956年，阿拉法特从开罗大学毕业，进入埃及军事学院学习。他参加了苏伊士运河战争，并于从第二年秋天起，化名“阿布·阿玛尔”开始筹建秘密小组即后来大名鼎鼎的“巴勒斯坦民族解放运动”（简称“法塔赫”）。他同时还在科威特成立了自己的建筑公司，并经营得相当成功。

1965年，阿拉法特领导的巴勒斯坦游击队打响了反对以色列占领的武装斗争第一枪，巴勒斯坦革命由此爆发。从1968年起，他公开了真名，并以“法塔赫”发言人身份正式露面。第三次中东战争后，以色列占领了整个巴勒斯坦领土，游击队被迫撤到阿拉伯邻国，继续开展武装斗争，阿拉法特也开始流亡海外。

自1969年担任巴解组织执委会主席以来，阿拉法特一直领导被占领土内外的巴勒斯坦人开展各种形式的反以斗争。头上总缠着黑白或红白相间的方格头巾几乎成了阿拉法特的特有标识，头巾包扎的形状颇似不规则的巴勒斯坦地图。至于头巾颜色的含义，阿拉法特这样解释：“白色代表居住在城里的居民，红白方格代表沙漠中的贝都因人，而黑白方格则代表农民。”

自20世纪60年代末以来，他多次成为以色列军队和安全机构暗

杀的对象，但他都奇迹般地躲过暗杀和袭击。九死一生的经历使阿拉法特被蒙上了一层神秘色彩，成为世界上最富于传奇色彩的领导人之一，被称为"不死鸟"。

自 2000 年 9 月巴以爆发大规模流血冲突以来，以色列一再指责阿拉法特是恐怖主义的"幕后主使"。2001 年 12 月 3 日，以色列军队入侵拉姆安拉，并将阿拉法特"围困"在官邸中，从此，阿拉法特失去了行动自由。2004 年 11 月在巴黎病逝。

1994 年阿拉法特与以色列总理拉宾、以色列外长佩雷斯同获诺贝尔和平奖。

The Struggle for Peace

A quote from the Holy Koran, "Then if they should be inclined to make peace, do thou incline towards it also, and put thy trust in Allah."[1]

Ever since I was entrusted by my people to undertake the arduous task of seeking our lost home, I have been filled with a warm faith that all those in exile who bore the keys to their homes with them as they bore their limbs, an inseparable part of them, and those in the homeland, who bore their wounds as they bear their names ... would, one day, for all their sacrifices, be granted the rewards of returning and freedom. And that, the difficult journey on that long pain-filled path would end in their own hallways.[2]

Now, as we celebrate together the first sighting of the crescent moon of peace, I stare into the eyes of those martyrs whose look has seared into my consciousness as I stand here on this podium and who ask me about the homeland, about their vacant places[3]. I hide my tears from them and tell them: "How right you were. Your generous sacrifice has enabled us to

behold the Holy land[4], to tread our first steps on it in a difficult battle, the battle for peace, the peace of the brave."

Now, as we celebrate the reawakening of creative forces within us and restore the war-torn home that overlooks the neighbors' where our children shall play together and compete to pick flowers, now, I feel national and human pride in my Palestinian Arab People whose powers of patience and giving, of retaining a never-ending bond between homeland, history and people, have added a new chapter to the homelands' ancient legends, that of The Epic of Hope[5].

To them, to the sons and daughters of that kind enduring nation, that nation of yew and dew, of fire and sweat[6], I dedicate this Nobel Prize. I shall bear it to those children who have been promised freedom, safety and security in a homeland free of the threats of external occupation or internal exploitation.

I know, I know full well, that this supreme and greatly significant prize was not awarded to me and to my partners: Mr. Yitzhak Rabin, the Israeli Prime Minister, and Mr. Shimon Peres, the Foreign Minister, to crown an achievement[7]; but as an encouragement to pursue a route with greater steps and deeper awareness, with truer intentions so that we may transform the peace option, the peace of the brave, from words into practice and reality and for us to be worthy of carrying forward the message entrusted to us by our peoples, as well as humanity and a universal moral duty.

The Palestinians, whose national cause[8] guards the gates of Arab-Israeli peace, look forward like their Arab brethren[9], to that comprehensive, just and lasting peace, based on "land for peace" and compliance with international legitimacy and resolutions. Peace, for us, is an asset and in our interest. It is an absolute human asset that allows an individual to freely develop his individuality unbound by any regional, religious or ethnic fetters. It restores to Arab-Israeli relations their

innocent nature, and enables the Arab spirit to reflect through unrestrained human expression its profound understanding of the Jewish-European tragedy, just as it allows the tortured Jewish spirit to express its unfettered empathy for the suffering endured by the Palestinian people over their ruptured history.[10] Only the tortured can understand those who have endured torture.

Peace is in our interest: as only in an atmosphere of just peace shall the Palestinian people achieve their legitimate ambition for independence and sovereignty, and be able to develop their national and cultural identity, as well as enjoy sound neighborly relations, mutual respect and cooperation with the Israeli people. They, in return, will be able to articulate their Middle Eastern identity, and to open up economically and culturally towards their Arab neighbors. The Arabs are looking forward to developing their region which the long years of war had prevented from finding its true place in today's world, in an atmosphere of democracy, pluralism and prosperity.

Just as war is a great adventure, peace is a challenge and wager. If we fail to endow peace with the wherewithal[11] to withstand the tempest amid the storm, if we fail to nurture peace so that it may gain in strength, if we fail to give it scope to grow and gain in strength, the wager could be wasted and lost. So, from this rostrum I call upon my partners in peace to speed up the peace process, to bring about an early withdrawal, to allow elections to be held and to move on rapidly to the next stage, so that peace may become entrenched and grow, become an established reality.

We started the peace process on the basis of land for peace, and on the basis of UN resolution 242 and 338,[12] as well as other international decisions on achieving the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people. Even though the peace process has not reached its full scope, the new environment of trust as well as the modest steps implemented during the first and second years of the peace agreement are very promising and call

for the lifting of reservations, for procedures to be simplified. We must fulfill what remains, especially the transfer of power and taking further steps in Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank[13] and the settlements to achieve full withdrawal. This would provide our society with the opportunity to rebuild its infrastructure and to contribute from its location, with its own heritage, knowledge and know-how in forging our new world.

In this context I call on Russia and the United States of America, the cosponsors of the peace conference, to help the peace process take bigger steps, by contributing to the process and helping to overcome all obstacles. I also call on Norway and Egypt as the first countries to have nurtured the Israeli-Palestinian peace to pursue this worthy initiative that took off from Oslo, to Washington to Cairo. Oslo shall remain the bright name that accompanies the process of peace, the peace of the brave, as will the name of those countries sponsoring the multilateral talks.

Here I call on all the countries of the world especially the donor countries[14] to speed up their contributions so that the Palestinian people may overcome their economic and social problems and proceed with reconstruction and the rebuilding of infrastructures. Peace cannot thrive, and the peace process cannot be consolidated in the absence of the necessary material conditions.

I call on my partners in peace to reinforce the peace process with the necessary comprehensive and strategic vision.

Confidence alone does not make peace. But acknowledging rights and confidence do. Failure to recognize these rights creates a sense of injustice, it keeps the embers burning under the ashes. It moves peace towards the quicksands of danger and rekindles a fuse that is ready to explode.[15]

We view peace as a historic strategic option, not a tactical one directed by current calculations of gain or loss. The peace process is not only a political process, it is an integrated operation where national awareness, economic, scientific and technological development play a

major role, just as cultural, social and creative merging play essential roles that are of the very essence of the peace process and fortify it.

I review all this as I recall the difficult peace journey we have travelled, we have only covered a short distance. We have to arm ourselves with courage and utmost temerity[16] to cover the longer distance ahead, towards the homebase of just and comprehensive peace, and to be able to assimilate that creative force of the deeper meanings of peace.

As long as we have decided to coexist in peace we must do so on a firm basis that will withstand time and for generations. A comprehensive withdrawal from the West Bank and the Gaza Strip[17] requires an in-depth consideration of the settlements question, they cut across geographic and political union, impede free communication between the regions of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip and create foci of tension: this is contrary to the spirit of peace we seek and mars its serenity. The same applies to the question of Jerusalem, the spiritual haven for Moslems, Christians and Jews[18]. It is the city of cities for Palestinians and where Jewish holy places are on an equal footing with Islamic and Christian holy places, so let us make it a world beacon for spiritual harmony, the radiance of civilization and religious heritage for all humanity. In this context, there is an urgent task that impels the peace process and will help it overcome deep-seated barriers, namely that of the detainees and prisoners. It is important that they be released, that their mothers, wives and children may smile again.

Lets us protect this newborn infant from the winter winds, let us nurture it with milk and honey, from the land of milk and honey, and on the land of Salem, Abraham, Ismael and Isaac, the Holy Land, the Land of Peace.[19]

Finally, I would like to congratulate my partners in peace Mr. Yitzhak Rabin, the Prime Minister of Israel, and Mr. Shimon Peres, the Israeli Foreign Minister on being awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

My congratulations also go to the people of Norway, this friendly

nation, for their sponsorship, for their warm hospitality, it betokens their history and nobility. I assure you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that we shall discover ourselves in peace more than we have with war and confrontation, as I am sure that the Israelis in turn shall find themselves in peace more than they have found it in war.

Glory to God almighty,
Peace on Earth,
and Goodwill to all People,
Thank you.

Notes

1. A quote from the Holy Koran, "Then if they should be inclined to make peace, do thou incline towards it also, and put thy trust in Allah." 神圣的《古兰经》中有这样一句话："如果他们向往和平，你们也应该向往和平，让我们大家都相信无所不能的真主吧！"
2. …all those in exile who bore the keys to their homes with them as they bore their limbs, an inseparable part of them, and those in the homeland, who bore their wounds as they bear their names… would, one day, for all their sacrifices, be granted the rewards of returning and freedom. And that, the difficult journey on that long pain-filled path would end in their own hallways. ……那些漂流异乡的人们会像爱惜自己不可分割的肢体一样珍藏着自己家园的钥匙，那些留守在故乡的人们也忍受着各种痛苦和创伤，我坚信他们所做的这些牺牲必将换来返回家园和获得自由的回报。我还坚信，这条充满荆棘的艰难之路必将通往幸福的家园。
3. their vacant places 他们失去的家园
4. behold the Holy land 看见圣地（耶路撒冷）
5. The Epic of Hope 希望史诗。此处指巴勒斯坦人民争取独立自由的斗争。
6. that nation of yew and dew, of fire and sweat 那个有着紫杉树和露珠，充满汗水和战火的国家。指巴勒斯坦。

7. to crown an achievement 使一项任务或使命得以圆满完成
8. national cause 国家事业。指巴勒斯坦人民争取独立自由的斗争。
9. their Arab brethren 他们的阿拉伯兄弟
10. It restores to Arab-Israeli relations their innocent nature, and enables the Arab spirit to reflect through unrestrained human expression its profound understanding of the Jewish-European tragedy, just as it allows the tortured Jewish spirit to express its unfettered empathy for the suffering endured by the Palestinian people over their ruptured history. 它（和平）使阿以之间恢复纯真的友谊，使阿拉伯人尽情表述对犹太裔欧洲人悲惨遭遇的理解，就像和平使饱受折磨的犹太人能充分理解巴勒斯坦人在过去分崩离析的岁月里遭受的痛苦一样。
11. the wherewithal 必要的资金（资源、设备、手段等）
12. We started the peace process on the basis of land for peace, and on the basis of UN resolution 242 and 338. 在联合国第242号和338号决议的基础上我们开始了以土地换和平的和平进程。第242号和338号决议分别于1967年和1973年通过，对阿以双方的权利和义务做出了规定。
13. Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank 以色列从约旦河西岸撤军
14. the donor countries 为巴勒斯坦人民提供捐赠的国家
15. Failure to recognize these rights creates a sense of injustice, it keeps the embers burning under the ashes. It moves peace towards the quicksands of danger and rekindles a fuse that is ready to explode. 不承认这些权利，就会导致不公平感的产生，就像灰烬掩盖下的火焰，它将会把和平推向可能摧毁它的流沙之处，点燃随时可能引爆的导火索。
16. utmost temerity 极端的鲁莽
17. the Gaza Strip 加沙地带
18. Jerusalem, the spiritual haven for Moslems, Christians and Jews 耶路撒冷是所有穆斯林、基督徒和犹太人的精神家园
19. Lets us protect this newborn infant from the winter winds, let us nurture it with milk and honey, from the land of milk and honey, and on the land of Salem, Abraham, Ismael and Isaac, the Holy Land, the Land of Peace. 让我

们保护这个新生婴儿不受冬日寒风的侵袭，让我们用奶和蜜来养育他，使他在这片养育了基督教先人和伊斯兰教先人的圣地及和平之地上茁壮成长。新生婴儿是指在40多年的武装对抗后，1993年11月巴以签署加沙—杰里科自治原则宣言，巴以之间出现了和平曙光。Salem：耶路撒冷的古称。Abraham：希伯来人（犹太人）的祖先。Isaac:亚伯拉罕的儿子，希伯来人的族长。Ismael：伊斯玛仪，阿拉伯人的祖先。



Yitzhak Rabin

伊扎克·拉宾（Yitzhak Rabin, 1922－1995），前以色列国国防部长、总理。出生在英国人统治下的巴勒斯坦耶路撒冷。父母都是俄国移民，是狂热的犹太复国主义者。他青年时代立志农业救国，在特拉维夫一所农业中学毕业后，到美国伯克利加利福尼亚大学留学，主攻灌溉工程。

第二次世界大战爆发后，放弃原来的理想，投笔从戎，加入反对轴心国的军事组织。战后，他帮助释放巴勒斯坦的非法犹太移民，于1946年被英国人软禁了6个月。

长期的戎马生涯锻炼了他的军事才能。1964年，他被任命为以色列国防军参谋长。1967年，他亲自指挥"六·五战争"，打败了约旦、埃及和叙利亚联军，使约旦河西岸、加沙地带、埃及西奈半岛和叙利亚戈兰高地等，置于以色列的统治之下。但是他辉煌的"战绩"并没有带来和平，却遭到国际社会的一致谴责，联合国通过第242号决议，要求以色列撤出被占领的阿拉伯国家的领土。

1968年，从军26年的拉宾退役从政。起初担任驻美国大使。1974至1977年，出任唯一土生土长的以色列总理。1984年以色列成立联合政府，他担任国防部长。作为军事领导人的拉宾，此时已从历史的现实中认识到，和平是历史的潮流，只有顺应历史潮流，以色列才能生存和发展。1992年，70岁的拉宾东山再起，在大选中击败右翼利库德集团领导人沙米尔，再度出任总理。冷战的结束给中东和平带来了希望，拉宾出任总理不久，就向阿拉伯国家发起和平攻势，表示首先接受巴勒斯坦人提出的"以土地换和平"的原则和联合国第242、338号决议。

1993年11月13日，以色列和巴勒斯坦在美国白宫签署了第一个

和平协议——加沙—杰里科自治原则宣言，拉宾与巴勒斯坦领袖阿拉法特终于得以握手言和。1994年10月，以色列与约旦签署了和平条约，结束了两国长达46年的战争状态，因而受到国际社会的称赞，拉宾因此和阿拉法特及以色列外长佩雷斯一起获得了诺贝尔和平奖。1995年9月，以、巴又共同签署了关于扩大巴勒斯坦自治范围的“塔巴协议”，给中东地区带来了和平曙光。但是以色列极右势力反对与巴勒斯坦实现和平，骂拉宾是“叛徒”、“卖国贼”。1995年11月4日，在特拉维夫国王广场举行的10万人的和平集会上，拉宾被一名犹太极端分子刺杀身亡，时年75岁。

拉宾的死虽然会给中东和平带来一些影响，然而世界走向和平的历史潮流是不可逆转的，由拉宾等人开创的中东和平道路是无法阻挡的。

War and Peace in the Middle East

At an age when most youngsters are struggling to unravel the secrets of mathematics and the mysteries of the *Bible*; at an age when first love blooms; at the tender age of sixteen, I was handed a rifle so that I could defend myself—and also, unfortunately, so that I could kill in an hour of danger.

That was not my dream. I wanted to be a water engineer. I studied in an agricultural school and I thought that being a water engineer was an important profession in the parched Middle East. I still think so today. However, I was compelled to resort to the gun.

I served in the military for decades. Under my command, young men and women who wanted to live, wanted to love, went to their deaths instead. Under my command, they killed the enemy's men who had been sent out to kill us.

In my current position, I have ample opportunity to fly over the State of Israel, and lately over other parts of the Middle East, as well. The view from the plane is breathtaking: deep-blue lakes, dark-green fields, dun-colored deserts, stone-gray mountains, and the entire countryside peppered with whitewashed, red-roofed houses.

And cemeteries. Graves as far as the eye can see.

Hundreds of cemeteries in our part of the Middle East—in our home in Israel—but also in Egypt, in Syria, Jordan, Lebanon, and Iraq.[1] From the plane's window, from thousands of feet above them, the countless tombstones are silent. But the sound of their outcry has carried from the Middle East throughout the world for decades.

Standing here today, I wish to salute loved ones—and foes.[2] I wish to salute all the fallen of all the countries in all the wars; the members of their families who bear the enduring burden of bereavement[3]; the disabled whose scars will never heal. Tonight I wish to pay tribute to each and every one of them, for this important prize is theirs, and theirs alone.

I was a young man who has now grown fully in years. And of all the memories I have stored up in my seventy-two years, what I shall remember most, to my last day, are the silences.

The heavy silence of the moment after, and the terrifying silence of the moment before.

As a military man, as a commander, I issued orders for dozens, probably hundreds of military operations. And together with the joy of victory and grief of bereavement, I shall always remember the moment just after making the decision to mount an action: the hush as senior officers or cabinet ministers[4] slowly rise from their seats; the sight of their receding backs[5]; the sound of the closing door; and then the silence in which I remain alone.

That is the moment you grasp that as a result of the decision just made, people will be going to their deaths. People from my nation, people from

other nations. And they still don't know it.

At that hour, they are still laughing and weeping; still weaving plans and dreaming about love; still musing about planting a garden or building a house—and they have no idea these are their last hours on earth. Which of them is fated to die? Whose picture will appear in a black border in tomorrow's newspaper? Whose mother will soon be in mourning? Whose world will crumble under the weight of the loss?

As a former military man, I will also forever remember the silence of the moment before: the hush when the hands of the clock seem to be spinning forward, when time is running out and in another hour, another minute, the inferno will erupt.

In that moment of great tension just before the finger pulls the trigger, just before the fuse begins to burn; in the terrible quiet of that moment, there's still time to wonder, alone: Is it really imperative to act? Is there no other choice? No other way?

And then the order is given, and the inferno begins.

"God takes pity on kindergarteners," wrote the poet Yehudah Amichai,[6] who is here with us tonight,

"God takes pity on kindergarteners,
Less so on schoolchildren,
And will no longer pity their elders,
Leaving them to their own.
And sometimes they will have to crawl on all fours
Through the burning sand
To reach the casualty station
Bleeding."

For decades God has not taken pity on the kindergarteners in the Middle East, or the schoolchildren, or their elders. There has been no pity in the Middle East for generations.

I was a young man who has now grown fully in years. And of all the

memories I have stored up in my seventy-two years, I now recall the hopes.

Our peoples have chosen us to give them life. Terrible as it is to say, their lives are in our hands. Tonight, their eyes are upon us and their hearts are asking: How is the authority vested in these men and women being used? What will they decide? What kind of morning will we rise to tomorrow? A day of peace? Of war? Of laughter or of tears?

A child is born into an utterly undemocratic world. He cannot choose his father and mother. He cannot pick his sex or color, his religion, nationality, or homeland. Whether he is born in a manor or a manger, whether he lives under a despotic or democratic regime, it is not his choice. From the moment he comes, close-fisted, into the world, his fate lies in the hands of his nation's leaders. It is they who will decide whether he lives in comfort or despair, in security or in fear. His fate is given to us to resolve—to the Presidents and Prime Ministers of countries, democratic or otherwise.

Just as no two fingerprints are identical, so no two people are alike, and every country has its own laws and culture, traditions and leaders. But there is one universal message which can embrace the entire world, one precept which can be common to different regimes, to races which bear no resemblance, to cultures alien to each other.

It is a message which the Jewish people has borne for thousands of years, a message found in the Book of Books, which my people has bequeathed to all civilized men: "*V'nishmartem me'od lnafshoteichem*," in the words in *Deuteronomy*; "Therefore take good heed to yourselves"—or, in contemporary terms, the message of the Sanctity of Life.[7]

The leaders of nations must provide their peoples with the conditions—the "infrastructure," if you will—which enables them to enjoy life: freedom of speech and of movement; food and shelter; and most important of all: life itself. A man cannot enjoy his rights if he is not among the

living. And so every country must protect and preserve the key element in its national ethos: the lives of its citizens.

To defend those lives, we call upon our citizens to enlist in the army. And to defend the lives of our citizens serving in the army, we invest huge sums in planes, and tanks, in armored plating and concrete fortifications.

Yet despite it all, we fail to protect the lives of our citizens and soldiers. Military cemeteries in every corner of the world are silent testimony to the failure of national leaders to sanctify human life.

There is only one radical means of sanctifying human lives. Not armored plating, or tanks, or planes, or concrete fortifications.

The one radical solution is peace.

The profession of soldiering embraces a certain paradox.[8] We take the best and bravest of our young men into the army. We supply them with equipment which costs a virtual fortune. We rigorously train them for the day when they must do their duty—and we expect them to do it well. Yet we fervently pray that that day will never come—that the planes will never take flight, the tanks will never move forward, the soldiers will never mount the attacks for which they have been trained so well.

We pray it will never happen because of the Sanctity of Life.

History as a whole, and modern history in particular, has known harrowing times when national leaders turned their citizens into cannon fodder in the name of wicked doctrines: vicious Fascism and fiendish Nazism.[9] Pictures of children marching to the slaughter, photos of terrified women at the gates of crematoria must loom before the eyes of every leader in our generation, and the generations to come.[10] They must serve as a warning to all who wield power.

Almost all the regimes which did not place man and the sanctity of Life at the heart of their world view, all those regimes have collapsed and are no more.[11] You can see it for yourselves in our own day.

Yet this is not the whole picture. To preserve the Sanctity of Life, we

must sometimes risk it. Sometimes there is no other way to defend our citizens than to fight for their lives, for their safety and sovereignty. This is the creed of every democratic state.

In the State of Israel, from which I come today; in the Israel Defense Forces, which I have had the privilege to command, we have always viewed the Sanctity of Life as a supreme value. We have gone to war only when a fearful sword was poised to cut us down.

The history of the State of Israel, the annals of the Israel Defense Forces are filled with thousands of stories of soldiers who sacrificed themselves—who died while trying to save wounded comrades; who gave their lives to avoid causing harm to innocent people on the enemy's side.

In the coming days, a special Commission of the Israel Defense Forces will finish drafting a Code of Conduct[12] for our soldiers. The formulation regarding human life will read as follows, and I quote:

> "In recognition of its supreme importance, the soldier will preserve human life in every way possible and endanger himself, or others, only to the extent deemed necessary to fulfill this mission.
>
> The Sanctity of Life, in the view of the soldiers of the Israel Defense Forces, will find expression in all their actions; in considered and precise planning; in intelligent and safety-minded training and in judicious implementation, in accordance with their mission; in taking the professionally proper degree of risk and degree of caution; and in the constant effort to limit casualties to the scope required to achieve the objective."

For many years ahead—even if wars come to an end, after peace comes to our land—these words will remain a pillar of fire which goes before our camp, a guiding light for our people. And we take pride in that.

We are in the midst of building the peace. The architects and

engineers of this enterprise are engaged in their work even as we gather here tonight, building the peace layer by layer, brick by brick, beam by beam. The job is difficult, complex, trying. Mistakes could topple the whole structure and bring disaster down upon us.

And so we are determined to do the job well—despite the toll of murderous terrorism, despite fanatic and scheming enemies.[13]

We will pursue the course of peace with determination and fortitude.

We will not let up.

We will not give in.

Peace will triumph over all our enemies, because the alternative is grim for us all.

And we will prevail.

We will prevail because we regard the building of peace as a great blessing for us, and for our children after us. We regard it as a blessing for our neighbors on all sides, and for our partners in this enterprise—the United States, Russia, Norway, and all mankind.

We wake up every morning, now, as different people. Suddenly, peace. We see the hope in our children's eyes. We see the light in our soldiers' faces, in the streets, in the buses, in the fields.

We must not let them down.

We will not let them down.

I do not stand here alone, today, on this small rostrum in Oslo. I am the emissary of generations of Israelis, of the shepherds of Israel, just as King David was a shepherd, of the herdsmen and dressers of sycamore trees, as the Prophet Amos was; of the rebels against the establishment, like the Prophet Jeremiah, and of men who go down to the sea, like the Prophet Jonah[14].

I am the emissary of the poets and of those who dreamed of an end to war, like the Prophet Isaiah.[15]

I am also the emissary of sons of the Jewish people like Albert

Einstein and Baruch Spinoza; like Maimonides, Sigmund Freud, and Franz Kafka.[16]

And I am the emissary of the millions who perished in the Holocaust, among whom were surely many Einsteins and Freuds who were lost to us, and to humanity, in the flames of the crematoria.[17]

I am here as the emissary of Jerusalem, at whose gates I fought in days of siege; Jerusalem which has always been, and is today, the eternal capital of the State of Israel and the heart of the Jewish people, who pray toward it three times a day.

And I am also the emissary of the children who drew their visions of peace; and of the immigrants from Saint Petersburg and Addis Ababa.[18]

I stand here mainly for the generations to come, so that we may all be deemed worthy of the medallion which you have bestowed on me today.

I stand here as the emissary of our neighbors who were our enemies. I stand here as the emissary of the soaring hopes of a people which has endured the worst that history has to offer and nevertheless made its mark—not just on the chronicles of the Jewish people but on all mankind.

With me here are five million citizens of Israel—Jews and Arabs, Druze and Circassians[19]—five million hearts beating for peace—and five million pairs of eyes which look to us with such great expectations for peace.

Allow me to close by sharing with you a traditional Jewish blessing which has been recited by my people, in good times and in bad, from time immemorial, as a token of their deepest longing:

"The Lord will give strength to his people; the Lord will bless his people—all of us—with peace."

Notes

1. Hundreds of cemeteries in our part of the Middle East—in our home in

Israel—but also in Egypt, in Syria, Jordan, Lebanon, and Iraq. 不仅在我们所处的中东地区——以色列，而且在埃及、叙利亚、约旦、黎巴嫩和伊拉克，到处都有埋葬战争亡灵的墓地。

2. I wish to salute loved ones—and foes. 我要对我所爱的人们以及我的敌人致敬。
3. the enduring burden of bereavement 永远无法忘却的失去亲人的痛苦
4. cabinet ministers 内阁部长
5. the sight of their receding backs 看着他们离去时的背影
6. Yehudah Amichai （1924－2000）最早以希伯来口头语创作的以色列诗人之一，参加过第二次世界大战和以色列独立战争，积极支持实现中东和平。
7. …a message found in the Book of Books, which my people has bequeathed to all civilized men: "*V'nishmartem me'od lnafshoteichem*", in the words in *Deuteronomy*; "Therefore take good heed to yourselves" —or, in contemporary terms, the message of the Sanctity of Life. ……一个源自《圣经》、由我们犹太人传递给文明时代人类的信息，即《申命论》中的话，"关爱自己"。用当代人的话来说，这是一个关于生命的神圣的信息。
8. The profession of soldiering embraces a certain paradox. 从军就意味着接受了某种自相矛盾的理念。
9. History as a whole, and modern history in particular, has known harrowing times when national leaders turned their citizens into cannon fodder in the name of wicked doctrines: vicious Fascism and fiendish Nazism. 在整个历史进程中，尤其是现代，我们有过这样惨痛的时期，有些国家领导人以罪恶的纳粹主义和法西斯主义的名义把他们的民众当成炮灰。
10. Pictures of children marching to the slaughter, photos of terrified women at the gates of crematoria must loom before the eyes of every leader in our generation, and the generations to come. 我们这一代以及未来的每个领导人的眼前经常会浮现出那些即将被屠杀的孩子和被烧死的一脸惊恐的妇女的照片。
11. Almost all the regimes which did not place man and the sanctity of Life at the

heart of their world view, all those regimes have collapsed and are no more. 几乎所有那些不重视人和生命尊严的政权都已崩溃，不复存在了。

12. a Code of Conduct 行为准则
13. ...despite the toll of murderous terrorism, despite fanatic and scheming enemies. ……尽管恐怖组织制造血案，尽管敌人狡猾凶残。
14. I am the emissary of generations of Israelis, of the shepherds of Israel, just as King David was a shepherd, of the herdsmen and dressers of sycamore trees, as the Prophet Amos was; of the rebels against the establishment, like the Prophet Jeremiah, and of men who go down to the sea, like the Prophet Jonah. 我是各个时代以色列人的使者，是以色列的守卫者——如大卫王——的使者，是桑树的保护者——如预言家阿摩斯——的使者，是反抗敌人占领的人——如预言家耶利米——的使者，是渡海去执行上帝旨意的人——如约拿——的使者（这些人都是古希伯来先知）。
15. the Prophet Isaiah 指以赛亚，公元前 8 世纪希伯来预言家。
16. I am also the emissary of sons of the Jewish people like Albert Einstein and Baruch Spinoza; like Maimonides, Sigmund Freud, and Franz Kafka. 我也是众多像爱因斯坦、斯宾诺莎、迈蒙尼德、弗洛伊德和卡夫卡那样的犹太人的后代的使者（这些人是不同时期不同领域杰出犹太人的代表）。
17. And I am the emissary of the millions who perished in the Holocaust, among whom were surely many Einsteins and Freuds who were lost to us, and to humanity, in the flames of the crematoria. 我也是在那场大浩劫（二战）的烈火中丧生的几百万犹太人——其中有很多像爱因斯坦和弗洛伊德那样的天才——的使者。
18. the immigrants from Saint Petersburg and Addis Ababa 来自圣彼得堡和亚的斯亚贝巴的（犹太）移民
19. Druze and Circassians 德鲁兹教派穆斯林和切尔卡西亚穆斯林。此处泛指各种不同教派的穆斯林。



Shimon Peres

西蒙·佩雷斯（Shimon Peres, 1923— ），以色列前外长、总理，现任副总理，一位极富传奇色彩的中东政治人物。他出生在波兰境内（现属白俄罗斯），幼年在巴勒斯坦度过，少年以后生活在以色列。据说一次远游时他爬上一棵大树吓走了落在树上的大鹰，一位动物学家对他说“这是一只佩雷斯”，他才用了佩雷斯的名字。

1948年佩雷斯任以色列国防部海军事务负责人，开始步入政界，此后长期在以色列军界、政界担任重要职务。他精通政治、经济、军事、外交和党务工作，具有与阿拉伯人进行外交谈判的丰富经验。他温文尔雅，同时对既定的目标坚忍不拔地执着追求。他自称是“务实的社会主义者”。

佩雷斯被认为是中东和平进程的设计师。他坚信以色列的未来在于与阿拉伯邻国的和平相处，他支持巴勒斯坦人实行自治，梦想在中东建立一个类似欧共体的组织。1993年1月20日，经过长达8个月的14轮秘密谈判，时任以色列外交部长的他与巴解组织代表阿布·马赞在奥斯陆草签了巴、以和平协议，使巴以双方终于相互承认，迎来巴以和平的曙光。1994年，佩雷斯与总理拉宾以及巴勒斯坦领导人阿拉法特一起，因推动以巴双方达成了具有里程碑意义的《关于临时自治安排的原则声明》，获得当年的诺贝尔和平奖。

据说当时佩雷斯能否获诺贝尔和平奖存在悬念。最初这个奖是准备颁给挪威外交大臣约翰·霍尔斯特的，他被称为在巴以之间穿针引线的“红娘”，为促成签订奥斯陆协议做出了突出的贡献。但不幸的是，他因心脏病突发于1994年1月13日逝世。评委们只好把目光投向了巴以双方领导人。但是有人提出，“如果拉宾得奖而佩雷斯落选的话，那将是个悲剧”，拉宾是以巴和谈的倡议者，关键时刻又是他不顾一切

拍的板，因此理所当然地应成为和平奖的候选人。而佩雷斯在巴以和谈中发挥了关键作用，是佩雷斯促使拉宾下决心与巴方达成协议。最后评委会采纳了这个建议，让拉宾和佩雷斯同时获奖。

1995年11月4日，犹太安息日，拉宾在特拉维夫的国王广场发表演说时不幸遇刺，成为中东和平的殉道者。拉宾去世后，佩雷斯出任以色列代总理，中东和平的重任落在了这位72岁老人的肩上。佩雷斯现任以色列副总理。

The Dream of Peace

I thank the Nobel Prize Committee for its decision to name me among the laureates of the Peace Prize this year.

I am pleased to be receiving this Prize together with Yitzhak Rabin, with whom I have labored for long years for the defence of our country and with whom I now labor together in the cause of peace in our region.

I believe it is fitting that the Prize has been awarded to Yasser Arafat. His abandonment of the path of confrontation in favor of the path of dialogue, has opened the way to peace between ourselves and the Palestinian people.[1]

We are leaving behind us the era of belligerency[2] and are striding together toward peace. It all began here in Oslo under the wise auspices and goodwill of the Norwegian people.

From my earliest youth, I have known that while one is obliged to plan with care the stages of one's journey, one is entitled to dream, and keep dreaming, of its destination. A man may feel as old as his years, yet as young as his dreams. The laws of biology do not apply to sanguine aspiration.[3]

I was born in a small Jewish town in White Russia. Nothing Jewish now remains of it. From my youngest childhood I related to my place of birth as a mere way station. My family's dream, and my own, was to live in Israel, and our eventual voyage to the port of Jaffa[4] was like making a dream come true. Had it not been for this dream and this voyage, I would probably have perished in the flames, as did so many of my people, among them most of my own family.[5]

I went to school at an agricultural youth village in the heart of Israel. The village and its fields were enclosed by barbed wire which separated their greenness from the bleakness of the enmity all around. In the morning, we would go out to the fields with scythes on our backs to harvest the crop. In the evening, we went out with rifles on our shoulders to defend our village. On Sabbaths[6] we would go out to visit our Arab neighbors. On Sabbaths, we would talk with them of peace, though the rest of the week we traded rifle fire[7] across the darkness.

From the Ben Shemen youth village, my comrades and I went to Kibbutz Alumot in the Lower Galilee.[8] We had no houses, no electricity, no running water. But we had magnificent views and a lofty dream: to build a new, egalitarian society that would ennoble each of its members.

Not all of it came true, but not all of it went to waste. The part that came true created a new landscape. The part that did not come true resides in our hearts.

For two decades, at the Ministry of Defence[9], I was privileged to work closely with a man who was and remains, to my mind, the greatest Jew of our time. From him I learned that the vision of the future should shape the agenda for the present; that one can overcome obstacles by dint of faith; that one may feel disappointment—but never despair. And above all, I learned that the wisest consideration is the moral one. David Ben-Gurion[10] has passed away, yet his vision continues to flourish: to be a singular people, to live at peace with our neighbors.

The wars we fought were forced upon us. Thanks to the Israel Defence Forces, we won them all, but we did not win the greatest victory that we aspired to: release from the need to win victories.

We proved that the aggressors do not necessarily emerge as the victors, but we learned that the victors do not necessarily win peace.

It is no wonder that war, as a means of conducting human affairs, is in its death throes and that the time has come to bury it.

The sword, as the *Bible* teaches us, consumes flesh but it cannot provide sustenance. It is not rifles but people who triumph, and the conclusion from all the wars is that we need better people, not better rifles—to win wars, and mainly to avoid them.

There was a time when war was fought for lack of choice. Today it is peace that is the "no-choice" option.[11] The reasons of this are profound and incontrovertible. The sources of material wealth and political power have changed. No longer are they determined by the size of territory obtained by war. Today they are a consequence of intellectual potential, obtained principally by education.

Israel, essentially a desert country, has achieved remarkable agricultural yields by applying science to its fields, without expanding its territory or its water resources.

Science must be learned; it cannot be conquered. An army that can occupy knowledge has yet to be built. And that is why armies of occupation are a thing of the past. Indeed, even for defensive purposes, a country cannot rely on its army alone. Territorial frontiers are no obstacle to ballistic missiles, and no weapon can shield from a nuclear device. Today, therefore the battle for survival must be based on political wisdom and moral vision no less than on military might.

Science, technology, and information are—for better or worse—universal. They are universally available. Their availability is not contingent on the color of skin or the place of birth. Past distinctions

between West and East, North and South, have lost their importance in the face of a new distinction: between those who move ahead in pace with the new opportunities and those who lag behind.[12]

Countries used to divide the world into their friends and foes. No longer. The foes now are universal—poverty, famine, religious radicalization, desertification, drugs, profileration of nuclear weapons, ecological devastation. They threaten all nations, just as science and information are the potential friends of all nations.

Classical diplomacy and strategy were aimed at identifying enemies and confronting them. Now they have to identify dangers, global or local, and tackle them before they become disasters.

As we part a world of enemies, we enter a world of dangers. And if future wars break out, they will probably be wars of protest, of the weak against the strong, and not wars of occupation, of the strong against the weak.

The Middle East must never lose pride in having been the cradle of civilization. But though living in the cradle, we cannot remain infants forever.

Today as in my youth, I carry dreams. I would mention two: the future of the Jewish people and the future of the Middle East.

In history, Judaism[13] has been far more successful than the Jews themselves. The Jewish people remained small but the spirit of Jerusalem went from strength to strength. The *Bible* is to be found in hundreds of millions of homes. The moral majesty of the Book of Books has been undefeated by the vicissitudes of history.[14]

Moreover, time and again, history has succumbed to the *Bible*'s immortal ideas. The message that the one, invisible God created Man in His image, and hence there are no higher and lower orders of man, has fused with the realization that morality is the highest form of wisdom and, perhaps, of beauty and courage too.

Slings, arrows and gas chambers can annihilate man, but cannot destroy human values, dignity, and freedom.

Jewish history presents an encouraging lesson for mankind. For nearly four thousand years, a small nation carried a great message. Initially, the nation dwelt in its own land; later, it wandered in exile. This small nation swam against the tide and was repeatedly persecuted, banished, and down-trodden. There is no other example in all of history, neither among the great empires nor among their colonies and dependencies—of a nation, after so long a saga of tragedy and misfortune, rising up again, shaking itself free, gathering together its dispersed remnants, and setting out anew on its national adventure. Defeating doubters within and enemies without.[15] Reviving its land and its language. Rebuilding its identity, and reaching toward new heights of distinction and excellence.

The message of the Jewish people to mankind is that faith and moral vision can triumph over all adversity.

The conflicts shaping up as our century nears its close will be over the content of civilizations, not over territory. Jewish culture has lived over many centuries; now it has taken root again on its own soil. For the first time in our history, some five million people speak Hebrew[16] as their native language. That is both a lot and a little: a lot, because there have never been so many Hebrew speakers; but a little, because a culture based on five million people can hardly withstand the pervasive, corrosive effect of the global television culture.

In the five decades of Israel's existence, our efforts have focused on reestablishing our territorial center. In the future, we shall have to devote our main effort to strengthen our spiritual center. Judaism—or Jewishness—is a fusion of belief, history, land, and language. Being Jewish means belonging to a people that is both unique and universal. My greatest hope is that our children, like our forefathers, will not make do with the transient and the sham, but will continue to plow the historical Jewish

furrow in the field of the human spirit; that Israel will become the center of our heritage, not merely a homeland for our people; that the Jewish people will be inspired by others but at the same be to them a source of inspiration.

In the Middle East most adults are impoverished and wretched. A new scale of priorities is needed, with weapons on the bottom rung and a regional market economy at the top. Most inhabitants of the region—more than sixty percent—are under the age of eighteen. A new future can be offered to them. Israel has computerized its education and has achieved excellent results. Education can be computerized throughout the Middle East, allowing young people to progress not just from grade to grade, but from generation to generation.

Israel's role in the Middle East should be to contribute to a great, sustained regional revival. A Middle East without wars, without enemies, without ballistic missiles, without nuclear warheads.A Middle East in which men, goods and services can move freely without the need for customs clearance and police licenses.

A Middle East in which every believer will be free to pray in his own language—Arabic, Hebrew, Latin, or whatever language he chooses—and in which the prayers will reach their destination without censorship, without interference, and without offending anyone.

A Middle East in which nations strive for economic equality and encourage cultural pluralism.

A Middle East where every young woman and man can attain university education.

A Middle East where living standards are in no way inferior to those in the world's most advanced countries.

A Middle East where waters flow to slake thirst, to make crops grow and deserts bloom, in which no hostile borders bring death, hunger, and despair.

A Middle East of competition, not of domination. A Middle East in which men are each other's hosts, not hostages.

A Middle East that is not a killing field but a field of creativity and growth.

A Middle East that honors its history so deeply that it strives to add to it new noble chapters.

A Middle East which will serve as a spiritual and cultural focal point for the entire world.

While thanking for the Prize, I remain committed to the process. We have reached the age where dialogue is the only option for our world.

Notes

1. His abandonment of the path of confrontation in favor of the path of dialogue, has opened the way to peace between ourselves and the Palestinian people. 他（阿拉法特）放弃武装对抗，选择了对话，从而为实现巴以和平开辟了道路。
2. the era of belligerency 战争年代
3. The laws of biology do not apply to sanguine aspiration. 生物学的规律不适用于远大的抱负（年龄的增长不会磨灭梦想）。
4. Jaffa 雅法，以色列城市
5. Had it not been for this dream and this voyage, I would probably have perished in the flames, as did so many of my people, among them most of my own family. 若不是有这样的梦想和经历，我可能和许多人——其中就有我的家人——那样，已经在战火中丧生了。
6. Sabbath 安息日（对犹太教徒和部分基督徒来说是星期六，对多数基督徒是指星期日，而对穆斯林来说是星期五）
7. we traded rifle fire 我们互相交火
8. the Ben Shemen youth village, Kibbutz Alumot 和 the Lower Galilee 都是地名。

9. the Ministry of Defence 国防部
10. David Ben-Gurion （1886—1973）出生于波兰，曾两度出任以色列国防部长和总理，以色列开国元勋之一。
11. Today it is peace that is the "no-choice" option. 今天和平是唯一的选择。
12. Past distinctions between West and East, North and South, have lost their importance in the face of a new distinction: between those who move ahead in pace with the new opportunities and those who lag behind. 过去存在于东西方之间、南半球和北半球之间（发达国家和落后国家之间）的差别在新的差别面前已不再那么重要了。这种新的差别便是能掌握新的机遇的国家和错过机遇的国家之间的差别。
13. Judaism 犹太教，犹太文明
14. The moral majesty of the Book of Books has been undefeated by the vicissitudes of history. 《圣经》所蕴涵的强大道德力量从未被历史的兴衰所撼动。
15. Defeating doubters within and enemies without. 击败外部的敌人，使内部持怀疑态度的人不再怀疑。
16. Hebrew 希伯来语，犹太人讲的语言



Kim Dae-jung

金大中（Kim Dae-jung, 1925－ ），韩国前总统。出生于韩国全罗道新安郡荷衣岛一农民家庭。其父曾在村里领导抗租运动。金大中受家庭影响，自幼表现出对政治的浓厚兴趣。中学时喜爱并擅长辩论和演讲。这一特长在他投身政坛后发挥得淋漓尽致——曾持续讲演 5 小时 19 分钟而滴水未进。

金大中 1943 年从木浦商业学校毕业后就读于高丽大学和庆熙大学研究院及建国大学外交政治系。金大中早年经营过实业，办过报纸。1950 年后投身政界，6 次当选国会议员；20 世纪 60 年代以"懂经济的年轻议员"扬名全国。1971、1987、1992 年 3 次竞选总统，均未成功。1992 年 12 月 20 日，他宣布退出政界。

1994 年 1 月，金大中成立了亚太和平财团，并出任理事长。1995 年 7 月，他正式宣布重返政坛，创建新政治国民会议，并任总裁。

金大中有着不同寻常的经历，两度逃过死神缉拿、流亡国外 3 年、铁窗生活 5 个春秋、遭软禁 6 个冬夏、被禁止和限制政治活动 16 年……坎坷多灾的经历不仅没有消磨他的斗志，反而丰富了他的经验和学识，给他带来新的政治资本和机遇。

1997 年 12 月 19 日，韩国中央选举管理委员会正式公布总统选举结果，新政治国民会议的总统候选人金大中以 40．4%的得票率，战胜大国家党候选人李会昌和国民新党候选人李仁济，当选韩国第 15 届总统。

屡败不衰的金大中在年逾古稀之时第四次参加总统竞选。经过他不懈的努力，最终实现了入主青瓦台（总统府）的梦想。

2000 年金大中因与朝鲜达成初步和解荣获当年诺贝尔和平奖。

The Breakthrough in South-North Korean Relations

Human rights and peace have a sacred ground in Norway. The Nobel Peace Prize is a solemn message that inspires all humanity to dedicate ourselves to peace. I am infinitely grateful to be given the honor. But I think of the countless people and colleagues in Korea, who have given themselves willingly to democracy and human rights and the dream of national unification. And I must conclude that the honor should go to them.

I also think of the many countries and friends around the world, who have given generous support to the efforts of my people to achieve democratization and inter-Korean reconciliation[1]. I thank them very sincerely.

I know that the first South-North Korean summit meeting in June[2] and the start of inter-Korean reconciliation is one of the reasons for which I am given the Nobel Peace Prize.

I would like to speak to you about the breakthrough in South-North Korean relations that the Nobel Committee has judged worthy of its commendation. In mid-June, I traveled to Pyongyang for the historic meeting with Chairman Kim Jong-il of the North Korean National Defense Commission[3]. I went with a heavy heart not knowing what to expect, but convinced that I must go for the reconciliation of my people and peace on the Korean peninsula[4]. There was no guarantee that the summit meeting would go well. Divided for half a century after a three-year war, South and North Korea have lived in mutual distrust and enmity across the barbed-wire fence of the demilitarized zone.[5]

To replace the dangerous stand-off with peace and cooperation, I proclaimed my sunshine policy[6] upon becoming President in February 1998, and have consistently promoted its message of reconciliation with the North: first, we will never accept unification through communization; second, nor would we attempt to achieve unification by absorbing the North; and third, South and North Korea should seek peaceful coexistence and cooperation.

Unification, I believe, can wait until such a time when both sides feel comfortable enough in becoming one again, no matter how long it takes. At first, North Korea resisted, suspecting that the sunshine policy was a deceitful plot to bring it down. But our genuine intent and consistency, together with the broad support for the sunshine policy from around the world, including its moral leaders such as Norway, convinced North Korea that it should respond in kind. Thus, the South-North summit could be held.

I had expected the talks with the North Korean leader to be extremely tough, and they were. However, starting from the shared desire to promote the safety, reconciliation and cooperation of our people, the Chairman and I were able to obtain some important agreements.

First, we agreed that unification must be achieved independently and peacefully, that unification should not be hurried along and for now the two sides should work together to expand peaceful exchanges and cooperation and build peaceful coexistence.

Second, we succeeded in bridging the unification formulas of the two sides, which had remained widely divergent. By proposing a "loose form of federation" this time, North Korea has come closer to our call for a confederation of "one people, two systems, two independent governments" as the pre-unification stage.[7] For the first time in the half-century division, the two sides have found a point of convergence on which the process toward unification can be drawn out.

Third, the two sides concurred that the US military presence on the Korean peninsula should continue for stability on the peninsula and Northeast Asia.

During the past 50 years, North Korea had made the withdrawal of the US troops from the Korean peninsula its primary point of contention. I said to Chairman Kim: "The Korean peninsula is surrounded by the four powers of the United States, Japan, China and Russia. Given the unique geopolitical location not to be found in any other time or place, the continued US military presence on the Korean peninsula is indispensable to our security and peace, not just for now but even after unification.[8] Look at Europe. NATO had been created and American troops stationed in Europe so as to deter the Soviet Union and the East European bloc.[9] But, now, after the fall of the communist bloc, NATO and US troops are still there in Europe, because they continue to be needed for peace and stability in Europe."

To this explanation of mine, Chairman Kim, to my surprise, had a very positive response. It was a bold switch from North Korea's long-standing demand, and a very significant move for peace on the Korean peninsula and Northeast Asia.

We also agreed that the humanitarian issue of the separated families should be promptly addressed. Thus, since the summit, the two sides have been taking steps to alleviate their pain. The Chairman and I also agreed to promote economic cooperation. Thus, the two sides have signed an agreement to work out four key legal instruments that would facilitate the expansion of inter-Korean economic cooperation, such as investment protection and double-taxation avoidance agreements. Meanwhile, we have continued with the humanitarian assistance to the North, with 300,000 tons of fertilizer and 500,000 tons of food. Sports, culture and arts, and tourism exchanges have also been activated in the follow-up to the summit.

Furthermore, for tension reduction and the establishment of durable peace, the defense ministers of the two sides have met, pledging never to wage another war against each other. They also agreed to the needed military cooperation in the work to relink the severed railway and road between South and North Korea.

Convinced that improved inter-Korean relations is not enough for peace to fully settle on the Korean peninsula, I have strongly encouraged Chairman Kim to build better ties with the United States and Japan as well as other Western countries. After returning from Pyongyang, I urged President Clinton of the United States and Prime Minister Mori of Japan to improve relations with North Korea.[10]

At the 3rd ASEM Leaders' Meeting in Seoul in late October,[11] I advised our friends in Europe to do the same. Indeed, many advances have recently been made between North Korea and the United States, as well as between North Korea and many countries of Europe. I am confident that these developments will have a decisive influence in the advancement of peace on the Korean peninsula.

In the decades of my struggle for democracy, I was constantly faced with the refutation that Western-style democracy was not suitable for Asia, that Asia lacked the roots. This is far from true. In Asia, long before the West, the respect for human dignity was written into systems of thought, and intellectual traditions upholding the concept of "demos"[12] took root. "The people are heaven. The will of the people is the will of heaven. Revere the people, as you would heaven."[13] This was the central tenet in the political thoughts of China and Korea as early as three thousand years ago. Five centuries later in India, Buddhism[14] rose to preach the supreme importance of one's dignity and rights as a human being.

There were also ruling ideologies and institutions that placed the people first. Mencius, disciple of Confucius,[15] said: "The king is son of heaven. Heaven sent him to serve the people with just rule. If he fails and

oppresses the people, the people have the right, on behalf of heaven, to dispose of him." And this, 2,000 years before John Locke[16] expounded the theory of the social contract and civic sovereignty.

In China and Korea, feudalism was brought down and replaced with counties and prefectures before the birth of Christ, and civil service exams to recruit government officials are a thousand years old. The exercise of power by the king and high officials were monitored by robust systems of auditing. In sum, Asia was rich in the intellectual and institutional traditions that would provide fertile grounds for democracy. What Asia did not have was the organizations of representative democracy. The genius of the West was to create the organizations, a remarkable accomplishment that has greatly advanced the history of humankind.

Brought into Asian countries with deep roots in the respect for demos, Western democratic institutions have adapted and functioned admirably, as can be seen in the cases of Korea, Japan, the Philippines, Indonesia, Thailand, India, Bangladesh, Nepal, and Sri Lanka. In East Timor, the people went to the polling stations to vote for their independence, despite the threat to their lives from the savage militias. In Myanmar, Madam Aung San Suu Kyi is still leading the struggle for democracy. She retains wide support of the people.[17] I have every confidence that there, too, democracy will prevail and a representative government will be restored.

I believe that democracy is the absolute value that makes for human dignity, as well as the only road to sustained economic development and social justice. Without democracy the market economy cannot blossom, and without market economics, economic competitiveness and growth cannot be achieved. A national economy lacking a democratic foundation is a castle built on sand. Therefore, as President of the Republic of Korea, I have made the parallel development of democracy and market economics, supplemented with a system of productive welfare, the basic mission of my government.

To achieve the mission, during the past two-and-a-half years, we have taken steps to actively guarantee the democratic rights of our citizens. We have also been steadfast in implementing bold reforms in the financial, corporate, public and labor sectors. Furthermore, the efforts to promote productive welfare, focusing on human resources development for all citizens, including the low-income classes, have made much headway.

The reforms will continue in Korea. We are committed to the early completion of the current reform measures, as well as to reform as an on-going process of transformation into a first-rate economy of the 21st century. This we hope to achieve by combining the strength of our traditional industries with the endless possibilities that lie in the information and bio-tech fields[18].

The knowledge and information age of the 21st century promises to be an age of enormous wealth. But it also presents the danger of hugely growing wealth gaps between and within countries.[19] The problem presents itself as a serious threat to human rights and peace. In the new century, we must continue the fight against the forces that suppress democracy and resort to violence. We must also strive to deal with the new challenge to human rights and peace with steps to alleviate the information gap, to help the developing countries and the marginalized sectors of society [20] to catch up with the new age.

Allow me to say a few words on a personal note. Five times I faced near death at the hands of dictators, six years I spent in prison, and forty years I lived under house arrest[21] or in exile and under constant surveillance. I could not have endured the hardship without the support of my people and the encouragement of fellow democrats around the world. The strength also came from deep personal beliefs.

I have lived, and continue to live, in the belief that God is always with me. I know this from experience. In August of 1973, while exiled in Japan, I was kidnapped from my hotel room in Tokyo by intelligence agents[22] of

the then military government of South Korea. The news of the incident startled the world. The agents took me to their boat at anchor along the seashore. They tied me up, blinded me, and stuffed my mouth. Just when they were about to throw me overboard, Jesus Christ appeared before me with such clarity. I clung to him and begged him to save me. At that very moment, an airplane came down from the sky to rescue me from the moment of death.

Another faith is my belief in the justice of history. In 1980, I was sentenced to death by the military regime. For six months in prison, I awaited the execution day. Often, I shuddered with fear of death. But I would find calm in the fact of history that justice ultimately prevails. I was then, and am still, an avid reader of history. And I knew that in all ages, in all places, he who lives a righteous life dedicated to his people and humanity may not be victorious, may meet a gruesome end in his lifetime, but will be triumphant and honored in history; he who wins by injustice may dominate the present day, but history will always judge him to be a shameful loser. There can be no exception.

Accepting the Nobel Peace Prize, the honoree is committed to an endless duty. I humbly pledge before you that, as the great heroes of history have taught us, as Alfred Nobel would expect of us, I shall give the rest of my life to human rights and peace in my country and the world, and to the reconciliation and cooperation of my people. I ask for your encouragement and the abiding support of all who are committed to advancing democracy and peace around the world.

Notes

1. inter-Korean reconciliation 朝鲜半岛（朝鲜和韩国）的和解
2. the first South-North Korean summit meeting in June 于 2000 年 6 月召开的首次朝鲜半岛南北峰会

3. Chairman Kim Jong-il of the North Korean National Defense Commission 朝鲜国防委员会主席金正日
4. the Korean peninsula 朝鲜半岛
5. Divided for half a century after a three-year war, South and North Korea have lived in mutual distrust and enmity across the barbed-wire fence of the demilitarized zone. 在3年朝鲜战争后的半个世纪里，朝鲜半岛南北双方被非军事区的铁丝网隔开，相互不信任，相互敌视。
6. my sunshine policy 我的"阳光政策"。指韩国政府为实现南北和解采取的对朝政策。
7. ...our call for a confederation of "one people, two systems, two independent governments" as the pre-unification stage. ……我们倡议在南北实现统一之前，建立"一个民族，两种体制，两个政府"的联邦。
8. Given the unique geopolitical location not to be found in any other time or place, the continued US military presence on the Korean peninsula is indispensable to our security and peace, not just for now but even after unification. 考虑到其独特的地缘政治格局，为了维护我们的安全与和平，目前以及未来在朝鲜半岛维持美国驻军是必要的。
9. NATO had been created and American troops stationed in Europe so as to deter the Soviet Union and the East European bloc. 北约出现和美国在欧洲驻军以便遏制苏联和东欧阵营（即华约组织）。
10. After returning from Pyongyang, I urged President Clinton of the United States and Prime Minister Mori of Japan to improve relations with North Korea. 从平壤回来后，我敦促美国总统克林顿和日本首相森喜郎改善与朝鲜的关系。
11. the 3rd ASEM Leaders' Meeting in Seoul in late October 2000年10月于汉城召开的第3次亚欧领导人会议
12. the concept of "demos" 关于"民众"的概念
13. "The people are heaven. The will of the people is the will of heaven. Revere the people, as you would heaven." "民为天。民意即为天意。要像尊重天意那样尊重民意。"

14. Buddhism 佛教
15. Mencius, disciple of Confucius 孟子，孔子的门徒
16. John Locke 洛克（1632—1704），英国唯物主义哲学家，反对"天赋观念论"，提出经验论学说，主张君主立宪制，著有《政府论》和《人类理解论》等。
17. 这一段主要讲亚洲许多国家为争取民主进行的斗争。Indonesia 印度尼西亚，Thailand 泰国，Bangladesh 孟加拉，Nepal 尼泊尔，Sri Lanka 斯里兰卡，East Timor 东帝汶，Myanmar 缅甸，Aung San Suu Kyi 昂山素季，1991 年诺贝尔和平奖得主。
18. in the information and bio-tech fields 在信息和生物工程领域
19. But it also presents the danger of hugely growing wealth gaps between and within countries. 但是，在 21 世纪国家内部及国家之间的贫富差距也会越来越大。
20. the marginalized sectors of society 边缘群体
21. house arrest 软禁
22. intelligence agents 情报人员



Kofi Annan

科菲·安南（Kofi A. Annan, 1938— ），联合国秘书长。1938年4月8日出生于加纳，先后在加纳和美国等高等学府就读，获经济学学士和管理学硕士学位。安南1962年进入联合国工作，先后在联合国非洲经济委员会、联合国总部、联合国日内瓦办事处、联合国难民署和世界卫生组织等部门工作。1974年中东“十月战争”后，他担任驻开罗的联合国紧急部队民事长官。20世纪80年代初，安南调回联合国总部，先后担任人事和财政部门的领导工作。1986年升任联合国助理秘书长，负责人事厅的工作。

1990年海湾战争爆发后，安南负责同伊拉克谈判释放联合国及其他国际组织工作人员的人质问题。此后，他率联合国小组同伊拉克进行了“石油换食品”的谈判。安南1993年3月出任联合国负责维持和平事务的副秘书长，主管联合国在世界各地的维和行动。

1996年12月17日，第51届联大任命安南为联合国第七任秘书长。1997年1月1日，他正式就职，任期5年。2001年6月，联大通过安理会提名安南连任秘书长，任期至2006年12月31日。安南担任秘书长期间，曾于1998年赴巴格达进行斡旋，化解了伊拉克武器核查危机。2001年10月，安南与联合国同获当年诺贝尔和平奖。

安南讲话温和，性格直率，待人坦诚，头脑冷静，富有幽默感，精通英语、法语和几种非洲语言。

On World Peace

Today, in Afghanistan, a girl will be born. Her mother will hold her and feed her, comfort her and care for her—just as any mother would anywhere in the world. In these most basic acts of human nature, humanity knows no divisions. But to be born a girl in today's Afghanistan is to begin life centuries away from the prosperity that one small part of humanity has achieved. It is to live under conditions that many of us in this hall would consider inhuman.[1]

I speak of a girl in Afghanistan, but I might equally well have mentioned a baby boy or girl in Sierra Leone[2]. No one today is unaware of this divide between the world's rich and poor. No one today can claim ignorance of the cost that this divide imposes on the poor and dispossessed who are no less deserving of human dignity, fundamental freedoms, security, food and education than any of us.[3] The cost, however, is not borne by them alone. Ultimately, it is borne by all of us—North and South, rich and poor, men and women of all races and religions.

Today's real borders are not between nations, but between powerful and powerless, free and fettered, privileged and humiliated. Today, no walls can separate humanitarian or human rights crises in one part of the world from national security crises in another.

Scientists tell us that the world of nature is so small and interdependent that a butterfly flapping its wings in the Amazon rainforest can generate a violent storm on the other side of the earth. This principle is known as the "Butterfly Effect."[4] Today, we realize, perhaps more than ever, that the world of human activity also has its own "Butterfly Effect"—

for better or for worse.

We have entered the third millennium through a gate of fire. If today, after the horror of 11 September, we see better, and we see further—we will realize that humanity is indivisible.[5] New threats make no distinction between races, nations or regions. A new insecurity has entered every mind, regardless of wealth or status. A deeper awareness of the bonds that bind us all—in pain as in prosperity—has gripped young and old.

In the early beginnings of the 21st century—a century already violently disabused of any hopes[6] that progress towards global peace and prosperity is inevitable—this new reality can no longer be ignored. It must be confronted.

The 20th century was perhaps the deadliest in human history, devastated by innumerable conflicts, untold suffering, and unimaginable crimes. Time after time, a group or a nation inflicted extreme violence on another, often driven by irrational hatred and suspicion, or unbounded arrogance and thirst for power and resources. In response to these cataclysms, the leaders of the world came together at mid-century to unite the nations as never before.

A forum was created—the United Nations—where all nations could join forces to affirm the dignity and worth of every person, and to secure peace and development for all peoples. Here States could unite to strengthen the rule of law, recognize and address the needs of the poor, restrain man's brutality and greed, conserve the resources and beauty of nature, sustain the equal rights of men and women, and provide for the safety of future generations.

We thus inherit from the 20th century the political, as well as the scientific and technological power, which—if only we have the will to use them—give us the chance to vanquish poverty, ignorance and disease.

In the 21st century I believe the mission of the United Nations will be defined by a new, more profound, awareness of the sanctity and dignity of

every human life, regardless of race or religion. This will require us to look beyond the framework of States, and beneath the surface of nations or communities. We must focus, as never before, on improving the conditions of the individual men and women who give the state or nation its richness and character. We must begin with the young Afghan girl, recognizing that saving that one life is to save humanity itself.

Over the past five years, I have often recalled that the United Nations' Charter[7] begins with the words: "We the peoples." What is not always recognized is that "we the peoples" are made up of individuals whose claims to the most fundamental rights have too often been sacrificed in the supposed interests of the state or the nation.

A genocide begins with the killing of one man—not for what he has done, but because of who he is. A campaign of "ethnic cleansing" begins with one neighbour turning on another.[8] Poverty begins when even one child is denied his or her fundamental right to education. What begins with the failure to uphold the dignity of one life, all too often ends with a calamity for entire nations.

In this new century, we must start from the understanding that peace belongs not only to states or peoples, but to each and every member of those communities. The sovereignty of States must no longer be used as a shield for gross violations of human rights. Peace must be made real and tangible in the daily existence of every individual in need. Peace must be sought, above all, because it is the condition for every member of the human family to live a life of dignity and security.

The rights of the individual are of no less importance to immigrants and minorities in Europe and the Americas than to women in Afghanistan or children in Africa. They are as fundamental to the poor as to the rich; they are as necessary to the security of the developed world as to that of the developing world.

From this vision of the role of the United Nations in the next century

flow three key priorities for the future: eradicating poverty, preventing conflict, and promoting democracy. Only in a world that is rid of poverty can all men and women make the most of their abilities. Only where individual rights are respected can differences be channelled politically and resolved peacefully. Only in a democratic environment, based on respect for diversity and dialogue, can individual self-expression and self-government be secured, and freedom of association be upheld.

Throughout my term as Secretary-General[9], I have sought to place human beings at the centre of everything we do—from conflict prevention to development to human rights. Securing real and lasting improvement in the lives of individual men and women is the measure of all we do at the United Nations.

It is in this spirit that I humbly accept the Centennial Nobel Peace Prize[10]. Forty years ago today, the Prize for 1961 was awarded for the first time to a Secretary-General of the United Nations—posthumously, because Dag Hammarskjold[11] had already given his life for peace in Central Africa. And on the same day, the Prize for 1960 was awarded for the first time to an African—Albert Luthuli[12], one of the earliest leaders of the struggle against apartheid in South Africa. For me, as a young African beginning his career in the United Nations a few months later, those two men set a standard that I have sought to follow throughout my working life.

This award belongs not just to me. I do not stand here alone. On behalf of all my colleagues in every part of the United Nations, in every corner of the globe, who have devoted their lives—and in many instances risked or given their lives in the cause of peace—I thank the Members of the Nobel Committee for this high honour. My own path to service at the United Nations was made possible by the sacrifice and commitment of my family and many friends from all continents—some of whom have passed away—who taught me and guided me. To them, I offer my most profound gratitude.

In a world filled with weapons of war and all too often words of war, the Nobel Committee has become a vital agent for peace. Sadly, a prize for peace is a rarity in this world. Most nations have monuments or memorials to war, bronze salutations to heroic battles, archways of triumph. But peace has no parade, no pantheon of victory.

What it does have is the Nobel Prize—a statement of hope and courage with unique resonance and authority. Only by understanding and addressing the needs of individuals for peace, for dignity, and for security can we at the United Nations hope to live up to the honour conferred today, and fulfil the vision of our founders. This is the broad mission of peace that United Nations staff members carry out every day in every part of the world.

A few of them, women and men, are with us in this hall today. Among them, for instance, are a Military Observer from Senegal who is helping to provide basic security in the Democratic Republic of the Congo; a Civilian Police Adviser from the United States who is helping to improve the rule of law in Kosovo; a UNICEF Child Protection Officer from Ecuador who is helping to secure the rights of Colombia's most vulnerable citizens; and a World Food Programme Officer from China who is helping to feed the people of North Korea.[13]

The idea that there is one people in possession of the truth, one answer to the world's ills, or one solution to humanity's needs, has done untold harm throughout history—especially in the last century.[14] Today, however, even amidst continuing ethnic conflict around the world, there is a growing understanding that human diversity is both the reality that makes dialogue necessary, and the very basis for that dialogue.

We understand, as never before, that each of us is fully worthy of the respect and dignity essential to our common humanity. We recognize that we are the products of many cultures, traditions and memories; that mutual respect allows us to study and learn from other cultures; and that we gain

strength by combining the foreign with the familiar.

In every great faith and tradition one can find the values of tolerance and mutual understanding. The Qur'an, for example, tells us that "We created you from a single pair of male and female and made you into nations and tribes, that you may know each other." Confucius urged his followers: "when the good way prevails in the state, speak boldly and act boldly. When the state has lost the way, act boldly and speak softly." In the Jewish tradition, the injunction to "love thy neighbour as thyself," is considered to be the very essence of the Torah.[15]

This thought is reflected in the Christian Gospel, which also teaches us to love our enemies and pray for those who wish to persecute us. Hindus are taught that "truth is one, the sages give it various names." And in the Buddhist tradition, individuals are urged to act with compassion in every facet of life.[16]

Each of us has the right to take pride in our particular faith or heritage. But the notion that what is ours is necessarily in conflict with what is theirs is both false and dangerous. It has resulted in endless enmity and conflict, leading men to commit the greatest of crimes in the name of a higher power.

It need not be so. People of different religions and cultures live side by side in almost every part of the world, and most of us have overlapping identities which unite us with very different groups. We *can* love what we are, without hating what—and who—we are *not*. We can thrive in our own tradition, even as we learn from others, and come to respect their teachings.

This will not be possible, however, without freedom of religion, of expression, of assembly, and basic equality under the law. Indeed, the lesson of the past century has been that where the dignity of the individual has been trampled or threatened—where citizens have not enjoyed the basic right to choose their government, or the right to change it regularly—

conflict has too often followed, with innocent civilians paying the price, in lives cut short and communities destroyed.[17]

The obstacles to democracy have little to do with culture or religion, and much more to do with the desire of those in power to maintain their position at any cost. This is neither a new phenomenon nor one confined to any particular part of the world. People of all cultures value their freedom of choice, and feel the need to have a say in decisions affecting their lives.

The United Nations, whose membership comprises almost all the States in the world, is founded on the principle of the equal worth of every human being. It is the nearest thing we have to a representative institution that can address the interests of all states, and all peoples. Through this universal, indispensable instrument of human progress, States can serve the interests of their citizens by recognizing common interests and pursuing them in unity. No doubt, that is why the Nobel Committee says that it "wishes, in its centenary year, to proclaim that the only negotiable route to global peace and cooperation goes by way of the United Nations."

I believe the Committee also recognized that this era of global challenges leaves no choice but cooperation at the global level. When States undermine the rule of law and violate the rights of their individual citizens, they become a menace not only to their own people, but also to their neighbours, and indeed the world. What we need today is better governance—legitimate, democratic governance that allows each individual to flourish, and each State to thrive.

You will recall that I began my address with a reference to the girl born in Afghanistan today. Even though her mother will do all in her power to protect and sustain her, there is a one-in-four risk that she will not live to see her fifth birthday. Whether she does is just one test of our common humanity—of our belief in our individual responsibility for our fellow men and women. But it is the only test that matters.

Remember this girl and then our larger aims—to fight poverty,

prevent conflict, or cure disease—will not seem distant, or impossible. Indeed, those aims will seem very near, and very achievable—as they should. Because beneath the surface of states and nations, ideas and language, lies the fate of individual human beings in need. Answering their needs will be the mission of the United Nations in the century to come.

Thank you very much.

Notes

1. But to be born a girl in today's Afghanistan is to begin life centuries away from the prosperity that one small part of humanity has achieved. It is to live under conditions that many of us in this hall would consider inhuman. 一个女孩子如果出生在今天的阿富汗，就意味着她开始了一种极为贫穷的生活。她会生活在我们很多人认为很不人道的生活环境中。
2. Sierra Leone 塞拉利昂
3. ...the poor and dispossessed who are no less deserving of human dignity, fundamental freedoms, security, food and education than any of us. ……那些和我们一样应享有尊严、基本自由、安全、食品和教育机会的穷人。
4. Scientists tell us that the world of nature is so small and interdependent that a butterfly flapping its wings in the Amazon rainforest can generate a violent storm on the other side of the earth. This principle is known as the "Butterfly Effect." 科学家告诉我们自然界很小而且生物相互依存。如果一只蝴蝶在亚马逊的热带雨林舞动翅膀，就可能在地球的另一端引发一场暴风雨。这就是"蝴蝶效应"。
5. We have entered the third millennium through a gate of fire. If today, after the horror of 11 September, we see better, and we see further—we will realize that humanity is indivisible. 我们穿过地狱之门进入第三个千年。如果说我们在经历过"9·11"恐怖袭击后能看得更远更明白了，其实是说我们最终将意识到人类是不可分开的。
6. a century already violently disabused of any hopes 一个完全没有希望的

世纪

7. the United Nations' Charter 《联合国宪章》

8. A genocide begins with the killing of one man—not for what he has done, but because of who he is. A campaign of "ethnic cleansing" begins with one neighbour turning on another. 种族灭绝是从屠杀一个人开始的——不是因为他做错了什么，而是因为他属于某个种族。种族灭绝是从邻里相互仇视开始的。

9. Secretary-General （联合国）秘书长

10. the Centennial Nobel Peace Prize 百年诺贝尔和平奖（因诺贝尔和平奖始设于1901年）

11. Dag Hammarskjold 达格·哈马舍尔德（1905—1961），瑞典经济学家和政治家，第二任联合国秘书长，参与解决中东危机，调解刚果内部冲突，在飞往刚果途中死于空难。被追授1961年诺贝尔和平奖。

12. Albert Luthuli 阿尔伯特·卢图利（1898—1967）南非前非国大主要领袖，由于反对种族隔离制度的斗争被授予1960年诺贝尔和平奖。

13. Senegal 塞内加尔， the Democratic Republic of the Congo 刚果（金）, Kosovo 科索沃， UNICEF 联合国儿童基金会， Ecuador 厄瓜多尔， Colombia 哥伦比亚。

14. The idea that there is one people in possession of the truth, one answer to the world's ills, or one solution to humanity's needs, has done untold harm throughout history—especially in the last century. 有史以来，尤其是在上个世纪（20世纪），有一种观念曾造成难以言表的恶果，即某个人掌握着真理，各种国际问题可以用某个方法一并解决，人类所有需求通过一种方案便可得以满足。

15. The Qur'an《古兰经》, Confucius 孔子，the Torah 摩西五经（《旧约》前五卷）。

16. Christian Gospel 《圣经》中的《福音书》, Hindus 印度教徒，the Buddhist tradition 佛教传统。

17. Indeed, the lesson of the past century has been that where the dignity of the individual has been trampled or threatened—where citizens have not enjoyed

the basic right to choose their government, or the right to change it regularly—conflict has too often followed, with innocent civilians paying the price, in lives cut short and communities destroyed. 的确，上世纪（20世纪）的教训便是，在个人尊严遭到践踏或威胁的地方——在公民无法享受基本的选择政府或定期改选政府的权利的地方——冲突随之而来，无辜的平民为之付出代价，生命被夺去，社会遭受重创。



Jimmy Carter

吉米·卡特（Jimmy Carter, 1924— ），前美国总统。1924年10月1日生于佐治亚州普兰斯，1977～1981年担任美国第39任总统。卡特在担任美国总统期间，中美两国正式建立了外交关系。在这四年间，卡特的调停和斡旋工作为以色列与埃及达成戴维营协议做出了巨大的贡献。

1982年，卡特设立了卡特中心，通过这一机构，卸去美国总统职务的卡特一直穿梭于几大洲对各种国际冲突提出解决方案。此外，卡特还在全球范围内无数次选举中担任观察员。

为了与热带疾病做斗争，卡特一直在多个相关领域进行努力，他还致力于发展中国家的发展和进步。事实上，在诺贝尔和平奖100年的历史当中，有几个问题一直相当引人关注，而卡特一直在致力于解决这些问题，而且他的行动非常有效和积极。

2002年5月，卡特访问古巴，并与卡斯特罗举行会谈，是自1959年古巴革命胜利以来第一位访问古巴的美国离任或在位的总统，为改善美古关系起到了积极的作用。

卡特一直非常坚持原则，他认为国际冲突必须尽可能地通过基于国际法的调解和国际合作并在尊重人权以及重视经济发展的前提下得到解决。

卡特获得2002年诺贝尔和平奖。卡特获奖的原因是“为表彰他几十年来一直坚持不懈为国际冲突寻找和平解决方案、致力于增进民主及改善人权以及促进经济和社会发展的努力”。

Peace and Development

It is with a deep sense of gratitude that I accept this prize. I am grateful to my wife Rosalynn, to my colleagues at The Carter Center[1], and to many others who continue to seek an end to violence and suffering throughout the world. The scope and character of our Center's activities are perhaps unique, but in many other ways they are typical of the work being done by many hundreds of nongovernmental organizations that strive for human rights and peace.

Most Nobel Laureates[2] have carried out our work in safety, but there are others who have acted with great personal courage. None has provided more vivid reminders of the dangers of peacemaking than two of my friends, Anwar Sadat and Yitzak Rabin[3], who gave their lives for the cause of peace in the Middle East.

Like these two heroes, my first chosen career was in the military, as a submarine officer. My shipmates and I realized that we had to be ready to fight if combat was forced upon us, and we were prepared to give our lives to defend our nation and its principles. At the same time, we always prayed fervently that our readiness would ensure that there would be no war.

Later, as President and as Commander-in-Chief of our armed forces, I was one of those who bore the sobering responsibility of maintaining global stability during the height of the Cold War, as the world's two superpowers confronted each other.[4] Both sides understood that an unresolved political altercation or a serious misjudgment could lead to a nuclear holocaust. In Washington and in Moscow, we knew that we would have less than a half hour to respond after we learned that intercontinental

missiles had been launched against us. There had to be a constant and delicate balancing of our great military strength with aggressive diplomacy, always seeking to build friendships with other nations, large and small, that shared a common cause.

In those days, the nuclear and conventional armaments of the United States and the Soviet Union were almost equal, but democracy ultimately prevailed because of commitments to freedom and human rights, not only by people in my country and those of our allies, but in the former Soviet empire as well. As president, I extended my public support and encouragement to Andrei Sakharov[5], who, although denied the right to attend the ceremony, was honored here for his personal commitments to these same ideals.

The world has changed greatly since I left the White House. Now there is only one superpower, with unprecedented military and economic strength. The coming budget for American armaments will be greater than those of the next fifteen nations combined, and there are troops from the United States in many countries throughout the world. Our gross national economy exceeds that of the three countries that follow us, and our nation's voice most often prevails as decisions are made concerning trade, humanitarian assistance, and the allocation of global wealth. This dominant status is unlikely to change in our lifetimes.

Great American power and responsibility are not unprecedented, and have been used with restraint and great benefit in the past. We have not assumed that super strength guarantees super wisdom, and we have consistently reached out to the international community to ensure that our own power and influence are tempered by the best common judgment.

Within our country, ultimate decisions are made through democratic means, which tend to moderate radical or ill-advised proposals. Constrained and inspired by historic constitutional principles, our nation has endeavored for more than two hundred years to follow the now almost

universal ideals of freedom, human rights, and justice for all.

Our president, Woodrow Wilson[6], was honored here for promoting the League of Nations, whose two basic concepts were profoundly important: "collective security" and "self-determination." Now they are embedded in international law. Violations of these premises during the last half-century have been tragic failures, as was vividly demonstrated when the Soviet Union attempted to conquer Afghanistan and when Iraq invaded Kuwait.

After the Second World War, American Secretary of State Cordell Hull received this prize for his role in founding the United Nations. His successor, General George C. Marshall, was recognized because of his efforts to help rebuild Europe, without excluding the vanquished nations of Italy and Germany.[7] This was a historic example of respecting human rights as the international level.

Twelve years ago, President Mikhail Gorbachev[8] received your recognition for his preeminent role in ending the Cold War that had lasted fifty years.

But instead of entering a millennium of peace, the world is now, in many ways, a more dangerous place. The greater ease of travel and communication has not been matched by equal understanding and mutual respect. There is a plethora of civil wars, unrestrained by rules of the Geneva Convention[9], within which an overwhelming portion of the casualties are unarmed civilians who have no ability to defend themselves. And recent appalling acts of terrorism have reminded us that no nations, even superpowers, are invulnerable.

It is clear that global challenges must be met with an emphasis on peace, in harmony with others, with strong alliances and international consensus. Imperfect as it may be, there is no doubt that this can best be done through the United Nations, which Ralph Bunche[10] described here in this same forum as exhibiting a "fortunate flexibility"—not merely to preserve peace but also to make change, even radical change, without

violence.

He went on to say, "To suggest that war can prevent war is a base play on words and a despicable form of warmongering. The objective of any who sincerely believe in peace clearly must be to exhaust every honorable recourse in the effort to save the peace. The world has had ample evidence that war begets only conditions that beget further war."[11]

We must remember that today there are at least eight nuclear powers on earth, and three of them are threatening to their neighbors in areas of great international tension. For powerful countries to adopt a principle of preventive war may well set an example that can have catastrophic consequences.

If we accept the premise that the United Nations is the best avenue for the maintenance of peace, then the carefully considered decisions of the United Nations Security Council[12] must be enforced. All too often, the alternative has proven to be uncontrollable violence and expanding spheres of hostility.

For more than half a century, following the founding of the State of Israel in 1948, the Middle East conflict has been a source of worldwide tension. At Camp David in 1978 and in Oslo in 1993, Israelis, Egyptians, and Palestinians have endorsed the only reasonable prescription for peace: United Nations Resolution 242.[13] It condemns the acquisition of territory by force, calls for withdrawal of Israel from the occupied territories, and provides for Israelis to live securely and in harmony with their neighbors. There is no other mandate whose implementation could more profoundly improve international relationships.

Perhaps of more immediate concern is the necessity for Iraq to comply fully with the unanimous decision of the Security Council that it eliminate all weapons of mass destruction and permit unimpeded access by inspectors to confirm that this commitment has been honored. The world insists that this be done.

I thought often during my years in the White House of an admonition that we received in our small school in Plains, Georgia, from a beloved teacher, Miss Julia Coleman. She often said: "We must adjust to changing times and still hold to unchanging principles."

When I was a young boy, this same teacher also introduced me to Leo Tolstoy's novel, *War and Peace*[14]. She interpreted that powerful narrative as a reminder that the simple human attributes of goodness and truth can overcome great power. She also taught us that an individual is not swept along on a tide of inevitability but can influence even the greatest human events.

These premises have been proven by the lives of many heroes, some of whose names were little known outside their own regions until they became Nobel laureates: Albert John Luthuli, Norman Borlaug, Desmond Tutu, Elie Wiesel, Aung San Suu Kyi, Jody Williams and even Albert Schweitzer and Mother Teresa.[15] All of these and others have proven that even without government power — and often in opposition to it — individuals can enhance human rights and wage peace, actively and effectively.

The Nobel Prize also profoundly magnified the inspiring global influence of Martin Luther King, Jr., the greatest leader that my native state has ever produced.[16] On a personal note, it is unlikely that my political career beyond Georgia would have been possible without the changes brought about by the civil rights movement in the American south and throughout our nation.

On the steps of our memorial to Abraham Lincoln, Dr. King said: "I have a dream that on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at a table of brotherhood."

The scourge of racism has not been vanquished, either in the red hills of our state or around the world. And yet we see ever more frequent

manifestations of his dream of racial healing. In a symbolic but very genuine way, at least involving two Georgians[17], it is coming true in Oslo today.

I am not here as a public official, but as a citizen of a troubled world who finds hope in a growing consensus that the generally accepted goals of society are peace, freedom, human rights, environmental quality, the alleviation of suffering, and the rule of law.

During the past decades, the international community, usually under the auspices of the United Nations, has struggled to negotiate global standards that can help us achieve these essential goals. They include: the abolition of land mines and chemical weapons; an end to the testing, proliferation, and further deployment of nuclear warheads;[18] constraints on global warming; prohibition of the death penalty, at least for children; and an international criminal court to deter and to punish war crimes and genocide. Those agreements already adopted must be fully implemented, and others should be pursued aggressively.

We must also strive to correct the injustice of economic sanctions that seek to penalize abusive leaders but all too often inflict punishment on those who are already suffering from the abuse.

The unchanging principles of life predate modern times. I worship Jesus Christ, whom we Christians consider to be the Prince of Peace. As a Jew, he taught us to cross religious boundaries, in service and in love. He repeatedly reached out and embraced Roman conquerors, other Gentiles, and even the more despised Samaritans[19].

Despite theological differences, all great religions share common commitments that define our ideal secular relationships. I am convinced that Christians, Muslims, Buddhists, Hindus, Jews, and others can embrace each other in a common effort to alleviate human suffering and to espouse peace.

But the present era is a challenging and disturbing time for those

whose lives are shaped by religious faith based on kindness toward each other. We have been reminded that cruel and inhuman acts can be derived from distorted theological beliefs, as suicide bombers take the lives of innocent human beings, draped falsely in the cloak of God's will.[20] With horrible brutality, neighbors have massacred neighbors in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

In order for us human beings to commit ourselves personally to the inhumanity of war, we find it necessary first to dehumanize our opponents, which is in itself a violation of the beliefs of all religions. Once we characterize our adversaries as beyond the scope of God's mercy and grace, their lives lose all value. We deny personal responsibility when we plant landmines and, days or years later, a stranger to us—often a child—is crippled or killed. From a great distance, we launch bombs or missiles with almost total impunity, and never want to know the number or identity of the victims.

At the beginning of this new millennium I was asked to discuss, here in Oslo, the greatest challenge that the world faces. Among all the possible choices, I decided that the most serious and universal problem is the growing chasm between the richest and poorest people on earth. Citizens of the ten wealthiest countries are now seventy-five times richer than those who live in the ten poorest ones, and the separation is increasing every year, not only between nations but also within them. The results of this disparity are root causes of most of the world's unresolved problems, including starvation, illiteracy, environmental degradation, violent conflict, and unnecessary illnesses that range from Guinea worm to HIV/AIDS[21].

Most work of The Carter Center is in remote villages in the poorest nations of Africa, and there I have witnessed the capacity of destitute people to persevere under heartbreaking conditions. I have come to admire their judgment and wisdom, their courage and faith, and their awesome accomplishments when given a chance to use their innate abilities.

But tragically, in the industrialized world there is a terrible absence of understanding or concern about those who are enduring lives of despair and hopelessness. We have not yet made the commitment to share with others an appreciable part of our excessive wealth. This is a potentially rewarding burden that we should all be willing to assume.

War may sometimes be a necessary evil. But no matter how necessary, it is always an evil, never a good. We will not learn how to live together in peace by killing each other's children.

The bond of our common humanity is stronger than the divisiveness of our fears and prejudices. God gives us the capacity for choice. We can choose to alleviate suffering. We can choose to work together for peace. We can make these changes—and we must.

Thank you.

Notes

1. The Carter Center 卡特中心，由美国前总统卡特设立。通过这一组织，离任后的卡特积极进行国际援助，调解国际争端。
2. Nobel Laureates 诺贝尔奖得主
3. Anwar Sadat and Yitzak Rabin 安瓦尔·萨达特和伊扎克·拉宾，分别为1978年和1994年诺贝尔和平奖得主。前者为埃及前总统，后者为以色列前总理。
4. the Cold War, as the world's two superpowers confronted each other 世界两大超级大国（美国和前苏联）对峙的冷战时期
5. Andrei Sakharov 安德烈·萨哈罗夫（1921－1989），前苏联核物理学家，主张美苏合作消除核威胁。1975年诺贝尔和平奖得主。
6. Woodrow Wilson 伍德罗·威尔逊（1856－1924），美国前总统，领导美国参加第一次世界大战，倡导建立国际联盟，1919年获诺贝尔和平奖。
7. Cordell Hull 科德尔·赫尔（1871－1955）美国前国务卿，协助筹建联合国，1945年诺贝尔和平奖得主。George C. Marshall 乔治·马歇尔（1880－

1959）美国五星上将，参加过两次世界大战，因著名的"马歇尔计划"获 1953 年诺贝尔和平奖。

8. Mikhail Gorbachev 米哈伊尔·戈尔巴乔夫（1931— ），前苏联共产党中央总书记，对内推行政治经济改革，对外主张对话，1987 年与美国前总统里根签署苏美关于全部销毁两国中程和中短程核导弹条约，获 1990 年诺贝尔和平奖。

9. the Geneva Convention 《日内瓦公约》，于 1949 年通过，是关于保护战俘权利的一项国际公约。

10. Ralph Bunche 拉尔夫·本奇（1904－1971）联合国创始人之一，曾先后在美国国务院和联合国任职，积极调解国际争端，获 1950 年诺贝尔和平奖。

11. "To suggest that war can prevent war is a base play on words and a despicable form of warmongering. The objective of any who sincerely believe in peace clearly must be to exhaust every honorable recourse in the effort to save the peace. The world has had ample evidence that war begets only conditions that beget further war." "认为战争可以阻止战争只是战争贩子卑鄙的文字游戏和可恶的行为。真正相信和平的人的目的是尽其所能拯救和平。已有足够多的证据表明战争只能带来更多的战争。"

12. the United Nations Security Council 联合国安理会

13. At Camp David in 1978 and in Oslo in 1993, Israelis, Egyptians, and Palestinians have endorsed the only reasonable prescription for peace: United Nations Resolution 242. 先后于 1978 年在美国戴维营和 1993 年在挪威奥斯陆，以色列、埃及和巴勒斯坦达成了唯一可能带来和平的协议，即联合国第 242 号决议。

14. Leo Tolstoy's novel, *War and Peace* 托尔斯泰的小说《战争与和平》

15. Albert John Luthuli, Norman Borlaug, Desmond Tutu, Elie Wiesel, Aung San Suu Kyi, Jody Williams, Albert Schweitzer, Mother Teresa 依次为 1960 年、1970 年、1984 年、1986 年、1991 年、1997 年、1952 年和 1979 年诺贝尔和平奖得主。

16. The Nobel Prize also profoundly magnified the inspiring global influence of

Martin Luther King, Jr., the greatest leader that my native state has ever produced. 诺贝尔奖也使小马丁·路德·金这位迄今美国最伟大的领袖在全球的影响更为广泛。

17. two Georgians 指卡特和小马丁·路德·金。两人都出生于佐治亚州。
18. the abolition of land mines and chemical weapons; an end to the testing, proliferation, and further deployment of nuclear warheads 消除地雷和化学武器，终止核弹头的试验、扩散和进一步部署
19. Roman conquerors, other Gentiles, and even the more despised Samaritans 来自罗马的征服者、其他异教徒以及更为人们轻视的信奉撒马利亚教教义的人
20. ...cruel and inhuman acts can be derived from distorted theological beliefs, as suicide bombers take the lives of innocent human beings, draped falsely in the cloak of God's will. ……许多残忍的不人道的行为都源自被歪曲的教义，比如夺去众多无辜生命的人体炸弹就是以上帝的旨意为借口的。
21. from Guinea worm to HIV/AIDS 从麦地那龙线虫（一种侵袭人和其他哺乳动物皮下组织的线虫）到艾滋病

Part Two　Nobel Lectures on Literature



William Butler Yeats

叶芝（William Butler Yeats, 1865－1939），爱尔兰诗人、剧作家。出生于都柏林一个画师家庭。他的创作可分为三个阶段，每个阶段都有好作品，而且内容和风格都有不同的特点。19 世纪 90 年代，他受当时的诗人和画家的影响，倾向浪漫主义。1891 年他与一些诗人组织了"诗人俱乐部"，主张诗的语言要有梦境的朦胧、含蓄和超俗。他厌恶商业文明所造成的不协调的生活，希望远离现代世界。因此，这一时期的作品表现出脱离现实的唯美主义倾向，带有浪漫主义色彩，富于音乐美。这方面他深受斯宾塞、雪莱的影响，后来又接受了布莱克以幻景表达诗思的艺术手法，因而他被认为属于"先拉斐尔派"风格。著名的作品有诗剧《心愿之乡》（1894），诗歌《十字路口》（1889），抒情诗《茵尼斯弗利岛》（1890）、《白鸟》（象征灵魂）、《世界的玫瑰》（象征爱情）等。

19 世纪 90 年代以后，爱尔兰在新芬党领导下开展了要求民族自治的运动。叶芝支持这一运动，并和剧作家格雷戈里夫人（Lady Gregory）、约翰·辛格（John Synge）一同创办"阿贝戏院"。叶芝根据爱尔兰民间丰富多彩的神话、民歌，创作了一些反映爱尔兰农民生活的戏剧。他这个时期的作品充分表现了爱尔兰民族特有的热情和想象。由于接近现实生活，他的诗风从早期的虚幻朦胧走向坚实明朗。诗剧《胡里痕的凯瑟琳》（1902）采用爱尔兰神话中关于女王凯瑟琳的传说，表达

了爱尔兰要求独立的愿望。《1916年的复活节》(1921)为纪念工人起义而作，歌颂烈士们为民族独立的事业所作的英勇牺牲，“产生了壮丽的美”。其他作品还有《谁与弗格斯同去》、《梦》、《秘密的玫瑰》、《云霄中的群仙》、《流浪者安格斯之歌》等。

后期是叶芝创作的成熟阶段。由于接近人民的生活，吸取了创作素材和人民的语言；而对玄学派诗歌的研究，又增添了诗作中的哲理性；他特殊的想象力、洗练的口语和含义丰富的象征手法使他在创作上达到了较高的艺术成就。突出的诗作有《钟楼》(1928)、《盘旋的楼梯》(1929)以及《驶向拜占廷》、《拜占廷》、《丽达及天鹅》等。

在对待政治和文化的态度上，叶芝属于贵族主义者。他认为贵族阶级拥有财富，深明礼义，只能在他们之中产生伟大的统治者和廉洁的政府，只有他们才能保护艺术，使艺术家有暇来创造艺术。同时，他又受到东方神秘教义的影响。在哲学和历史观上，他认为人类的历史和个人的一生都像一架盘旋而上的楼梯，一切都在重复中提高和前进；他把善恶、生死、美丑、忧乐、灵肉都看成矛盾的统一。这一思想在他后期的作品中都有明显的表现。

叶芝于1923年获得诺贝尔文学奖。

The Irish Dramatic Movement

I have chosen as my theme the Irish Dramatic Movement because when I remember the great honour that you have conferred upon me, I cannot forget many known and unknown persons. Perhaps the English committees would never have sent you my name if I had written no plays, no dramatic criticism, if my lyric poetry had not a quality of speech practised upon the stage,[1] perhaps even—though this could be no portion of their deliberate thought—if it were not in some degree the symbol of a

movement. I wish to tell the Royal Academy of Sweden of the labours, triumphs, and troubles of my fellow workers.

The modern literature of Ireland, and indeed all that stir of thought which prepared for the Anglo-Irish War, began when Parnell fell from power in 1891. A disillusioned and embittered Ireland turned away from parliamentary politics; an event was conceived and the race began, as I think, to be troubled by that event's long gestation. Dr. Hyde founded the Gaelic League, which was for many years to substitute for political argument a Gaelic grammar, and for political meetings village gatherings, where songs were sung and stories told in the Gaelic language.

Meanwhile I had begun a movement in English, in the language in which modern Ireland thinks and does its business; founded certain societies where clerks, working men, men of all classes, could study those Irish poets, novelists, and historians who had written in English, and as much of Gaelic literature as had been translated into English.[2] But the great mass of our people, accustomed to interminable political speeches, read little, and so from the very start we felt that we must have a theatre of our own. The theatres of Dublin had nothing about them that we could call our own. They were empty buildings hired by the English travelling companies and we wanted Irish plays and Irish players. When we thought of these plays we thought of everything that was romantic and poetical, for the nationalism we had called up—like that every generation had called up in moments of discouragement—was romantic and poetical.[3]

It was not, however, until I met in 1896 Lady Gregory, a member of an old Galway family, who had spent her life between two Galway houses, the house where she was born and the house into which she was married, that such a theatre became possible. All about her lived a peasantry who told stories in a form of English which has much of its syntax from Gaelic, much of its vocabulary from Tudor English, but it was very slowly that we discovered in that speech of theirs our most powerful dramatic instrument,

not indeed until she began to write. Though my plays were written without dialect and in English blank verse, I think she was attracted to our movement because their subject matter differed but little from the subject matter of the country stories.[4] Her own house has been protected by her presence, but the house where she was born was burned down by incendiaries some few months ago; and there has been like disorder over the greater part of Ireland. A trumpery dispute about an acre of land can rouse our people to monstrous savagery, and if in their war with the English auxiliary police they were shown no mercy they showed none: murder answered murder.[5]

Yet ignorance and violence can remember the noblest beauty. I have in Galway a little old tower, and when I climb to the top of it I can see at no great distance a green field where stood once the thatched cottage of a famous country beauty, the mistress of a small local landed proprietor. I have spoken to old men and women who remembered her, though all are dead now, and they spoke of her as the old men upon the wall of Troy spoke of Helen; nor did man and woman differ in their praise. One old woman, of whose youth the neighbors cherished a scandalous tale, said of her, "I tremble all over when I think of her;" and there was another old woman on the neighbouring mountain who said, "The sun and the moon never shone on anybody so handsome, and her skin was so white that it looked blue, and she had two little blushes on her cheeks." And there were men that told of the crowds that gathered to look at her upon a fair day, and of a man who got his death swimming a river, that he might look at her.[6] It was a song written by the Gaelic poet Raftery that brought her such great fame and the cottagers still sing it, though there are not so many to sing it as when I was young:

O star of light and O sun in harvest,
O amber hair, O my share of the world,
It is Mary Hynes, the calm and easy woman,

Has beauty in her body and in her mind.

It seemed as if the ancient world lay all about us with its freedom of imagination, its delight in good stories, in man's force and woman's beauty, and that all we had to do was to make the town think as the country felt; yet we soon discovered that the town could only think town thought.[7]

In the country you are alone with your own violence, your own heaviness, and with the common tragedy of life, and if you have any artistic capacity you desire beautiful emotion; and, certain that the seasons will be the same always, care not how fantastic its expression. In the town, where everybody crowds upon you, it is your neighbour not yourself that you hate and, if you are not to embitter his life and your own life, perhaps even if you are not to murder him in some kind of revolutionary frenzy, somebody must teach reality and justice. You will hate that teacher for a while, calling his books and plays ugly, misdirected, morbid or something of that kind, but you must agree with him in the end. We were to find ourselves in a quarrel with public opinion that compelled us against our own will and the will of our players to become always more realistic, substituting dialect for verse, common speech for dialect.[8]

I had told Lady Gregory that I saw no likelihood of getting money for a theatre and so must put away that hope, and she promised to find the money among her friends. Her neighbour, Mr. Edward Martyn, paid for our first performances; and our first players came from England; but presently we began our real work with a little company of Irish amateurs. Somebody had asked me at a lecture, "Where will you get your actors?"and I said, "I will go into some crowded room and put the name of everybody in it on a piece of paper and put all those pieces of paper into a hat and draw the first twelve." I have often wondered at that prophecy, for though it was spoken probably to confound and confuse a questioner, it was very nearly fulfilled. Our two best men actors were not indeed chosen by chance, for one was a stage-struck solicitor's clerk and the other a working man who had toured

Ireland in a theatrical company managed by a Negro. I doubt if he had learned much in it, for its methods were rough and noisy, the Negro whitening his face when he played a white man, and, so strong is stage convention, blackening it when he played a black man. If a player had to open a letter on the stage I have no doubt that he struck it with the flat of his hand, as I have seen players do in my youth, a gesture that lost its meaning generations ago when blotting paper was substituted for sand. We got our women, however, from a little political society which described its object as educating the children of the poor, which meant, according to its enemies, teaching them a catechism that began with this question, "What is the origin of evil?" and the answer, "England."

And they came to us for patriotic reasons and acted from precisely the same impulse that had made them teach, and yet two of them proved players of genius: Miss Allgood and Miss Maire O'Neill. They were sisters, one all simplicity, her mind shaped by folk song and folk stories; the other sophisticated, lyrical, and subtle. I do not know what their thoughts were as that strange new power awoke within them, but I think they must have suffered from a bad conscience, a feeling that the old patriotic impulse had gone, that they had given themselves up to vanity or ambition.[9] Yet I think it was that first misunderstanding of themselves that made their peculiar genius possible, for had they come to us with theatrical ambitions they would have imitated some well known English players and sighed for well-known English plays. Nor would they have found their genius if we had not remained for a long time obscure like the bird within its shell, playing in little halls, generally in some shabby, out-of-the-way street.[10] We could experiment and wait, with nothing to fear but political misunderstanding. We had little money and at first needed little, twenty-five pounds given by Lady Gregory and twenty pounds by myself and a few pounds picked up here and there. And our theatrical organization was preposterous, players and authors all sat together and settled by vote

what play should be performed and who should play it.

It took a series of disturbances, weeks of argument, during which no performance could be given, before Lady Gregory and John Synge and I were put in control. And our relations with the public were even more disturbed. One play was violently attacked by the patriotic press because it described a married peasant woman who had a lover, and when we published the old Aran folk tale upon which it was founded, the press said the story had been copied from some decadent author of Pagan Rome. Presently Lady Gregory wrote her first comedy. My verse plays were not long enough to fill an evening and so she wrote a little play on a country love story in the dialect of her neighbourhood. A countryman returns from America with a hundred pounds and discovers his old sweetheart married to a bankrupt farmer. He plays cards with the farmer and, by cheating against himself, gives him the hundred pounds. The company refused to perform that play because they said to admit an emigrant's return with a hundred pounds would encourage emigration. We produced evidence of returned emigrants with much larger sums but were told that only made the matter worse. Then after this interminable argument had worn us all out, Lady Gregory agreed to reduce the sum to twenty and the actors gave way. That little play was sentimental and conventional, but her next discovered her genius. She, too, had desired to serve, and that genius must have seemed miraculous to herself. She was in middle life and had written nothing but a volume of political memoirs and had no interest in the theatre.

Nobody reading today her *Seven Short Plays* can understand why one of them, now an Irish classic, *The Rising of the Moon*, could not be performed for two years because of political hostility.[11] A policeman discovers an escaped Fenian prisoner and lets him free, because the prisoner has aroused with some old songs the half forgotten patriotism of his youth. The players would not perform it because they said it was an

unpatriotic act to admit that a policeman was capable of patriotism. One well-known leader of the mob wrote to me, "How can the Dublin mob be expected to fight the police if it looks upon them as capable of patriotism?" When performed at last the play was received with enthusiasm, but only to get us into new trouble.

The chief Unionist Dublin newspaper denounced it for slandering his Majesty's forces, and Dublin Castle, the centre of English Government in Ireland, denied to us privileges which we had shared with the other Dublin theatres, of buying for stage purposes the cast off clothes of the police. Castle and Press alike knew that the police had frequently let off political prisoners but that only made the matter worse. Every political party had the same desire to substitute for life, which never does the same thing twice, a bundle of reliable principles and assertions.[12] Nor did religious orthodoxy like us any better than political; my *Countess Cathleen* was denounced by Cardinal Logue as an heretical play, and when I wrote that we would like to perform foreign masterpieces, a Nationalist newspaper declared that "a foreign masterpiece is a very dangerous thing." The little halls where we performed could hold a couple of hundred people at the utmost and our audience was often not more than twenty or thirty, and we performed but two or three times a month and during our periods of quarrelling not even that. But there was no lack of leading articles, we were from the first a recognised public danger.[13]

Two events brought us victory, a friend gave us a theatre, and we found a strange man of genius, John Synge. After a particularly angry leading article I had come in front of the curtain and appealed to the hundred people of the audience for their support. When I came down from the stage an old friend, Miss Horniman, from whom I had been expecting a contribution of twenty pounds, said, "I will find you a theatre." She found and altered for our purpose what is now the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and gave us a small subsidy for a few years.

I had met John Synge in Paris in 1896. Somebody had said, "There is an Irishman living on the top floor of your hotel; I will introduce you." I was very poor, but he was much poorer. He belonged to a very old Irish family and though a simple, courteous man, remembered it and was haughty and lonely. With just enough to keep him from starvation, and not always from half starvation, he had wandered about Europe travelling third class or upon foot, playing his fiddle to poor men on the road or in their cottages. He was the man that we needed because he was the only man I have ever known incapable of a political thought or of a humanitarian purpose.[14] He could walk the roadside all day with some poor man without any desire to do him good, or for any reason except that he liked him. He was to do for Ireland, though more by his influence on other dramatists than by his direct influence, what Robert Burns did for Scotland. When Scotland thought herself gloomy and religious, Providence restored her imaginative spontaneity by raising up Robert Burns to commend drink and the devil. I did not, however, see what was to come when I advised John Synge to go to a wild island off the Galway coast and study its life because life had never been expressed in literature. He had learned Gaelic at College, and I told him that, as I would have told it to any young man who had learned Gaelic and wanted to write. When he found that wild island he became happy for the first time, escaping as he said "from the nullity of the rich and the squalor of the poor." He had bad health, he could not stand the island hardship long, but he would go to and fro between there and Dublin.[15]

Burns himself could not have more shocked a gathering of Scotch clergy than did he our players. Some of the women got about him and begged him to write a play about the rebellion of '98, and pointed out very truthfully that a play on such a patriotic theme would be a great success. He returned at the end of a fortnight with a scenario upon which he had toiled in his laborious way. Two women take refuge in a cave, a Protestant

woman and a Catholic, and carry on an interminable argument about the merits of their respective religions. The Catholic woman denounces Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth, and the Protestant woman the Inquisition and the Pope. They argue in low voices because one is afraid of being ravished by the rebels and the other by the loyal soldiers. But at last either the Protestant or the Catholic says that she prefers any fate to remaining any longer in such wicked company and climbs out. The play was neither written nor performed, and neither then nor at any later time could I discover whether Synge understood the shock that he was giving. He certainly did not foresee in any way the trouble that his greatest play brought on us all.

When I had landed from a fishing yawl on the middle of the island of Aran, a few months before my first meeting with Synge, a little group of islanders, who had gathered to watch a stranger's arrival, brought me to the oldest man upon the island. He spoke but two sentences, speaking them very slowly, "If any gentleman has done a crime we'll hide him. There was a gentleman that killed his father and I had him in my house three months till he got away to America." It was a play founded on that old man's story Synge brought back with him. A young man arrives at a little public house and tells the publican's daughter that he has murdered his father. He so tells it that he has all her sympathy, and every time he retells it, with new exaggerations and additions, he wins the sympathy of somebody or other, for it is the countryman's habit to be against the law. The countryman thinks the more terrible the crime the greater must the provocation have been.[16]

The young man himself under the excitement of his own story becomes gay, energetic, and lucky. He prospers in love and comes in first at the local races and bankrupts the roulette table afterwards. Then the father arrives with his head bandaged but very lively, and the people turn upon the impostor. To win back their esteem he takes up a spade to kill his

father in earnest, but horrified at the threat of what had sounded so well in the story, they bind him to hand over to the police. The father releases him and father and son walk off together, the son, still buoyed up by his imagination, announcing that he will be master henceforth. Picturesque, poetical, fantastical, a masterpiece of style and of music, the supreme work of our dialect theatre, it roused the populace to fury. We played it under police protection, seventy police in the theatre the last night, and five hundred, some newspaper said, keeping order in the streets outside.[17] It is never played before any Irish audience for the first time without something or other being flung at the players. In New York a currant cake and a watch were flung, the owner of the watch claiming it at the stage door afterwards. The Dublin audience has, however, long since accepted the play. It has noticed, I think, that everyone upon the stage is somehow lovable and companionable, and that Synge described, through an exaggerated symbolism, a reality which he loved precisely because he loved all reality. So far from being, as they had thought, a politician working in the interests of England, he was so little a politician that the world merely amused him and touched his pity.[18]

Yet when Synge died in 1910 opinion had hardly changed, we were playing to an almost empty theatre and were continually denounced in the Press. Our victory was won by those who had learned from him courage and sincerity but belonged to a different school. Synge's work, the work of Lady Gregory, my own *Cathleen ni Houlihan*, and my *Hour Glass* in its prose form, are characteristic of our first ambition. They bring the imagination and speech of the country, all that poetical tradition descended from the middle ages, to the people of the town. Those who learned from Synge had often little knowledge of the country and always little interest in its dialect. Their plays are frequently attacks upon obvious abuses, the bribery at the appointment of a dispensary Doctor, the attempts of some local politician to remain friends with all parties. Indeed the young

Ministers and party politicians of the Free State have had, I think, some of their education from our plays. Then, too, there are many comedies which are not political satires, though they are concerned with the life of the politic ridden people of the town. Of these Mr. Lennox Robinson's are the best known; his *Whiteheaded Boy* has been played in England and America. Of late it has seemed as if this school were coming to an end, for the old plots are repeated with slight variations and the characterization grows mechanical.

It is too soon yet to say what will come to us from the melodrama and tragedy of the last four years, but if we can pay our players and keep our theatre open, something will come. We are burdened with debt, for we have come through war and civil war and audiences grow thin when there is firing in the streets. We have, however, survived so much that I believe in our luck, and think that I have a right to say I end my lecture in the middle or even perhaps at the beginning of the story.[19]

But certainly I have said enough to make you understand why, when I received from the hands of your King the great honour your Academy has conferred upon me, I felt that a young man's ghost should have stood upon one side of me and at the other a living woman in her vigorous old age. I have seen little in this last week that would not have been memorable and exciting to Synge and to Lady Gregory, for Sweden has achieved more than we have hoped for our own country. I think most of all perhaps of that splendid spectacle of your court, a family beloved and able that has gathered about it not the rank only but the intellect of its country. No like spectacle will in Ireland show its work of discipline and of taste, though it might satisfy a need of the race no institution created by English or American democracy can satisfy.

Notes

1. Perhaps the English committees would never have sent you my name if I had written no plays, no dramatic criticism, if my lyric poetry had not a quality of speech practised upon the stage. 如果我没有写过戏，没有写过戏剧评论，没有在舞台上把我诗中的对话特点付诸于实践，那么英语委员会也决不会把我的名字推荐给大家。
2. Meanwhile I had begun a movement in English, in the language in which modern Ireland thinks and does its business; founded certain societies where clerks, working men, men of all classes, could study those Irish poets, novelists, and historians who had written in English, and as much of Gaelic literature as had been translated into English. 我发起了一个英语运动，现在的爱尔兰人正是以英语思维和做事情的；我又组建了一些社团，职员、工人、各界的人都可以在那里研读爱尔兰诗歌、小说、历史，还可以研读已经翻译成英文的盖尔语文学。
3. When we thought of these plays we thought of everything that was romantic and poetical, for the nationalism we had called up—like that every generation had called up in moments of discouragement—was romantic and poetical. 当我们想到这些戏剧时，一切都是浪漫的，有诗意的，因为我们曾经提出的民族主义是浪漫而又诗意的，每一代人在失意沮丧的时候都会提出民族主义。
4. Though my plays were written without dialect and in English blank verse, I think she was attracted to our movement because their subject matter differed but little from the subject matter of the country stories. 尽管我的戏剧不是使用方言写的，而是用英语素体诗的形式写的，她仍旧被我们的运动所吸引，因为她的乡间故事的题材和我所写的题材大同小异。
5. A trumpery dispute about an acre of land can rouse our people to monstrous savagery, and if in their war with the English auxiliary police they were shown no mercy they showed none: murder answered murder. 为了一小块

土地，可以引起无谓的争执，并导致暴行。如果是和英国的辅助警察发生争斗，你无情，他们更无情，都是以牙还牙，以血还血。

6. And there were men that told of the crowds that gathered to look at her upon a fair day, and of a man who got his death swimming a river, that he might look at her. 人们谈到遇到一个赶集的日子，大家为了一睹她的美貌和风采，拥挤不堪，其中有一个人为了能看到她竟然在过河时不小心淹死了。

7. It seemed as if the ancient world lay all about us with its freedom of imagination, its delight in good stories, in man's force and woman's beauty, and that all we had to do was to make the town think as the country felt; yet we soon discovered that the town could only think town thought. 仿佛在古代的世界里充满了自由的想象，好故事带来的快乐，男人的力量和女人的魅力，人们要做的只是让城市的人和乡下的人有同样的思考和感受；然而很快我们就发现城市人只能按照城市人的思维行事。

8. You will hate that teacher for a while, calling his books and plays ugly, misdirected, morbid or something of that kind, but you must agree with him in the end. We were to find ourselves in a quarrel with public opinion that compelled us against our own will and the will of our players to become always more realistic, substituting dialect for verse, common speech for dialect. 在一段时间里你会恨这位教训你的人，把他的书和戏说成是丑陋的、误人子弟的、病态的，但你最终还得赞同他。我们发现和舆论发生争执时，舆论迫使我们违背自己的意愿，违背演员的意愿，使我们总是变得更现实，用方言取代韵文，再用演讲取代方言。

9. They were sisters, one all simplicity, her mind shaped by folk song and folk stories; the other sophisticated, lyrical, and subtle. I do not know what their thoughts were as that strange new power awoke within them, but I think they must have suffered from a bad conscience, a feeling that the old patriotic impulse had gone, that they had given themselves up to vanity or ambition. 她们是一对姐妹，一个天真纯朴，脑子里装满了民歌和民间故事；另一个老练，抒情，细腻。我不知道当一种新奇的力量在她们心中苏醒时她们在想什么，但我想她们一定受到了良心的谴责，古老的爱国主义激情

没有了，她们向虚荣和野心低了头。

10. Nor would they have found their genius if we had not remained for a long time obscure like the bird within its shell, playing in little halls, generally in some shabby, out-of-the-way street. 如果不是有很长一段时间我们只在一些小剧场和偏僻简陋的小街演出，像小鸟在壳中不为外界所知，她们也不会发现她们自己的天才。

11. Nobody reading today her *Seven Short Plays* can understand why one of them, now an Irish classic, *The Rising of the Moon*, could not be performed for two years because of political hostility. 如今人们读她的《七部短剧》，没人能理解为什么其中的一部《月亮升起》当时竟然被禁演了两年，原因是它有政治上的敌意，但是它今天已成了爱尔兰的一部经典了。

12. Every political party had the same desire to substitute for life, which never does the same thing twice, a bundle of reliable principles and assertions. 任何一个政党都有同样一种欲望，想用一套可靠、稳定的原则和宣言来取代日新月异、从不重复的生活。

13. ...and we performed but two or three times a month and during our periods of quarrelling not even that. But there was no lack of leading articles, we were from the first a recognised public danger. ……一个月我们只演出两三次，当我们意见不一、争吵不休时演出的次数还少，但我们的演出总会引出重要的评论，因此一开始我们就被外界认为是一种公害。

14. With just enough to keep him from starvation, and not always from half starvation, he had wandered about Europe travelling third class or upon foot, playing his fiddle to poor men on the road or in their cottages. He was the man that we needed because he was the only man I have ever known incapable of a political thought or of a humanitarian purpose. 他身上只带了刚够吃饭的钱就去游历欧洲，他常常挨饿，乘坐三等舱，光着脚，向路上的人或村民演奏小提琴。而他正是我们需要的人，因为他是我认识的唯一一位没有政治目的也不宣扬人道主义的人。

15. When he found that wild island he became happy for the first time, escaping as he said "from the nullity of the rich and the squalor of the poor." He had

bad health, he could not stand the island hardship long, but he would go to and fro between there and Dublin. 当他发现了那个荒岛，他平生首次体会到了愉快，如他所说，他摆脱了"富人的无聊和穷人的庸俗"。他体质差，忍受不了长期荒岛生活的艰苦，就不断来往于都柏林和那座小岛之间。

16. He so tells it that he has all her sympathy, and every time he retells it, with new exaggerations and additions, he wins the sympathy of somebody or other, for it is the countryman's habit to be against the law. The countryman thinks the more terrible the crime the greater must the provocation have been. 他把故事讲得天花乱坠，竟然赢得了她全部的同情。每一次他重复这件事还要添油加醋，从而赢得了更多的同情， 因为当时村里人有痛恨法律的习惯，他们认为罪行越大挑逗人去犯罪的力量也越大。

17. Picturesque, poetical, fantastical, a masterpiece of style and of music, the supreme work of our dialect theatre, it roused the populace to fury. We played it under police protection, seventy police in the theatre the last night, and five hundred, some newspaper said, keeping order in the streets outside. 因为情景生动，诗意浓郁，想象奇特，加上文体风格和音乐美妙，这出戏成为我们转演方言戏剧的一流作品，激起了大众的愤怒。我们只好在警方的保护下演出，昨晚上有 70 名警察，据报道场外还有 500 名警察在街上维持秩序。

18. The Dublin audience has, however, long since accepted the play. It has noticed, I think, that everyone upon the stage is somehow lovable and companionable, and that Synge described, through an exaggerated symbolism, a reality which he loved precisely because he loved all reality. So far from being, as they had thought, a politician working in the interests of England, he was so little a politician that the world merely amused him and touched his pity. 不过都柏林的观众后来接受了这出戏。我想，大家都注意到了，虽然有些夸张，舞台上的每个人都是可爱而友好的。辛格通过夸张的手法，描写了他热爱的现实，因为他爱一切现实。人们原来以为他是一位为英国利益服务的政客，但他远非是一位政客，世界只不过引起他的兴趣和怜悯而已。辛格（1871—1909），爱尔兰剧作家，爱尔兰文艺复兴代

表人物。本文多次提到他。

19. We are burdened with debt, for we have come through war and civil war and audiences grow thin when there is firing in the streets. We have, however, survived so much that I believe in our luck, and think that I have a right to say I end my lecture in the middle or even perhaps at the beginning of the story. 现在我们债台高筑。经历了战争和内战的劫难，当街头还有战火纷飞之际，观众日渐减少。但无论怎样，我们幸存了下来，以至于我们还相信我们有好运，相信我还有权利说我的演讲可以说是结束在故事的发展当中，或者说我的演讲刚刚结束，新的故事就要上演了。



Pearl Buck

赛珍珠（Pearl Buck, 1892－1973），原名珀尔·赛登斯特里克·布克，赛珍珠是她自己起的中文名字。出生于弗吉尼亚州西部，父母是传教士，自小随父母来中国，曾阅读中国的经书。17岁回美国进弗吉尼亚州的伦道夫—梅康女子学院攻读心理学，毕业后又来中国。1917年与传教士约翰·洛辛·布克结婚，从事传教工作。1927年北伐军进入南京，她离开中国。

赛珍珠于1922年开始写作，1931年发表长篇小说《大地》，立刻成为畅销书，后来获普利策文学奖，1938年因此而获诺贝尔文学奖。赛珍珠一生写了85部作品，包括小说、传记、儿童文学、政论等。她也写了许多短篇小说、广播剧和文艺评论。

赛珍珠早期曾著文批评美国教会人士在国外的某些做法；晚年的政论主要为美国政府的外交政策辩护，并攻击共产主义。她自称热爱中国，但她爱的是中国封建社会的旧文化。她被称为“中国通”，但她在《大地上的房子》三部曲（《大地》，1931；《儿子们》，1932；《分家》，1935）中所描绘的并不是中国社会的真实面貌，也没有反映中国人民的命运。在《北京来信》（1957）和《梁太太的三个女儿》（1969）中，她更明显地流露出对社会主义新中国的敌对情绪。

赛珍珠曾把《水浒》译成英文，译名为《四海之内皆兄弟》（1933）。

The Chinese Novel

When I came to consider what I should say today it seemed that it would be wrong not to speak of China. And this is none the less true because I am an American by birth and by ancestry and though I live now in my own country and shall live there, since there I belong.[1] But it is the Chinese and not the American novel which has shaped my own efforts in writing. My earliest knowledge of story, of how to tell and write stories, came to me in China. It would be ingratitude on my part not to recognize this today. And yet it would be presumptuous to speak before you on the subject of the Chinese novel for a reason wholly personal.[2] There is another reason why I feel that I may properly do so. It is that I believe the Chinese novel has an illumination for the Western novel and for the Western novelist.

When I say Chinese novel, I mean the indigenous Chinese novel, and not that hybrid product, the novels of modern Chinese writers who have been too strongly under foreign influence while they were yet ignorant of the riches of their own country.[3]

But in China art and the novel have always been widely separated. There, literature as an art was the exclusive property of the scholars, an art they made and made for each other according to their own rules, and they found no place in it for the novel. And they held a powerful place, those Chinese scholars. Philosophy and religion and letters and literature, by arbitrary classical rules, they possessed them all, for they alone possessed the means of learning, since they alone knew how to read and write. They were powerful enough to be feared even by emperors, so that emperors

devised a way of keeping them enslaved by their own learning, and made the official examinations the only means to political advancement[4], those incredibly difficult examinations which ate up a man's whole life and thought in preparing for them, and kept him too busy with memorizing and copying the dead and classical past to see the present and its wrongs.[5] In that past the scholars found their rules of art. But the novel was not there, and they did not see it being created before their eyes, for the people created the novel, and what living people were doing did not interest those who thought of literature as an art. If scholars ignored the people, however, the people, in turn, laughed at the scholars.

The scholar as a class has long been a figure of fun for the Chinese people. He is frequently to be found in their novels, and always he is the same, as indeed he is in life, for a long study of the same dead classics and their formal composition has really made all Chinese scholars look alike, as well as think alike. We have no class to parallel him in the West—individuals, perhaps, only. But in China he was a class. He hated anything fresh or original, for he could not catalogue it into any of the styles he knew. If he could not catalogue it, he was sure it was not great, and he was confident that only he was right. And as he could never catalogue the novel into what he called literature, so for him it did not exist as literature.[6]

No, happily for the Chinese novel, it was not considered by the scholars as literature. Happily, too, for the novelist! Man and book, they were free from the criticisms of those scholars and their requirements of art, their techniques of expression and their talk of literary significances and all that discussion of what is and is not art, as if art were an absolute and not the changing thing it is, fluctuating even within decades! The Chinese novel was free. It grew as it liked out of its own soil, the common people, nurtured by that heartiest of sunshine, popular approval, and untouched by the cold and frosty winds of the scholar's art. Emily Dickinson, an American poet, once wrote, "Nature is a haunted house, but

art is a house that tries to be haunted."[7] "Nature," she said,

"Is what we see,
Nature is what we know
But have no art to say—
So impatient our wisdom is,
To her simplicity."

No, if the Chinese scholars ever knew of the growth of the novel, it was only to ignore it the more ostentatiously.[8] Sometimes, unfortunately, they found themselves driven to take notice, because youthful emperors found novels pleasant to read. Then these poor scholars were hard put to it. But they discovered the phrase "social significance," and they wrote long literary treatises to prove that a novel was not a novel but a document of social significance. Social significance is a term recently discovered by the most modern of literary young men and women in the United States, but the old scholars of China knew it a thousand years ago, when they, too, demanded that the novel should have social significance, if it were to be recognized as an art.

In such a school was I trained. I grew up believing that the novel has nothing to do with pure literature. So I was taught by scholars. The art of literature, so I was taught, is something devised by men of learning. Out of the brains of scholars came rules to control the rush of genius, that wild fountain which has its source in deepest life. Genius, great or less, is the spring, and art is the sculptured shape, classical or modern, into which the waters must be forced, if scholars and critics were to be served. But the people of China did not so serve.[9] The waters of the genius of story gushed out as they would, however the natural rocks allowed and the trees persuaded, and only common people came and drank and found rest and pleasure.

...

For the Chinese novel was written primarily to amuse the common

people. And when I say amuse I do not mean only to make them laugh, though laughter is also one of the aims of the Chinese novel. I mean amusement in the sense of absorbing and occupying the whole attention of the mind. I mean enlightening that mind by pictures of life and what that life means. I mean encouraging the spirit not by rule-of-thumb talk about art, but by stories about the people in every age, and thus presenting to people simply themselves.[10] Even the Buddhists who came to tell about gods found that people understood gods better if they saw them working through ordinary folk like themselves.

But the real reason why the Chinese novel was written in the vernacular was because the common people could not read and write and the novel had to be written so that when it was read aloud it could be understood by persons who could communicate only through spoken words. In a village of two hundred souls perhaps only one man could read. And on holidays or in the evening when the work was done he read aloud to the people from some story. The rise of the Chinese novel began in just this simple fashion. After a while people took up a collection of pennies in somebody's cap or in a farm wife's bowl because the reader needed tea to wet his throat, or perhaps to pay him for time he would otherwise have spent at his silk loom or his rush weaving. If the collections grew big enough he gave up some of his regular work and became a professional storyteller. And the stories he read were the beginnings of novels.

There were not many such stories written down, not nearly enough to last year in and year out for people who had by nature, as the Chinese have, a strong love for dramatic story. So the storyteller began to increase his stock. He searched the dry annals of the history which the scholars had written, and with his fertile imagination, enriched by long acquaintance with common people, he clothed long-dead figures with new flesh and made them live again[11]; he found stories of court life and intrigue and names of imperial favorites who had brought dynasties to ruin; he found,

as he traveled from village to village, strange tales from his own times which he wrote down when he heard them. People told him of experiences they had had and he wrote these down, too, for other people. And he embellished them, but not with literary turns and phrases, for the people cared nothing for these. No, he kept his audiences always in mind and he found that the style which they loved best was one which flowed easily along, clearly and simply, in the short words which they themselves used every day, with no other technique than occasional bits of description, only enough to give vividness to a place or a person, and never enough to delay the story. Nothing must delay the story. Story was what they wanted.

And when I say story, I do not mean mere pointless activity, not crude action alone. The Chinese are too mature for that. They have always demanded of their novel character above all else. *Shui Hu Chuan* they have considered one of their three greatest novels, not primarily because it is full of the flash and fire of action, but because it portrays so distinctly one hundred and eight characters that each is to be seen separate from the others. Often I have heard it said of that novel in tones of delight, "When anyone of the hundred and eight begins to speak, we do not need to be told his name. By the way the words come from his mouth we know who he is." Vividness of character portrayal, then, is the first quality which the Chinese people have demanded of their novels, and after it, that such portrayal shall be by the character's own action and words rather than by the author's explanation.[12]

Curiously enough, while the novel was beginning thus humbly in teahouses, in villages and lowly city streets out of stories told to the common people by a common and unlearned man among them, in imperial palaces it was beginning, too, and in much the same unlearned fashion. It was an old custom of emperors, particularly if the dynasty were a foreign one, to employ persons called "imperial ears," whose only duty was to come and go among the people in the streets of cities and villages and to

sit among them in teahouses, disguised in common clothes and listen to what was talked about there. The original purpose of this was, of course, to hear of any discontent among the emperor's subjects, and more especially to find out if discontents were rising to the shape of those rebellions which preceded the fall of every dynasty.[13]

From such humble and scattered beginnings, then, came the Chinese novel, written always in the vernacular, and dealing with all which interested the people, with legend and with myth, with love and intrigue, with brigands and wars, with everything, indeed, which went to make up the life of the people, high and low.[14]

Nor was the novel in China shaped, as it was in the West, by a few great persons. In China the novel has always been more important than the novelist. There has been no Chinese Defoe, no Chinese Fielding or Smollett, no Austin or Bronte, or Dickens or Thackeray, or Meredith or Hardy, any more than Balzac or Flaubert.[15] But there were and are novels as great as the novels in any other country in the world, as great as any could have written, had he been born in China. Who then wrote these novels of China?

That is what the modern literary men of China now, centuries too late, are trying to discover. Within the last twenty-five years literary critics, trained in the universities of the West, have begun to discover their own neglected novels. But the novelists who wrote them they cannot discover. Did one man write *Shui Hu Chuan*, or did it grow to its present shape, added to, rearranged, deepened and developed by many minds and many a hand, in different centuries?[16] Who can now tell? They are dead. They lived in their day and wrote what in their day they saw and heard, but of themselves they have told nothing.

They told of their own times and they lived in a blessed obscurity. They read no reviews of their novels, no treatises as to whether or not what they did was well done according to the rules of scholarship. It did not

occur to them that they must reach the high thin air which scholars breathed nor did they consider the stuff of which greatness is made, according to the scholars. They wrote as it pleased them to write and as they were able. Sometimes they wrote unwittingly well and sometimes unwittingly they wrote not so well. They died in the same happy obscurity and now they are lost in it and not all the scholars of China, gathered too late to do them honor, can raise them up again. They are long past the possibility of literary post-mortems. But what they did remains after them because it is the common people of China who keep alive the great novels, illiterate people who have passed the novel, not so often from hand to hand as from mouth to mouth.[17]

Strangely enough, there were certain scholars who envied the freedom of obscurity, and who, burdened with certain private sorrows which they dared not tell anyone, or who perhaps wanting only a holiday from the weariness of the sort of art they had themselves created, wrote novels, too under assumed and humble names. And when they did so they put aside pedantry and wrote as simply and naturally as any common novelist.

For the novelist believed that he should not be conscious of techniques. He should write as his material demanded. If a novelist became known for a particular style or technique, to that extent he ceased to be a good novelist and became a literary technician.

These Chinese novels are not perfect according to Western standards. They are not always planned from beginning to end, nor are they compact, any more than life is planned or compact. They are often too long, too full of incident, too crowded with characters, a medley of fact and fiction as to material, and a medley of romance and realism as to method,[18] so that an impossible event of magic or dream may be described with such exact semblance of detail that one is compelled to belief against all reason. The earliest novels are full of folklore, for the people of those times thought and dreamed in the ways of folklore. But no one can understand the mind

of China today who has not read these novels, for the novels have shaped the present mind, too, and the folklore persists in spite of all that Chinese diplomats and western-trained scholars would have us believe to the contrary. The essential mind of China is still that mind of which George Russell wrote when he said of the Irish mind, so strangely akin to the Chinese, "that mind which in its folk imagination believes anything.[19] It creates ships of gold with masts of silver and white cities by the sea and rewards and faeries, and when that vast folk mind turns to politics it is ready to believe anything."

Out of this folk mind, turned into stories and crowded with thousands of years of life, grew, literally, the Chinese novel. For these novels changed as they grew. If, as I have said, there are no single names attached beyond question to the great novels of China, it is because no one hand wrote them.[20] From beginning as a mere tale, a story grew through succeeding versions, into a structure built by many hands. I might mention as an example the well-known story, *The White Snake*, or *Pei She Chuan*, first written in the Tang dynasty by an unknown author. It was then a tale of the simple supernatural whose hero was a great white snake. In the next version in the following century, the snake has become a vampire woman who is an evil force. But the third version contains a more gentle and human touch. The vampire becomes a faithful wife who aids her husband and gives him a son. The story thus adds not only new character but new quality, and ends not as the supernatural tale it began but as a novel of human beings.

So in early periods of Chinese history, many books must be called not so much novels as source books for novels, the sort of books into which Shakespeare, had they been open to him, might have dipped with both hands to bring up pebbles to make into jewels.[21] Many of these books have been lost, since they were not considered valuable. But not all—early stories of Han, written so vigorously that to this day it is said they run like

galloping horses, and tales of the troubled dynasties following—not all were lost. Some have persisted. Most of these early stories had to do with supernatural events, of gods born of virgins, of men walking as gods, as the Buddhist influence grew strong. There are miracles and allegories, such as the pens of poor scholars bursting into flower, dreams leading men and women into strange and fantastic lands of Gulliver, or the magic wand that floated an altar made of iron. But stories mirrored each age. The stories of Han were vigorous and dealt often with the affairs of the nation, and centered on some great man or hero. Humor was strong in this golden age, a racy, earthy, lusty humor.[22] And then the scenes changed, as that golden age faded, though it was never to be forgotten, so that to this day the Chinese like to call themselves sons of Han. With the succeeding weak and corrupt centuries, the very way the stories were written became honeyed and weak, and their subjects slight, or as the Chinese say, "In the days of the Six Dynasties, they wrote of small things, of a woman, a waterfall, or a bird."

If the Han dynasty was golden, then the Tang dynasty was silver, and silver were the love stories for which it was famous. It was an age of love, when a thousand stories clustered about the beautiful Yang Kuei Fei and her scarcely less beautiful predecessor in the emperor's favor, Mei Fei. These love stories of Tang come very near sometimes to fulfilling in their unity and complexity the standards of the Western novel.[23]

But time and the stream pass on. The novel form really begins to be clear in the Sung dynasty, and in the Yuan dynasty it flowers into that height which was never again surpassed and only equaled, indeed, by the single novel *Hung Lou Meng*, or *The Dream of the Red Chamber*, in the Tsing dynasty.[24] It is as though for centuries the novel had been developing unnoticed and from deep roots among the people, spreading into trunk and branch and twig and leaf to burst into this flowering in the Yuan dynasty, when the young Mongols brought into the old country they had conquered

their vigorous, hungry, untutored minds and demanded to be fed. Such minds could not be fed with the husks of the old classical literature, and they turned therefore the more eagerly to the drama and the novel, and in this new life, in the sunshine of imperial favor, though still not with literary favor, there came two of China's three great novels, *Shui Hu Chuan* and *San Kuo*—*Hung Lou Meng* being the third.

I wish I could convey to you what these three novels mean and have meant to the Chinese people. But I can think of nothing comparable to them in western literature. We have not in the history of our novel so clear a moment to which we can point and say, "There the novel is at its height." These three are the vindication of that literature of the common people, the Chinese novel. They stand as completed monuments of that popular literature, if not of letters. They, too, were ignored by men of letters and banned by censors and damned in succeeding dynasties as dangerous, revolutionary, decadent.[25] But they lived on, because people read them and told them as stories and sang them as songs and ballads and acted them as dramas, until at last grudgingly even the scholars were compelled to notice them and to begin to say they were not novels at all but allegories, and if they were allegories perhaps then they could be looked upon as literature after all, though the people paid no heed to such theories and never read the long treatises which scholars wrote to prove them. They rejoiced in the novels they had made as novels and for no purpose except for joy in story and in story through which they could express themselves.

The proof of the novel's greatness is in this timelessness.[26] It is as true today as it was dynasties ago. The people of China still march across its pages, priests and courtesans, merchants and scholars, women good and bad, old and young, and even naughty little boys. The only figure lacking is that of the modern scholar trained in the West, holding his Ph.D. diploma in his hand. But be sure that if he had been alive in China when the final hand laid down the brush upon the pages of that book, he, too,

would have been there in all the pathos and humor of his new learning, so often useless and inadequate and laid like a patch too small upon an old robe.[27]

The Chinese say "The young should not read *Shui Hu* and the old should not read *San Kuo*." This is because the young might be charmed into being robbers and the old might be led into deeds too vigorous for their years. For if *Shui Hu Chuan* is the great social document of Chinese life, *Sa Kuo* is the document of wars and statesmanship, and in its turn *Hung Lou Meng* is the document of family life and human love.

The history of the *San Kuo* or *Three Kingdoms* shows the same architectural structure and the same doubtful authorship as *Shui Hu*. The story begins with three friends swearing eternal brotherhood in the Han dynasty and ends ninety-seven years later in the succeeding period of the Six Dynasties. It is a novel rewritten in its final form by a man named Lo Kuan Chung, thought to be a pupil of Shih Nai An, and one who perhaps even shared with Shih Nai An in the writing, too, of *Shui Hu Chuan*. But this is a Chinese Bacon-and-Shakespeare controversy which has no end.

If *Shui Hu Chuan* has importance today as a novel of the people in their struggle for liberty, *San Kuo* has importance because it gives in such detail the science and art of war as the Chinese conceive it, so differently, too, from our own. The guerillas, who are today China's most effective fighting units against Japan, are peasants who know *San Kuo* by heart, if not from their own reading, at least from hours spent in the idleness of winter days or long summer evenings when they sat listening to the storytellers describe how the warriors of the Three Kingdoms fought their battles. It is these ancient tactics of war which the guerillas trust today. What a warrior must be and how he must attack and retreat, how retreat when the enemy advances, how advance when the enemy retreats—all this had its source in this novel, so well known to every common man and boy of China.

Hung Lou Meng, or *The Dream of the Red Chamber*, the latest and most modern of these three greatest of Chinese novels, was written originally as an autobiographical novel by Ts'ao Hsüeh Ching, an official highly in favor during the Manchu regime[28] and indeed considered by the Manchus as one of themselves. He never finished his novel, and the last forty chapters were added by another man, probably named Kao O.

The story is simple in its theme but complex in implication, in character study and in its portrayal of human emotions. It is almost a pathological study, this story of a great house, once wealthy and high in imperial favor, so that indeed one of its members was an imperial concubine. But the great days are over when the book begins. The family is already declining. Its wealth is being dissipated and the last and only son, Chia Pao Yü, is being corrupted by the decadent influences within his own home, although the fact that he was a youth of exceptional quality at birth is established by the symbolism of a piece of jade found in his mouth. The preface begins, "Heaven was once broken and when it was mended, a bit was left unused, and this became the famous jade of Chia Pao Yü." Thus does the interest in the supernatural persist in the Chinese people; it persists even today as a part of Chinese life.[29]

In so emphasizing these three novels, I have merely done what the Chinese themselves do. When you say "novel," the average Chinese replies, "*Shui Hu, San Kuo, Hung Lou Meng*." Yet this is not to say that there are not hundreds of other novels, for there are. I must mention *Hsi Yü Chi*, or *Record of Travels in the West*, almost as popular as these three. I might mention *Feng Shen Chuan*, the story of a deified warrior, the author unknown but said to be a writer in the time of Ming. I must mention *Ru Ling Wai Shi*, a satire upon the evils of the Tsing dynasty, particularly of the scholars, full of a double-edged though not malicious dialogue, rich with incident, pathetic and humorous.[30]

But I can mention only a small fraction of the hundreds of novels

which delight the common people of China. And if those people knew of what I was speaking to you today, they would after all say "tell of the great three, and let us stand or fall by *Shui Hu Chuan* and *San Kuo* and *Hung Lou Meng*." In these three novels are the lives which the Chinese people lead and have long led, here are the songs they sing and the things at which they laugh and the things which they love to do. Into these novels they have put the generations of their being and to refresh that being they return to these novels again and again, and out of them they have made new songs and plays and other novels.

But the important thing for me today is not the listing of novels. The aspect which I wish to stress is that all this profound and indeed sublime development of the imagination of a great democratic people was never in its own time and country called literature. The people of China forged their own literature apart from letters.[31] And today this is what lives, to be part of what is to come, and all the formal literature, which was called art, is dead. The plots of these novels are often incomplete, the love interest is often not brought to solution, heroines are often not beautiful and heroes often are not brave. Nor has the story always an end; sometimes it merely stops, in the way life does, in the middle of it when death is not expected.

In this tradition of the novel have I been born and reared as a writer. My ambition, therefore, has not been trained toward the beauty of letters or the grace of art. It is, I believe, a sound teaching and, as I have said, illuminating for the novels of the West.

And for the novelist the only element is human life as he finds it in himself or outside himself.[32] The sole test of his work is whether or not his energy is producing more of that life. Are his creatures alive? That is the only question. And who can tell him? Who but those living human beings, the people? Those people are not absorbed in what art is or how it is made—are not, indeed, absorbed in anything very lofty, however good it is. No, they are absorbed only in themselves, in their own hungers and despairs

and joys and above all, perhaps, in their own dreams. These are the ones who can really judge the work of the novelist, for they judge by that single test of reality. And the standard of the test is not to be made by the device of art, but by the simple comparison of the reality of what they read, to their own reality.

I have been taught, therefore, that though the novelist may see art as cool and perfect shapes, he may only admire them as he admires marble statues standing aloof in a quiet and remote gallery; for his place is not with them. His place is in the street. He is happiest there. The street is noisy and the men and women are not perfect in the technique of their expression as the statues are. They are ugly and imperfect, incomplete even as human beings, and where they come from and where they go cannot be known. But they are people and therefore infinitely to be preferred to those who stand upon the pedestals of art.[33]

And like the Chinese novelist, I have been taught to want to write for these people. If they are reading their magazines by the million, then I want my stories there rather than in magazines read only by a few. For story belongs to the people. They are sounder judges of it than anyone else, for their senses are unspoiled and their emotions are free.[34] No, a novelist must not think of pure literature as his goal. He must not even know this field too well, because people, who are his material, are not there. He is a storyteller in a village tent, and by his stories he entices people into his tent. He need not raise his voice when a scholar passes. But he must beat all his drums when a band of poor pilgrims pass on their way up the mountain in search of gods. And to farmers he must talk of their land, and to old men he must speak of peace, and to old women he must tell of their children, and to young men and women he must speak of each other. He must be satisfied if the common people hear him gladly. At least, so I have been taught in China.

Notes

1. And this is none the less true because I am an American by birth and by ancestry and though I live now in my own country and shall live there, since there I belong. 我出生在美国，祖辈是美国人，现在和将来都要生活在美国，我属于美国，虽然如此，但是不谈谈中国依然是不对的。none the less true: 不会因为……而不真实。
2. ...it would be presumptuous to speak before you on the subject of the Chinese novel for a reason wholly personal. ……说我讲中国小说完全是出于我个人的原因，那也很冒昧。
3. ...while they were yet ignorant of the riches of their own country. ……他们却对自己国家的财富一无所知。
4. made the official examinations the only means to political advancement 使科举制度成为政治升迁的唯一途径
5. ...kept him too busy with memorizing and copying the dead and classical past to see the present and its wrongs. ……忙于背诵和模仿没有生命力的旧文章，而看不到现在的错误。
6. And as he could never catalogue the novel into what he called literature, so for him it did not exist as literature. 他没能把小说归为文学中的任何一类，对他来说，小说就不是以文学的形式而存在。
7. Nature is a haunted house, but art is a house that tries to be haunted. 大自然是一幢人们可以经常进进出出的房子，艺术是一幢想让人出入的房子。
8. ...if the Chinese scholars ever knew of the growth of the novel, it was only to ignore it the more ostentatiously. ……中国学者若了解中国小说的成长过程，他们会表现得更加清高而对它视而不见。
9. Genius, great or less, is the spring, and art is the sculptured shape, classical or modern, into which the waters must be forced, if scholars and critics were to be served. But the people of China did not so serve. 天才，无论大小，都是泉水，而艺术是古典或现代的雕塑，天才要使学者和批评家满意的话，

那么泉水就必须挤进这些雕塑形状之中。但是中国人民没有让学者和批评家满意。

10. I mean amusement in the sense of absorbing and occupying the whole attention of the mind. I mean enlightening that mind by pictures of life and what that life means. I mean encouraging the spirit not by rule-of-thumb talk about art, but by stories about the people in every age, and thus presenting to people simply themselves. （在中国，小说为百姓提供娱乐）娱乐这个词含三层意思：一是指全神贯注，二是指用活生生的生活画面和生活意义启迪灵魂，三是指不是通过粗浅的有关艺术的谈论来鼓励人，而是通过描写各个时代人民的故事来振奋人的精神，因此，（中国小说）直接把故事呈现给人民。

11. he clothed long-dead figures with new flesh and made them live again （中国小说家）给已死去的人物赋以新的生命，使他们起死回生

12. Vividness of character portrayal, then, is the first quality which the Chinese people have demanded of their novels, and after it, that such portrayal shall be by the character's own action and words rather than by the author's explanation. 人物刻画得生动是中国人对小说的第一要求，其次，这一生动的刻画是通过人物自己的言行来完成的，并非依赖作者的解释。

13. The original purpose of this was, of course, to hear of any discontent among the emperor's subjects, and more especially to find out if discontents were rising to the shape of those rebellions which preceded the fall of every dynasty. 这种做法的最初目的是听听臣民有什么不满，特别是要发现不满是否会逐渐导致朝代的灭亡。

14. ...with legend and with myth, with love and intrigue, with brigands and wars, with everything, indeed, which went to make up the life of the people, high and low. ……描写的有传说、神话、爱情、阴谋、强盗、战争，有构成各阶层人生活的一切。

15. ...no Chinese Defoe, no Chinese Fielding or Smollett, no Austin or Bronte; or Dickens or Thackeray, or Meredith or Hardy, any more than Balzac or Flaubert. 中国没有笛福、费尔丁、斯摩莱特、奥斯丁、勃朗特、狄更斯、

萨克雷、梅瑞狄斯、哈代、巴尔扎克或福楼拜式的作家。

16. ...did it grow to its present shape, added to, rearranged, deepened and developed by many minds and many a hand, in different centuries? ……是否经过许多世纪里多人的增删、深化、发展之后才成为现在这个样子呢?

17. ...illiterate people who have passed the novel, not so often from hand to hand as from mouth to mouth. ……那些目不识丁的人，通过口头把这些伟大的小说一代一代地传了下来，而不是通过手写方式。

18. a medley of fact and fiction as to material, and a medley of romance and realism as to method 从素材方面来说，事实与虚构杂陈，从写作方法来说，罗曼蒂克与写实手法混用

19. The essential mind of China is still that mind of which George Russell wrote when he said of the Irish mind, so strangely akin to the Chinese, "that mind which in its folk imagination believes anything..." 中国人的基本精神，仍旧是罗素在论及爱尔兰精神时所说的（中国人的精神和爱尔兰人的精神惊人地相似）那种"在人民的想象中什么都相信的精神……"

20. If, as I have said, there are no single names attached beyond question to the great novels of China, it is because no one hand wrote them. 若如我所言，中国的伟大小说绝没有写上个人的名字，就是因为这些小说不是一个人单独写成的。

21. So in early periods of Chinese history, many books must be called not so much novels as source books for novels, the sort of books into which Shakespeare, had they been open to him, might have dipped with both hands to bring up pebbles to make into jewels. 在中国历史早期，许多书与其说是小说，不如说是小说的素材。如果莎士比亚看到这类的书，他也会双手捧读，从中取出石子使它成为珠宝。

22. Humor was strong in this golden age, a racy, earthy, lusty humor. 幽默在这个黄金时代很强烈，那是一种大胆、粗俗、活泼的幽默。

23. These love stories of Tang come very near sometimes to fulfilling in their unity and complexity the standards of the Western novel. 就其完整性和复杂性来讲，唐代的这些爱情故事有时接近西方小说的标准。

24. ...in the Yuan dynasty it flowers into that height which was never again surpassed and only equaled, indeed, by the single novel *Hung Lou Meng*, or *The Dream of the Red Chamber*, in the Tsing dynasty. ……到了元代，中国小说发育成熟，达到了前所未有的高度，只有清代的《红楼梦》才可与之媲美。

25. They, too, were ignored by men of letters and banned by censors and damned in succeeding dynasties as dangerous, revolutionary, decadent. 它们（中国小说）也被文人们所忽视，被审查者查禁，在随后的几个朝代被指责为离经叛道，犯上作乱，有伤风化。

26. The proof of the novel's greatness is in this timelessness. 这部小说的伟大在于它超越了时代。

27. ...he, too, would have been there in all the pathos and humor of his new learning, so often useless and inadequate and laid like a patch too small upon an old robe. ……他一定会感到他的新学悲凉可笑。新学常常没用，文不对题，像旧袍上一块太小的补丁一样。

28. ...was written originally as an autobiographical novel by Ts'ao Hsüeh Ching, an official highly in favor during the Manchu regime （《红楼梦》）最初是曹雪芹的自传体小说，曹雪芹（应该指曹雪芹的父亲）是满族统治时期很受宠的一个官员

29. The preface begins, "Heaven was once broken and when it was mended, a bit was left unused, and this became the famous jade of Chia Pao Yü." Thus does the interest in the supernatural persist in the Chinese people; it persists even today as a part of Chinese life. 本书（《红楼梦》）的序言开始说："天曾经裂开，用石头补好了，有一块石头没有用上，这块石头就成了贾宝玉的那块有名的宝玉"。中国人对神怪事物感兴趣，根深蒂固，如今也是这样，它已成为了中国人生活的一部分。

30. ...a satire upon the evils of the Tsing dynasty, particularly of the scholars, full of a double-edged though not malicious dialogue, rich with incident, pathetic and humorous. （《儒林外史》）讽刺了清朝的弊端、学者的恶习，其对话虽不恶毒，但却语义双关，描写的事件丰富多彩，笔调悲怆而幽

默。

31. The people of China forged their own literature apart from letters. 中国人离开纯文学，创造了自己的文学。

32. And for the novelist the only element is human life as he finds it in himself or outside himself. 唯一令小说家高兴的事就是存在于他自身内部或周围世界的（真实的）人生。

33. But they are people and therefore infinitely to be preferred to those who stand upon the pedestals of art. 他们（中国小说里的人物）是活生生的人物，因此要比那些站在艺术品之上的雕像享有无穷的优先权。

34. They are sounder judges of it than anyone else, for their senses are unspoiled and their emotions are free. 他们（中国的百姓）是小说的可靠的裁判，胜过其他人，因为他们的感官没有被玷污过，他们的感情是自由奔放的。



Czeslaw Milosz

切·米沃什（Czeslaw Milosz，1911—2004），波兰裔美籍诗人。1911年出生于立陶宛维尔诺的一个贵族家庭。当时立陶宛仍然在波兰的版图内。当地语言混杂，但米沃什的家庭从16世纪起就讲波兰语。米沃什在大学里虽然学习的是法律，却已开始诗歌创作。第二次世界大战时，米沃什加入了抵抗组织，并出版诗集《独立之歌》。第二次世界大战后他曾担任波兰外交官，在波兰驻美国和法国使馆负责文化事务。后来与政府决裂去了法国，1960年又从法国移居美国，在加利福尼亚的伯克利大学任教20余年。1989年后，诗人结束了近30年的流亡生活，回到波兰，一直住在克拉科夫。于2004年去世。

尽管一生漂泊不定，且精通多种语言，米沃什仍然把波兰视为祖国，并坚持用波兰语写作。他曾说："我是一个波兰诗人，不是立陶宛诗人。"

米沃什的诗歌主题取材广泛，技巧多样。诗人通常从现实经历及历史的视角出发，以田园诗兼启示录的手法表现出简洁意象。其中所包含的文化渊源、地域知识、哲学思想与诗人的敏感相结合，受到高度赞誉。米沃什在诗歌创作上强调"见证人"的身份，感情沉郁，富于哲理，把传统的波兰诗歌和西方现代诗歌很好地结合在一起，形成了一种坚实硬朗的诗风。出版的诗集有《白书之光》、《诗的论文》、《波别尔王和其他的诗》、《中了魔的古乔》、《没有名字的城市》、《太阳从何处升起，在何处下沉》、《诗歌集》等。

米沃什是20世纪最重要与最恐怖事件的目击者。同时，对于这些事件，他是创新兼反叛的思想者。他被誉为"伟大的波兰人"，"用他的心灵和笔，给我们指路，解析现实，并敦促我们行善"。关于诗歌，他认为"即使其题材与叙事口吻与周围现实完全分离，如果一样能顽

强存在，那就是令我欣赏的诗歌。有力度的诗，或是一首抒情诗，其自身的完美就有一种足够的力量去承受一种现实。”

米沃什于1980年获诺贝尔文学奖。

The Poet and His Poetry

Every poet depends upon generations who wrote in his native tongue; he inherits styles and forms elaborated by those who lived before him. At the same time, though, he feels that those old means of expression are not adequate to his own experience. When adapting himself, he hears an internal voice that warns him against mask and disguise. But when rebelling, he falls in turn into dependence upon his contemporaries, various movements of the avant-garde. Alas, it is enough for him to publish his first volume of poems, to find himself entrapped. For hardly has the print dried, when that work, which seemed to him the most personal, appears to be enmeshed in the style of another. The only way to counter an obscure remorse is to continue searching and to publish a new book, but then everything repeats itself, so there is no end to that chase.[1] And it may happen that leaving books behind as if they were dry snake skins, in a constant escape forward from what has been done in the past, he receives the Nobel Prize.

What is this enigmatic impulse that does not allow one to settle down in the achieved, the finished? I think it is a quest for reality. I give to this word its naive and solemn meaning, a meaning having nothing to do with philosophical debates of the last few centuries. It is the Earth as seen by Nils from the back of the gander and by the author of the Latin ode from the back of Pegasus. Undoubtedly, that Earth is and her riches cannot be

exhausted by any description. To make such an assertion means to reject in advance a question we often hear today, "What is reality?" for it is the same as the question of Pontius Pilate, "What is truth?" If among pairs of opposites which we use every day, the opposition of life and death has such an importance, no less importance should be ascribed to the oppositions of truth and falsehood, of reality and illusion.[2]

It is not easy to distinguish reality from illusion, especially when one lives in a period of the great upheaval that begun a couple of centuries ago on a small western peninsula of the Euro-Asiatic continent, only to encompass the whole planet during one man's lifetime with the uniform worship of science and technology. And it was particularly difficult to oppose multiple intellectual temptations in those areas of Europe where degenerate ideas of dominion over men, akin to the ideas of dominion over Nature, led to paroxysms of revolution and war at the expense of millions of human beings destroyed physically or spiritually. And yet perhaps our most precious acquisition is not an understanding of those ideas, which we touched in their most tangible shape, but respect and gratitude for certain things which protect people from internal disintegration and from yielding to tyranny.[3] Precisely for that reason some ways of life, some institutions became a target for the fury of evil forces, above all, the bonds between people that exist organically, as if by themselves, sustained by family, religion, neighborhood, common heritage. In other words, all that disorderly, illogical humanity, so often branded as ridiculous because of its parochial attachments and loyalties. In many countries traditional bonds of civitas have been subject to a gradual erosion and their inhabitants become disinherited without realizing it. It is not the same, however, in those areas where suddenly, in a situation of utter peril, a protective, life-giving value of such bonds reveals itself.[4] That is the case of my native land. And I feel this is a proper place to mention gifts received by myself and by my friends in our part of Europe and to pronounce words of blessing.

It is good to be born in a small country where Nature was on a human scale, where various languages and religions cohabited for centuries. I have in mind Lithuania, a country of myths and of poetry. My family already in the Sixteenth Century spoke Polish, just as many families in Finland spoke Swedish and in Ireland English; so I am a Polish, not a Lithuanian, poet. But the landscapes and perhaps the spirits of Lithuania have never abandoned me. It is good in childhood to hear words of Latin liturgy, to translate Ovid in high school, to receive a good training in Roman Catholic dogmatics and apologetics. It is a blessing if one receives from fate school and university studies in such a city as Vilno. A bizarre city of baroque architecture transplanted to northern forests and of history fixed in every stone, a city of forty Roman Catholic churches and of numerous synagogues. In those days the Jews called it a Jerusalem of the North. Only when teaching in America did I fully realize how much I had absorbed from the thick walls of our ancient university, from formulas of Roman law learned by heart, from history and literature of old Poland, both of which surprise young Americans by their specific features: an indulgent anarchy, a humor disarming fierce quarrels, a sense of organic community, a mistrust of any centralized authority.[5]

A poet who grew up in such a world should have been a seeker for reality through contemplation. A patriarchal order should have been dear to him, a sound of bells, an isolation from pressures and the persistent demands of his fellow men, silence of a cloister cell. If books were to linger on a table, then they should be those which deal with the most incomprehensible quality of God-created things, namely being, the *esse*. But suddenly all this is negated by demoniac doings of History which acquires the traits of a bloodthirsty Deity. The Earth which the poet viewed in his flight calls with a cry, indeed, out of the abyss and doesn't allow itself to be viewed *from above*. An insoluble contradiction appears, a terribly real one, giving no peace of mind either day or night, whatever we

call it, it is the contradiction between being and action, or, on another level, a contradiction between art and solidarity with one's fellow men. Reality calls for a name, for words, but it is unbearable and if it is touched, if it draws very close, the poet's mouth cannot even utter a complaint of Job: all art proves to be nothing compared with action. Yet, to embrace reality in such a manner that it is preserved in all its old tangle of good and evil, of despair and hope, is possible only thanks to a distance, only by soaring *above* it—but this in turn seems then a moral treason.[6]

Such was the contradiction at the very core of conflicts engendered by the Twentieth Century and discovered by poets of an Earth polluted by the crime of genocide. What are the thoughts of one of them, who wrote a certain number of poems which remain as a memorial, as a testimony? He thinks that they were born out of a painful contradiction and that he would prefer to have been able to resolve it while leaving them unwritten.

A patron saint of all poets in exile, who visit their towns and provinces only in remembrance, is always Dante. The exile of a poet is today a simple function of a relatively recent discovery: that whoever wields power is also able to control language and not only with the prohibitions of censorship, but also by changing the meaning of words. A peculiar phenomenon makes its appearance: the language of a captive community acquires certain durable habits; whole zones of reality cease to exist simply because they have no name. There is, it seems, a hidden link between theories of literature as *Écriture*, of speech feeding on itself, and the growth of the totalitarian state. In any case, there is no reason why the state should not tolerate an activity that consists of creating "experimental" poems and prose, if these are conceived as autonomous systems of reference, enclosed within their own boundaries. Only if we assume that a poet constantly strives to liberate himself from borrowed styles in search for reality, is he dangerous. In a room where people unanimously maintain a conspiracy of silence, one word of truth sounds like a pistol shot. And,

alas, a temptation to pronounce it, similar to an acute itching, becomes an obsession which doesn't allow one to think of anything else.[7] That is why a poet chooses internal or external exile. It is not certain, however, that he is motivated exclusively by his concern with actuality. He may also desire to free himself from it and elsewhere, in other countries, on other shores, to recover, at least for short moments, his true vocation—which is to contemplate Being.

That hope is illusory, for those who come from the "other Europe," wherever they find themselves, notice to what extent their experiences isolate them from their new milieu—and this may become the source of a new obsession. Our planet that gets smaller every year, with its fantastic proliferation of mass media, is witnessing a process that escapes definition, characterized by a refusal to remember. Certainly, the illiterates of past centuries, then an enormous majority of mankind, knew little of the history of their respective countries and of their civilization. In the minds of modern illiterates, however, who know how to read and write and even teach in schools and at universities, history is present but blurred, in a state of strange confusion: Molière becomes a contemporary of Napoleon, Voltaire, a contemporary of Lenin.[8] Also, events of the last decades, of such primary importance that knowledge or ignorance of them will be decisive for the future of mankind, move away, grow pale, lose all consistency as if Frederic Nietzsche's prediction of European nihilism found a literal fulfillment. "The eye of a nihilist," he wrote in 1887, "is unfaithful to his memories: it allows them to drop, to lose their leaves... And what he does not do for himself, he also does not do for the whole past of mankind: he lets it drop." We are surrounded today by fictions about the past, contrary to common sense and to an elementary perception of good and evil. As *The Los Angeles Times* recently stated, the number of books in various languages which deny that the Holocaust ever took place, that it was invented by Jewish propaganda, has exceeded one hundred. If

such an insanity is possible, is a complete loss of memory as a permanent state of mind improbable? And would it not present a danger more grave than genetic engineering or poisoning of the natural environment?[9]

For the poet of the "other Europe" the events embraced by the name of the Holocaust are a reality, so close in time that he cannot hope to liberate himself from their remembrance unless, perhaps, by translating the Psalms of David. He feels anxiety, though, when the meaning of the word Holocaust undergoes gradual modifications, so that the word begins to belong to the history of the Jews exclusively, as if among the victims there were not also millions of Poles, Russians, Ukrainians and prisoners of other nationalities. He feels anxiety, for he senses in this a foreboding of a not distant future when history will be reduced to what appears on television, while the truth, as it is too complicated, will be buried in the archives, if not totally annihilated.[10] Other facts as well, facts for him quite close but distant for the West, add in his mind to the credibility of H. G. Wells' vision in *The Time Machine*: the Earth inhabited by a tribe of children of the day, carefree, deprived of memory and, by the same token, of history, without defense when confronted with dwellers of subterranean caves, cannibalistic children of the night.

Carried forward, as we are, by the movement of technological change, we realize that the unification of our planet is in the making and we attach importance to the notion of international community. The days when the League of Nations and the United Nations were founded deserve to be remembered. Unfortunately, those dates lose their significance in comparison with another date which should be invoked every year as a day of mourning, while it is hardly known to younger generations. It is the date of 23 August 1939. Two dictators then concluded an agreement provided with a secret clause by the virtue of which they divided between themselves neighboring countries possessing their own capitals, governments and parliaments. That pact not only unleashed a terrible war;

it re-established a colonial principle, according to which nations are not more than cattle, bought, sold, completely dependent upon the will of their instant masters. Their borders, their right to self-determination, their passports ceased to exist.[11] And it should be a source of wonder that today people speak in a whisper, with a finger to their lips, about how that principle was applied by the dictators forty years ago.

Crimes against human rights, never confessed and never publicly denounced, are a poison which destroys the possibility of a friendship between nations. Anthologies of Polish poetry publish poems of my late friends—Wladyslaw Sebyla and Lech Piwowar, and give the date of their deaths: 1940. It is absurd not to be able to write how they perished, though everybody in Poland knows the truth: they shared the fate of several thousand Polish officers disarmed and interned by the then accomplices of Hitler, and they repose in a mass grave. And should not the young generations of the West, if they study history at all, hear about the 200,000 people killed in 1944 in Warsaw, a city sentenced to annihilation by those two accomplices?[12]

The two genocidal dictators are no more and yet, who knows whether they did not gain a victory more durable than those of their armies. In spite of the Atlantic Charter, the principle that nations are objects of trade, if not chips in games of cards or dice, has been confirmed by the division of Europe into two zones. The absence of the three Baltic states from the United Nations is a permanent reminder of the two dictators' legacy. Before the war those states belonged to the League of Nations but they disappeared from the map of Europe as a result of the secret clause in the agreement of 1939.

I hope you forgive my laying bare a memory like a wound. During the thirty years I have spent abroad I have felt I was more privileged than my Western colleagues, whether writers or teachers of literature, for events both recent and long past took in my mind a sharply delineated, precise

form. Western audiences confronted with poems or novels written in Poland, Czechoslovakia or Hungary, or with films produced there, possibly intuit a similarly sharpened consciousness, in a constant struggle against limitations imposed by censorship. Memory thus is our force, it protects us against a speech entwining upon itself like the ivy when it does not find a support on a tree or a wall.

A few minutes ago I expressed my longing for the end of a contradiction which opposes the poet's need of distance to his feeling of solidarity with his fellow men. And yet, if we take a flight *above* the Earth as a metaphor of the poet's vocation, it is not difficult to notice that a kind of contradiction is implied, even in those epochs when the poet is relatively free from the snares of History. For how to be *above* and simultaneously to see the Earth in every detail? And yet, in a precarious balance of opposites, a certain equilibrium can be achieved thanks to a distance introduced by the flow of time. "To see" means not only to have before one's eyes. It may mean also to preserve in memory. "To see and to describe" may also mean to reconstruct in imagination. A distance achieved, thanks to the mystery of time, must not change events, landscapes, human figures into a tangle of shadows growing paler and paler. On the contrary, it can show them in full light, so that every event, every date becomes expressive and persists as an eternal reminder of human depravity and human greatness. Those who are alive receive a mandate from those who are silent forever. They can fulfill their duties only by trying to reconstruct precisely things as they were, and by wresting the past from fictions and legends.[13]

Thus both—the Earth seen from above in an eternal now and the Earth that endures in a recovered time—may serve as material for poetry. I would not like to create the impression that my mind is turned toward the past, for that would not be true. Like all my contemporaries I have felt the pull of despair, of impending doom, and reproached myself for

succumbing to a nihilistic temptation. Yet on a deeper level, I believe, my poetry remained sane and, in a dark age, expressed a longing for the Kingdom of Peace and Justice. The name of a man who taught me not to despair should be invoked here. We receive gifts not only from our native land, its lakes and rivers, its traditions, but also from people, especially if we meet a powerful personality in our early youth.[14] It was my good fortune to be treated nearly as a son by my relative Oscar Milosz, a Parisian recluse and a visionary. (He was also a French poet) I learned much from him. He gave me a deeper insight into the religion of the Old and New Testament and inculcated a need for a strict, ascetic hierarchy in all matters of mind, including everything that pertains to art, where as a major sin he considered putting the second-rate on the same level with the first-rate. Primarily, though, I listened to him as a prophet who loved people, as he says, "with old love worn out by pity, loneliness and anger" and for that reason tried to address a warning to a crazy world rushing towards a catastrophe.[15] That a catastrophe was imminent, I heard from him, but also I heard from him that the great conflagration he predicted would be merely a part of a larger drama to be played to the end.

He saw deeper causes in an erroneous direction taken by science in the Eighteenth Century, a direction which provoked landslide effects. Not unlike William Blake before him, he announced a New Age, a second renaissance of imagination now polluted by a certain type of scientific knowledge, but, as he believed, not by all scientific knowledge, least of all by science that would be discovered by men of the future. And it does not matter to what extent I took his predictions literally: a general orientation was enough.

Our century draws to its close, and largely thanks to those influences I would not dare to curse it, for it has also been a century of faith and hope. A profound transformation, of which we are hardly aware, because we are a part of it, has been taking place, coming to the surface from time to time

in phenomena that provoke general astonishment. That transformation has to do, and I use here words of Oscar Milosz, with "the deepest secret of toiling masses, more than ever alive, vibrant and tormented." Their secret, an unavowed need of true values, finds no language to express itself and here not only the mass media but also intellectuals bear a heavy responsibility.

But transformation has been going on, defying short-term predictions, and it is probable that in spite of all horrors and perils, our time will be judged as a necessary phase of travail before mankind ascends to a new awareness. Then a new hierarchy of merits will emerge, and I am convinced that Simone Weil and Oscar Milosz, writers in whose school I obediently studied, will receive their due. I feel we should publicly confess our attachment to certain names because in that way we define our position more forcefully than by pronouncing the names of those to whom we would like to address a violent "no."[16] My hope is that in this lecture, in spite of my meandering thought, which is a professional bad habit of poets, my "yes" and "no" are clearly stated, at least as to the choice of succession. For we all who are here, both the speaker and you who listen, are no more than links between the past and the future.

Notes

1. The only way to counter an obscure remorse is to continue searching and to publish a new book, but then everything repeats itself, so there is no end to that chase. 不向悔恨妥协的唯一途径就是继续探索，出版第二本诗集，但这一切又是在重复，这种追求永无止境。
2. If among pairs of opposites which we use every day, the opposition of life and death has such an importance, no less importance should be ascribed to the oppositions of truth and falsehood, of reality and illusion. 如果日常生活的对立关系中，生和死的关系举足轻重，那么真与假、现实与幻想之

间的关系也同样重要。

3. And yet perhaps our most precious acquisition is not an understanding of those ideas, which we touched in their most tangible shape, but respect and gratitude for certain things which protect people from internal disintegration and from yielding to tyranny. 对那些难以捉摸的概念的把握和理解并不是最可贵的收获，最可贵的收获是对于保护着我们不至于自行瓦解或屈服于暴政的东西所怀有的尊重和感激。

4. In many countries traditional bonds of civitas have been subject to a gradual erosion and their inhabitants become disinherited without realizing it. It is not the same, however, in those areas where suddenly, in a situation of utter peril, a protective, life-giving value of such bonds reveals itself. 在许多国家，民间传统的纽带已日渐消融，当地的人们在不知不觉中丢掉了这些传统。不过，在某些极端危险的情况下，那些有生命力的起保护性作用的纽带又会在这些地区突然显示出它们的价值来，人们又会去找回这些传统。

5. Only when teaching in America did I fully realize how much I had absorbed from the thick walls of our ancient university, from formulas of Roman law learned by heart, from history and literature of old Poland, both of which surprise young Americans by their specific features: an indulgent anarchy, a humor disarming fierce quarrels, a sense of organic community, a mistrust of any centralized authority. 只有当我在美国教书时，才完全意识到，我从那所古老的大学里，从背诵的天主教规中，从悠久的波兰历史和文学中，学到了很多东西。在波兰历史和文学中，人们可以读到一种根深蒂固的无政府主义，一种能够消解宿怨的幽默，一种自然和谐相处的艺术，一种对任何中央集权的鄙视，这使得美国学生大为惊诧。

6. Reality calls for a name, for words, but it is unbearable and if it is touched, if it draws very close, the poet's mouth cannot even utter a complaint of Job: all art proves to be nothing compared with action. Yet, to embrace reality in such a manner that it is preserved in all its old tangle of good and evil, of despair and hope, is possible only thanks to a distance, only by soaring *above* it—but

this in turn seems then a moral treason. 现实需要名称，需要解释，而一旦有了语言解释又无法忍受。假如和现实接触得很近，诗人难以启口说出约伯的怨言：与行动相比较，一切艺术都是零。然而，要想用一种特殊的方式去接近现实，保留它的原有的善恶、绝望与失望，那只有和现实保持一定的距离，也就是在现实之上飞翔才能做到，而这样一来又成了一种道义上的背叛。

7. Only if we assume that a poet constantly strives to liberate himself from borrowed styles in search for reality, is he dangerous. In a room where people unanimously maintain a conspiracy of silence, one word of truth sounds like a pistol shot. And, alas, a temptation to pronounce it, similar to an acute itching, becomes an obsession which doesn't allow one to think of anything else. 我们只能假设诗人在追求现实的过程中不断努力从别人的风格中解脱出来，否则他就总是处于危险之中。在人们决心保持沉默的空间里，一句真理会像枪声一样惊人。可是人们想说话的欲望就像难忍的痒痒，无法顾及其他。

8. In the minds of modern illiterates, however, who know how to read and write and even teach in schools and at universities, history is present but blurred, in a state of strange confusion： Molière becomes a contemporary of Napoleon, Voltaire, a contemporary of Lenin. 然而，现代的文盲能读会写甚至还在学校教书，在他们的眼里历史就是眼前的同时又是模糊不清的，是一片奇怪的混乱：莫里哀与拿破仑同时代，伏尔泰和列宁也成了同时代的人。

9. As *The Los Angeles Times* recently stated, the number of books in various languages which deny that the Holocaust ever took place, that it was invented by Jewish propaganda, has exceeded one hundred. If such an insanity is possible, is a complete loss of memory as a permanent state of mind improbable? And would it not present a danger more grave than genetic engineering or poisoning of the natural environment? 《洛杉矶时报》最近指出：说大屠杀是犹太人的宣传，否认大屠杀存在事实的各种文字的书超过了一百本。如果这种疯狂的状态被允许，那么人脑怎么不可能永远完全地丧失记忆呢？它带来的危险超过了遗传工程和环境污染。

10. He feels anxiety, for he senses in this a foreboding of a not distant future when history will be reduced to what appears on television, while the truth, as it is too complicated, will be buried in the archives, if not totally annihilated. 他焦虑，因为他感到不远的将来历史将降低到电视片的水平，而复杂的事实，如果不是被完全销毁，也是被埋葬在档案中。

11. That pact not only unleashed a terrible war; it re-established a colonial principle, according to which nations are not more than cattle, bought, sold, completely dependent upon the will of their instant masters. Their borders, their right to self-determination, their passports ceased to exist. 那个条约不仅导致了一场可怕的战争，还重新建立了殖民主义原则，依据这一原则那些国家任由主子们像牛羊一样买卖宰割，那些国家的边界线、自决权和护照统统都没有了。

12. And should not the young generations of the West, if they study history at all, hear about the 200,000 people killed in 1944 in Warsaw, a city sentenced to annihilation by those two accomplices? 难道西方的年轻人不应该知道（如果他们也学习点历史的话）1944年在华沙有20万人被屠杀，华沙被两个罪犯置于了死地？

13. On the contrary, it can show them in full light, so that every event, every date becomes expressive and persists as an eternal reminder of human depravity and human greatness. Those who are alive receive a mandate from those who are silent forever. They can fulfill their duties only by trying to reconstruct precisely things as they were, and by wresting the past from fictions and legends. 相反，时间造成的距离感会使事件更加光彩夺目，每个事件每一时刻都有意义，它们成为了人类苦难及人性光辉的永恒的纪念碑。活着的人从安息的人手中接过使命，通过重构事件的真实面貌，与虚构和传说搏斗，得以完成这些任务。

14. The name of a man who taught me not to despair should be invoked here. We receive gifts not only from our native land, its lakes and rivers, its traditions, but also from people, especially if we meet a powerful personality in our early youth. 在这儿我应该提及那个教导我不要失望的人。我们不仅仅是

从故乡的山水传统中汲取养分，我们还从人们，特别是在年轻时我们结识的有鲜明个性的人那里得到教诲。

15. Primarily, though, I listened to him as a prophet who loved people, as he says, "with old love worn out by pity, loneliness and anger" and for that reason tried to address a warning to a crazy world rushing towards a catastrophe. 我基本上把他当作了一名预言家。他说他热爱人类，他的爱是"快被可怜、孤独和愤怒耗尽了的爱"。因此他试图警告世人，这个疯狂的世界正在冲向灾难。

16. I feel we should publicly confess our attachment to certain names because in that way we define our position more forcefully than by pronouncing the names of those to whom we would like to address a violent "no." 我感到，我们应该公开承认我们赞成某些东西，因为只有这样才能更加有力地坚持我们的立场。这比对某些东西只说"不"要好得多。



Gabriel García Márquez

加夫列尔·加西亚·马尔克斯（Gabriel García Márquez, 1928— ），哥伦比亚作家，1928年出生于加勒比海之滨的阿拉卡塔卡镇。当过新闻记者和电影编剧。1947年开始发表小说，主要作品有短篇小说集《蓝宝石般的眼睛》、《格兰德大妈的葬礼》，中篇小说《没有人给他写信的上校》、《一件事先张扬的凶杀案》，长篇小说《百年孤独》、《家长的没落》、《霍乱时期的爱情》、《迷宫中的将军》、《绑架轶事》等等。

被誉为"再现拉丁美洲历史社会图景的鸿篇巨著"的《百年孤独》，是加西亚·马尔克斯的代表作，也是拉丁美洲魔幻现实主义文学作品的代表作。全书内容庞杂，人物众多，情节曲折离奇，再加上神话故事，宗教典故、民间传说以及作家独创的从未来的角度来回忆过去的新颖倒叙手法等等，令人眼花缭乱。但阅毕全书，读者可以领悟，作家是要通过布恩地亚家族7代人充满神秘色彩的坎坷经历来反映哥伦比亚乃至拉丁美洲的历史演变和社会现实，要求读者思考造成马贡多百年孤独的原因，从而去寻找摆脱命运捉弄的正确途径。加西亚·马尔克斯创造了一个想象的世界，在那里，"神奇与真实相聚"。加西亚·马尔克斯遵循"变现实为幻想而又不失其真"的魔幻现实主义创作原则，经过巧妙的构思和想象，把触目惊心的现实和源于神话传说的幻想结合起来，形成色彩斑斓、风格独特的图画，使读者在"似是而非，似非而是"的形象中，获得一种似曾相识又觉陌生的感受，从而激起寻根溯源去追索作家创作真谛的愿望。作为一个天才的、赢得广泛赞誉的小说家，加西亚·马尔克斯将现实主义与幻想结合起来，创造了一部风云变幻的哥伦比亚和整个南美大陆的神话般的历史。

《百年孤独》是现代世界文学宝库的一颗璀璨明珠，不仅使加西亚·马尔克斯誉满全球，而且为他摘取了1982年度诺贝尔文学奖。此

作对当代文学影响多多，其深广程度难以估量。

加西亚·马尔克斯的这篇演讲宣读后立刻成为重要文献，在许多的期刊上刊登和重印，并被广泛传播。加西亚·马尔克斯历数拉丁美洲一如既往的奇异的同时，历数着多少个世纪以来看起来是虚构、然而却是千真万确的事件。这篇演讲又是一个令人感动的呼吁，它呼吁人们理解和支持拉丁美洲人民反对不公正、要求自决权和自我完善的斗争。马尔克斯也充满乐观地赞美进步与世界上人类生命的增长。尽管人们可以轻易地毁灭自己，但加西亚·马尔克斯指出：相信一个美好的未来还为时不晚，那是“一个新的、真正的理想王国，在那里没有人能决定他人的生活或死亡的方式，爱情将变为现实，幸福将成为可能；在那里，那些注定要忍受百年孤独的民族，将最终也是永远得到再次在世界上生存的机会”。

The Solitude of Latin America

Antonio Pigafetta, a Florentine navigator who went with Magellan on the first voyage around the world, wrote, upon his passage through our southern lands of America, a strictly accurate account that nonetheless resembles a venture into fantasy. In it he recorded that he had seen hogs with navels on their haunches, clawless birds whose hens laid eggs on the backs of their mates, and others still, resembling tongueless pelicans, with beaks like spoons. He wrote of having seen a misbegotten creature with the head and ears of a mule, a camel's body, the legs of a deer and the whinny of a horse.[1] He described how the first native encountered in Patagonia was confronted with a mirror, whereupon that impassioned giant lost his senses to the terror of his own image.

This short and fascinating book, which even then contained the seeds

of our present-day novels, is by no means the most staggering account of our reality in that age. The Chronicles of the Indies left us countless others. Eldorado, our so avidly sought and illusory land, appeared on numerous maps for many a long year, shifting its place and form to suit the fantasy of cartographers. In his search for the fountain of eternal youth, the mythical Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca explored the north of Mexico for eight years, in a deluded expedition whose members devoured each other and only five of whom returned, of the six hundred who had undertaken it. One of the many unfathomed mysteries of that age is that of the eleven thousand mules, each loaded with one hundred pounds of gold, that left Cuzco one day to pay the ransom of Atahualpa and never reached their destination. Subsequently, in colonial times, hens were sold in Cartagena de Indias, that had been raised on alluvial land and whose gizzards contained tiny lumps of gold. One founder's lust for gold beset us until recently. As late as the last century, a German mission appointed to study the construction of an interoceanic railroad across the Isthmus of Panama concluded that the project was feasible on one condition: that the rails not be made of iron, which was scarce in the region, but of gold.

Our independence from Spanish domination did not put us beyond the reach of madness. General Antonio López de Santana, three times dictator of Mexico, held a magnificent funeral for the right leg he had lost in the so-called Pastry War. General Gabriel García Moreno ruled Ecuador for sixteen years as an absolute monarch; at his wake, the corpse was seated on the presidential chair, decked out in full-dress uniform and a protective layer of medals. General Maximiliano Hernández Martínez, the theosophical despot of El Salvador who had thirty thousand peasants slaughtered in a savage massacre, invented a pendulum to detect poison in his food, and had streetlamps draped in red paper to defeat an epidemic of scarlet fever. The statue to General Francisco Morazán erected in the main square of Tegucigalpa is actually one of Marshal Ney, purchased at a Paris

warehouse of second-hand sculptures.

Eleven years ago, the Chilean Pablo Neruda, one of the outstanding poets of our time, enlightened this audience with his word. Since then, the Europeans of good will—and sometimes those of bad, as well—have been struck, with ever greater force, by the unearthly tidings of Latin America, that boundless realm of haunted men and historic women, whose unending obstinacy blurs into legend.[2] We have not had a moment's rest. A promethean president, entrenched in his burning palace, died fighting an entire army, alone; and two suspicious airplane accidents, yet to be explained, cut short the life of another great-hearted president and that of a democratic soldier who had revived the dignity of his people. There have been five wars and seventeen military coups; there emerged a diabolic dictator who is carrying out, in God's name, the first Latin American ethnocide of our time. In the meantime, twenty million Latin American children died before the age of one—more than have been born in Europe since 1970. Those missing because of repression number nearly one hundred and twenty thousand, which is as if no one could account for all the inhabitants of Uppsala. Numerous women arrested while pregnant have given birth in Argentine prisons, yet nobody knows the whereabouts and identity of their children who were furtively adopted or sent to an orphanage by order of the military authorities. Because they tried to change this state of things, nearly two hundred thousand men and women have died throughout the continent, and over one hundred thousand have lost their lives in three small and ill-fated countries of Central America: Nicaragua, El Salvador and Guatemala. If this had happened in the United States, the corresponding figure would be that of one million six hundred thousand violent deaths in four years.

One million people have fled Chile, a country with a tradition of hospitality—that is, ten per cent of its population. Uruguay, a tiny nation of two and a half million inhabitants which considered itself the

continent's most civilized country, has lost to exile one out of every five citizens. Since 1979, the civil war in El Salvador has produced almost one refugee every twenty minutes. The country that could be formed of all the exiles and forced emigrants of Latin America would have a population larger than that of Norway.[3]

I dare to think that it is this outsized reality, and not just its literary expression, that has deserved the attention of the Swedish Academy of Letters. A reality not of paper, but one that lives within us and determines each instant of our countless daily deaths, and that nourishes a source of insatiable creativity, full of sorrow and beauty, of which this roving and nostalgic Colombian is but one cipher more, singled out by fortune.[4] Poets and beggars, musicians and prophets, warriors and scoundrels, all creatures of that unbridled reality, we have had to ask but little of imagination, for our crucial problem has been a lack of conventional means to render our lives believable. This, my friends, is the crux of our solitude.

And if these difficulties, whose essence we share, hinder us, it is understandable that the rational talents on this side of the world, exalted in the contemplation of their own cultures, should have found themselves without valid means to interpret us. It is only natural that they insist on measuring us with the yardstick that they use for themselves, forgetting that the ravages of life are not the same for all, and that the quest of our own identity is just as arduous and bloody for us as it was for them. The interpretation of our reality through patterns not our own, serves only to make us ever more unknown, ever less free, ever more solitary.[5] Venerable Europe would perhaps be more perceptive if it tried to see us in its own past. If only it recalled that London took three hundred years to build its first city wall, and three hundred years more to acquire a bishop; that Rome labored in a gloom of uncertainty for twenty centuries, until an Etruscan King anchored it in history; and that the peaceful Swiss of today, who feast us with their mild cheeses and apathetic watches, bloodied

Europe as soldiers of fortune, as late as the Sixteenth Century. Even at the height of the Renaissance, twelve thousand lansquenets in the pay of the imperial armies sacked and devastated Rome and put eight thousand of its inhabitants to the sword.

I do not mean to embody the illusions of Tonio Kröger, whose dreams of uniting a chaste north to a passionate south were exalted here, fifty-three years ago, by Thomas Mann. But I do believe that those clear-sighted Europeans who struggle, here as well, for a more just and humane homeland, could help us far better if they reconsidered their way of seeing us.[6] Solidarity with our dreams will not make us feel less alone, as long as it is not translated into concrete acts of legitimate support for all the peoples that assume the illusion of having a life of their own in the distribution of the world.

Latin America neither wants, nor has any reason, to be a pawn without a will of its own; nor is it merely wishful thinking that its quest for independence and originality should become a Western aspiration.[7] However, the navigational advances that have narrowed such distances between our Americas and Europe seem, conversely, to have accentuated our cultural remoteness. Why is the originality so readily granted us in literature so mistrustfully denied us in our difficult attempts at social change? Why think that the social justice sought by progressive Europeans for their own countries cannot also be a goal for Latin America, with different methods for dissimilar conditions? No: the immeasurable violence and pain of our history are the result of age-old inequities and untold bitterness, and not a conspiracy plotted three thousand leagues from our home. But many European leaders and thinkers have thought so, with the childishness of old-timers who have forgotten the fruitful excess of their youth as if it were impossible to find another destiny than to live at the mercy of the two great masters of the world. This, my friends, is the very scale of our solitude.

In spite of this, to oppression, plundering and abandonment, we respond with life. Neither floods nor plagues, famines nor cataclysms, nor even the eternal wars of century upon century, have been able to subdue the persistent advantage of life over death.[8] An advantage that grows and quickens: every year, there are seventy-four million more births than deaths, a sufficient number of new lives to multiply, each year, the population of New York sevenfold. Most of these births occur in the countries of least resources—including, of course, those of Latin America. Conversely, the most prosperous countries have succeeded in accumulating powers of destruction such as to annihilate, a hundred times over, not only all the human beings that have existed to this day, but also the totality of all living beings that have ever drawn breath on this planet of misfortune.

On a day like today, my master William Faulkner said, "I decline to accept the end of man." I would fall unworthy of standing in this place that was his, if I were not fully aware that the colossal tragedy he refused to recognize thirty-two years ago is now, for the first time since the beginning of humanity, nothing more than a simple scientific possibility. Faced with this awesome reality that must have seemed a mere utopia through all of human time, we, the inventors of tales, who will believe anything, feel entitled to believe that it is not yet too late to engage in the creation of the opposite utopia. A new and sweeping utopia of life, where no one will be able to decide for others how they die, where love will prove true and happiness be possible, and where the races condemned to one hundred years of solitude will have, at last and forever, a second opportunity on earth.[9]

Notes

1. He wrote of having seen a misbegotten creature with the head and ears of a mule, a camel's body, the legs of a deer and the whinny of a horse. 他写到他

见过一种出生错了的动物，长有驴的头和耳朵、骆驼的身子、鹿的腿，发出马的叫声。

2. Since then, the Europeans of good will—and sometimes those of bad, as well—have been struck, with ever greater force, by the unearthly tidings of Latin America, that boundless realm of haunted men and historic women, whose unending obstinacy blurs into legend. 自那时起，怀有善良愿望的欧洲人（也有些是怀有恶意的欧洲人）被拉丁美洲越来越大的神秘力量所震撼。在拉丁美洲，男人一个个都很有魔力，女人一个个都很有名，他们倔强的生命演变成传奇故事。

3. The country that could be formed of all the exiles and forced emigrants of Latin America would have a population larger than that of Norway. 让拉丁美洲所有的遭流放、被迫移民的人组成一个国家，那它的人口将会超过挪威。

4. A reality not of paper, but one that lives within us and determines each instant of our countless daily deaths, and that nourishes a source of insatiable creativity, full of sorrow and beauty, of which this roving and nostalgic Colombian is but one cipher more, singled out by fortune. 这不是写出来的现实，而是存在于我们的生活之中，每时每刻每天都在发生的无数惨剧的现实。这种现实滋养了永无止境的创造力的源泉，这种现实充满了悲伤和美丽。流浪而思乡的哥伦比亚人只是被命运选出来的多余的人，他们正是悲伤但美丽的现实。

5. It is only natural that they insist on measuring us with the yardstick that they use for themselves, forgetting that the ravages of life are not the same for all, and that the quest of our own identity is just as arduous and bloody for us as it was for them. The interpretation of our reality through patterns not our own, serves only to make us ever more unknown, ever less free, ever more solitary. 他们坚持用衡量他们自己的尺度来衡量我们，忘记了生活给我们造成的创伤不同，也忘记了我们和他们一样在探求自我意识的过程也是艰巨而充满血泪，那这一切都是自然的。他们用不属于我们的模式来解释我们的现实，使我们越来越不可知，越来越不自由，越来越孤独。

6. But I do believe that those clear-sighted Europeans who struggle, here as well, for a more just and humane homeland, could help us far better if they reconsidered their way of seeing us. 我确信那些有眼光的欧洲人。他们也在为一个更加公正、更加人道的国土而奋斗。如果他们能重新考虑看待我们的方式，才能更好地帮助我们。

7. Latin America neither wants, nor has any reason, to be a pawn without a will of its own; nor is it merely wishful thinking that its quest for independence and originality should become a Western aspiration. 拉丁美洲既不想也毫无理由变成没有自己的意志的走卒。他们追求独立和创新意识的愿望也应该是西方人的愿望。

8. In spite of this, to oppression, plundering and abandonment, we respond with life. Neither floods nor plagues, famines nor cataclysms, nor even the eternal wars of century upon century, have been able to subdue the persistent advantage of life over death. 尽管有这样的情况，我们誓死来反抗压迫、掠夺和抛弃。任何的洪水、瘟疫、饥荒和灾难，甚至是几百年持续不停的战争都不能使生命屈服于死亡。

9. A new and sweeping utopia of life, where no one will be able to decide for others how they die, where love will prove true and happiness be possible, and where the races condemned to one hundred years of solitude will have, at last and forever, a second opportunity on earth. 那是一个强有力的新的乌托邦。在那里，没有人能决定别人如何死去；在那里，爱是真实的，幸福是可能的；在那里，那些注定要忍受百年孤独的民族将会最终拥有永远地屹立于人世的机会。



William Golding

威廉·戈尔丁（William Golding, 1911—1993），英国小说家。1911年9月11日出生于康沃尔。1935年毕业于牛津大学。第二次世界大战期间曾在英国海军服役。后长期在学校任教。早年发表过诗作，后写小说，以长篇小说《蝇王》(1955)闻名。其他小说还有《继承人》(1955)、《品彻·马丁》(1956)、《塔尖》(1964)和《金字塔》(1967)等。他也写过剧本《铜蝴蝶》(1958)和广播剧《碎心》(1962)。他在作品中探索人与社会的关系，把人的行为看作是一种道德的表现，并认为社会的弊病也由于人性本身的弊病所造成。如《蝇王》描写一群流落在孤岛的孩子，由于离开了文明社会而使人性中某些固有的本能得到充分发展，因而变成了残杀同类的野蛮人。这部小说着重刻画了人在不受约束时内心的恶毒，虽然在某种程度上作者也承认人性中潜藏着善良的一面，以及善与恶之间存在着斗争。这种观点反映了经过两次世界大战后西方对人性恶的恐惧。戈尔丁又被称为寓言家和道德家，他作品中严肃的主题往往用象征手法加以体现，文笔洗练，有独创性。

戈尔丁获得1983年诺贝尔文学奖。

The Novel

Those of you who have some knowledge of your present speaker as revealed by the loftier-minded section of the British Press will be resigning yourselves to a half hour of unrelieved gloom.[1] Indeed, your first view of

me, white bearded and ancient, may have turned that gloom into profound dark; dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, irrecoverably dark, total eclipse. But the case is not as hard as that. I am among the older of the Nobel Laureates and therefore might well be excused a touch of—let me whisper the word—frivolity. Pray do not misunderstand me. I have no dancing girls, alas. I shall not sing to you or juggle or clown—or shall I juggle? I wonder! How can a man who has been defined as a pessimist indulge in anything as frivolous as juggling?[2]

You see it is hard enough at any age to address so learned a gathering as this. The very thought induces a certain solemnity. Then again, what about the dignity of age? There is, they say, no fool like an old fool. Well, there is no fool like a middle-aged fool either.[3] Twenty-five years ago I accepted the label "pessimist" thoughtlessly without realising that it was going to be tied to my tail, as it were, in something the way that, to take an example from another art, Rachmaninoff's famous Prelude in C sharp minor was tied to him. No audience would allow him off the concert platform until he played it. Similarly critics have dug into my books until they could come up with something that looked hopeless.[4] I can't think why. I don't feel hopeless myself. Indeed I tried to reverse the process by explaining myself. Under some critical interrogation I named myself a universal pessimist but a cosmic optimist. I should have thought that anyone with an ear for language would understand that I was allowing more connotation than denotation to the word "cosmic" though in derivation universal and cosmic mean the same thing. I meant, of course, that when I consider a universe which the scientist constructs by a set of rules which stipulate that this construct must be repeatable and identical, then I am a pessimist and bow down before the great god Entropy. I am optimistic when I consider the spiritual dimension which the scientist's discipline forces him to ignore.[5] So worldwide is the fame of the Nobel Prize that people have taken to quoting from my works and I do not see

why I should not join in this fashionable pastime. Twenty years ago I tried to put the difference between the two kinds of experience in the mind of one of my characters, and made a mess of it. He was in prison.

"All day long the trains run on rails. Eclipses are predictable. Penicillin cures pneumonia and the atom splits to order. All day long year in year out the daylight explanation drives back the mystery and reveals a reality usable, understandable and detached.[6] The scalpel and the microscope fail. The oscilloscope moves closer to behaviour. But then, all day long action is weighed in the balance and found not opportune nor fortunate nor ill-advised but good or evil.[7] For this mode which we call the spirit breathes through the universe and does not touch it: touches only the dark things held prisoner, incommunicado, touches, judges, sentences and passes on. Both worlds are real. There is no bridge."

What amuses me is the thought that of course there is a bridge and that if anything it has been thrust out from the side which least expected it, and thrust out since those words were written. For we know now, that the universe had a beginning. (Indeed, as an aside I might say we always did know. I offer you a simple proof and forbid you to examine it. If there was no beginning then infinite time has already passed and we could never have got to the moment where we are.) We also know or it is at least scientifically respectable to postulate that at the centre of a black hole the laws of nature no longer apply. Since most scientists are just a bit religious and most religious are seldom wholly unscientific we find humanity in a comical position. His scientific intellect believes in the possibility of miracles inside a black hole while his religious intellect believes in them outside it.[8] Both, in fact, now believe in miracles, credimus quia absurdum est. Glory be to God in the highest. You will get no reductive pessimism from me.

A greater danger facing you is that an ancient schoolmaster may be carried away and forget he is not addressing a class of pupils. A man in his

seventies may be tempted to think he has seen it all and knows it all. He may think that mere length of years is a guarantee of wisdom and a permit for the issuing of admonition and advice. Poor young Shakespeare and Beethoven, he thinks, dead in their youth at a mere fifty-two or three! What could young fellows such as that know about anything? But at midnight perhaps, when the clock strikes and another year has passed he may occasionally brood on the disadvantages of age rather than the advantages.

He may regard more thoughtfully a sentence which has been called the poetry of the fact, a sentence that one of those young fellows stumbled across accidentally, as it were, since he was never old enough to have worked the thing out through living. "Men," he wrote, "must endure their going hence, even as their coming hither." Such a consideration may modify the essential jollity of an old man's nature. Is the old man right to be happy? Is there not something unbecoming in his cheerful view of his own end?[9] The words of another English poet seem to rebuke him:

"King David and King Solomon
Led merry, merry lives,
With many, many lady friends
And many, many wives;
But when old age crept over them,
With many, many qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And King David wrote the Psalms."[10]

Powerful stuff that, there's no doubt about it. But there are two views of the matter; and since I have quoted to you some of my prose which are generally regarded as poetic I will not quote to you some of my Goon or McGonagall poetry which may well be regarded as prosaic.

Evidently age need not wither us, nor custom stale our infinite variety.[11] Let us be, for a while, not serious but considerate. I myself face

another danger. I do not speak in a small tribal language as it might be one of the six hundred languages of Nigeria. Of course the value of any language is incalculable. Your Laureate of 1979, the Greek poet Elytis, made quite clear that the relative value of works of literature is not to be decided by counting heads. It is, I think, the greatest tribute one can pay your committees that they have consistently sought for value in a work without heeding how many people can or cannot read it. The young John Keats spoke of Greek poets who "died content on pleasant sward, leaving great verse unto a little clan." Indeed and indeed, small can be beautiful. To quote yet another poet—prose writer though I am you will have begun to realise where my heart is—Ben Jonson said:

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere:
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures, life may perfect be."[12]

My own language, English, I believe to have a store of poets, of writers that need not fear comparison with those of any other language, ancient or modern. But today that language may suffer from too wide a use rather than too narrow a one—may be an oak rather than a lily. It spreads right round the world as the medium of advertisement, navigation, science, negotiation, conference. A hundred political parties have it daily in their mouths. Perhaps a language subjected to such strains as that may become, here and there, just a little thin. In English a man may think he is addressing a small, distinguished audience, or his family or his friends,

perhaps; he is brooding aloud or talking in his sleep. Later he finds that without meaning to he has been addressing a large segment of the world. That is a daunting thought. It is true that this year, surrounded and outnumbered as I am by American laureates, I take a quiet pleasure in the consideration that though variants of my mother tongue may be spoken by a greater number of people than are to be found in an island off the West coast of Europe nevertheless they are speaking dialects of what is still centrally English. Personally I cannot tell whether those many dialects are being rendered mutually incomprehensible by distance faster than they are being unified by television and satellites; but at the moment the English writer faces immediate comprehension or partial comprehension by a good part of a billion people. Personally I cannot tell whether those many dialects are being rendered mutually incomprehensible by distance faster than they are being unified by television and satellites; but at the moment the English writer faces immediate comprehension or partial comprehension by a good part of a billion people.[13]

His critics are limited in number only by the number of the people who can read his work. Nor can he escape from knowing the worst. No matter how obscure the publication that has disembowelled him, some kind correspondent—let us call him "X"—will send the article along together with an indignant assurance that he, "X," does not agree with a word of it. I think apprehensively of the mark I present, once A Moving Target but now, surely a fixed one, before the serried ranks of those who can shoot at me if they choose. Even my most famous and distinguished fellow laureate and fellow countryman, Winston Churchill, did not escape. A critic remarked with acid wit of his getting the award, "Was it for his poetry or his prose?" Indeed it was considerations such as these which have given me, I suppose, more difficulty in conceiving, let alone writing this lecture than any piece of comparable length since those distant days when I wrote set essays on set subjects at school. The only difference I can

find is that today I write at a larger desk and the marks I shall get for my performance will be more widely reported.

Now when, you may say, is the man going to say something about the subject which is alleged to be his own? He should be talking about the novel! Well, I will for a while, but only for a while, and as it were, tangentially. The truth is that though each of the subjects for which the prizes are awarded has its own and unique importance, none can exist wholly to itself.[14] Even the novel, if it climbs into an ivory tower, will find no audience except those with ivory towers of their own. I used to think that the outlook for the novel was poor. Let me quote myself again. I speak of boys growing up—not exceptional boy, but average boy.

"Boys do not evaluate a book. They divide books into categories. There are sexy books, war books, westerns, travel books, science fiction. A boy will accept anything from a section he knows rather than risk another sort. He has to have the label on the bottle to know it is the mixture as before. You must put his detective story in a green paperback or he may suffer the hardship of reading a book in which nobody is murdered at all;—I am thinking of the plodders, the amiable majority of us, not particularly intelligent or gifted; well-disposed, but left high and dry among a mass of undigested facts with their scraps of saleable technology.[15] What chance has literature of competing with the defined categories of entertainment which are laid on for them at every hour of the day? I do not see how literature is to be for them anything but simple, repetitive and a stop-gap for when there are no westerns on the telly. They will have a far less brutish life than their Nineteenth-Century ancestors, no doubt. They will believe less and fear less. But just as bad money drives out good, so inferior culture drives out superior. With any capacity to make- value judgments vitiated or undeveloped, what mass future is there, then, for poetry, for belles-lettres, for real fearlessness in the theatre, for the novel which tries to look at life anew—in a word, for intransigence?"

I wrote that some twenty years ago I believe and the process as far as the novel is concerned has developed but not improved. The categories are more and more defined. Competition from other media is fiercer still. Well, after all the novel has no build—it claims on immortality.

"Story" of course is a different matter. We like to hear of succession of events and as an inspection of our press will demonstrate have only a marginal interest in whether the succession of events is minutely true or not. Like the late Mr. Sam Goldwyn who wanted a story which began with an earthquake and worked up to a climax, we like a good lead in but have most pleasure in a succession of events with a satisfactory end-point. Most simply and directly—when children holler and yell because of some infant tragedy or tedium, at once when we take them on our knee and begin shouting if necessary—"once upon a time" they fall silent and attentive. Story will always be with us. But story in a physical book, in a sentence what the West means by "a novel"—what of that? Certainly, if the form fails let it go. We have enough complications in life, in art, in literature without preserving dead forms fossilised, without cluttering ourselves with Byzantine sterilities. Yes, in that case, let the novel go. But what goes with it? Surely something of profound importance to the human spirit! A novel ensures that we can look before and after, take action at whatever pace we choose, read again and again, skip and go back. The story in a book is humble and serviceable, available, friendly, is not switched on and off but taken up and put down, lasts a lifetime.[16]

Put simply the novel stands between us and the hardening concept of statistical man. There is no other medium in which we can live for so long and so intimately with a character. That is the service a novel renders. It performs no less an act than the rescue and the preservation of the individuality and dignity of the single being, be it man, woman or child. No other art, I claim, can so thread in and out of a single mind and body, so live another life.[17] It does ensure that at the very least a human being shall

be seen to be more than just one billionth of one billion.

I spoke of the ivory tower and the unique importance of each of our studies. Now I must add, having said my bit about the novel—that those studies converge, literature with the rest. Put bluntly, we face two problems—either we blow ourselves off the face of the earth or we degrade the fertility of the earth bit by bit until we have ruined it. Does it take a writer of fiction to bring you the cold comfort of pointing out that the problems are mutually exclusive? The one problem, the instant catastrophe, is not to be dealt with here. It would be irresponsible of me to turn this platform into a stage for acting out some antiatomic harangue and equally irresponsible at this juncture in history for me to ignore our perils. You know them as well as I do. As so often, when the unspeakable is to be spoken, the unthinkable thought, it is Shakespeare we must turn to; and I can only quote Hamlet with the skull:

> "Not one now, to mock your own grinning? Quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that."[18]

I am being rather unfair to the lady, perhaps, for there will be skulls of all shapes and sizes and sexes. I speak tangentially. No other quotation gives the dirt of it all, another kind of poetry of the fact. I must say something of this danger and I have said it for I could do no less. Now as far as this matter is concerned, I have done.

The other danger is more difficult to combat. To quote another laureate, our race may end not with a bang but a whimper. It must be nearer seventy years ago than sixty that I first discovered and engaged myself to a magic place. This was on the west coast of our country. It was on the seashore among rocks. I early became acquainted with the wonderful interplay of earth and moon and sun, enjoying them at the same time as I was assured that scientifically you could not have action

influenced at a distance. There was a particular phase of the moon at which the tide sank more than usually far down and revealed to me a small recess which I remember as a cavern. There was plenty of life of one sort or another round all the rocks and in the pools among them. But this pool, farthest down and revealed, it seemed, by an influence from the sky only once or twice during the times when I had the holiday privilege of living near it—this last recess before the even more mysterious deep sea had strange inhabitants which I had found nowhere else. I can now remember and even feel but alas not describe the peculiar engagement, excitement and, no, not sympathy or empathy, but passionate recognition of a living thing in all its secrecy and strangeness. It was or rather they were real as I was. It was as if the centre of our universe was there for my eyes to reach at like hands, to seize on by sight. Only a hand's breadth away in the last few inches of still water they flowered, grey, green and purple, palpably alive, a discovery, a meeting, more than an interest or pleasure. They were life, we together were delight itself; until the first ripples of returning water blurred and hid them.

When the summer holidays were over and I went back again about as far from the sea as you can get in England I carried with me like a private treasure the memory of that cave—no, in some strange way I took the cave with me and its creatures that flowered so strangely. In nights of sleeplessness and fear of the supernatural I would work out the phase of the moon, returning in thought to the slither and clamber among the weeds of the rocks. There were times when, though I was far away, I found myself before the cavern watching the moon-dazzle as the water sank and was comforted somehow by the magical beauty of our common world.

I have been back, since. The recess—for now it seems no more than that—is still there, and at low water springs if you can bend down far enough you can still look inside. Nothing lives there any more. It is all very clean now, ironically so, clean sand, clean water, clean rock. Where

the living creatures once clung they have worn two holes like the orbits of eyes, so that you might well sentimentalize yourself into the fancy that you are looking at a skull. No life.[19]

Was it a natural process? Was it fuel oil? Was it sewage or chemicals more deadly that killed my childhood's bit of magic and mystery? I cannot tell and it does not matter. What matters is that this is only one tiny example among millions of how we are impoverishing the only planet we have to live on.

Well now, what has literature to say to that? We have computers and satellites, we have ingenuities of craft that can land a complex machine on a distant planet and get reports back. And so on. You know it all as well and better than I. Literature has words only, surely a tool as primitive as the flint axe or even the soft copper chisel with which man first carved his own likeness in stone. That tool makes a poor showing one would think among the products of the silicon chip. But remember Churchill. For despite the cynical critic, he got the Nobel Prize neither for poetry nor prose. He got it for about a single page of simple sentences which are neither poetry nor prose but for what, I repeat, has been called finely the poetry of the fact. He got it for those passionate utterances which were the very stuff of human courage and defiance.[20] Those of us who lived through those times know that Churchill's poetry of the fact changed history.

Perhaps then the soft copper chisel is not so poor a tool after all. Words may, through the devotion, the skill, the passion, and the luck of writers prove to be the most powerful thing in the world. They may move men to speak to each other because some of those words somewhere express not just what the writer is thinking but what a huge segment of the world is thinking. They may allow man to speak to man, the man in the street to speak to his fellow until a ripple becomes a tide running through every nation—of commonsense, of simple healthy caution, a tide that rulers and negotiators cannot ignore so that nation does truly speak unto

nation.[21] Then there is hope that we may learn to be temperate, provident, taking no more from nature's treasury than is our due. It may be by books, stories, poetry, lectures we who have the ear of mankind can move man a little nearer the perilous safety of a warless and provident world. It cannot be done by the mechanical constructs of overt propaganda. I cannot do it myself, cannot now create stories which would help to make man aware of what he is doing; but there are others who can, many others. There always have been. We need more humanity, more care, more love. There are those who expect a political system to produce that; and others who expect the love to produce the system. My own faith is that the truth of the future lies between the two and we shall behave humanly and a bit humanely, stumbling along, haphazardly generous and gallant, foolishly and meanly wise until the rape of our planet is seen to be the preposterous folly that it is.[22]

For we are a marvel of creation. I think in particular of one of the most extraordinary women, dead now these five hundred years, Juliana of Norwich. She was caught up in the spirit and shown a thing that might lie in the palm of her hand and in the bigness of a nut. She was told it was the world. She was told of the strange and wonderful and awful things that would happen there. At the last, a voice told her that all things should be well and all manner of things should be well and all things should be very well.

Now we, if not in the spirit, have been caught up to see our earth, our mother, Gaia Mater, set like a jewel in space. We have no excuse now for supposing her riches inexhaustible nor the area we have to live on limitless because unbounded. We are the children of that great blue white jewel. Through our mother we are part of the solar system and part through that of the whole universe. In the blazing poetry of the fact we are children of the stars.

I had better come down, I think. Churchill, Juliana of Norwich, let

alone Ben Jonson and Shakespeare—Lord, what company we keep! Reputations grow and dwindle and the brightest of laurels fade. That very practical man, Julius Caesar—whom I always think of for a reason you may guess at, as Field Marshal Lord Caesar—Julius Caesar is said to have worn a laurel wreath to conceal his baldness. While it may be proper to praise the idea of a laureate the man himself may very well remember what his laurels will hide and that not only baldness. In a sentence he must remember not to take himself with unbecoming seriousness. Fortunately some spirit or other—I do not presume to put a name to it—ensured that I should remember my smallness in the scheme of things.[23] The very day after I learned that I was the laureate for literature for 1983 I drove into a country town and parked my car where I should not. I only left the car for a few minutes but when I came back there was a ticket taped to the window. A traffic warden, a lady of a minatory aspect, stood by the car. She pointed to a notice on the wall. "Can't you read?" she said. Sheepishly I got into my car and drove very slowly round the corner. There on the pavement I saw two county policemen.

I stopped opposite them and took my parking ticket out of its plastic envelope. They crossed to me. I asked if, as I had pressing business, I could go straight to the Town Hall and pay my fine on the spot. "No, sir," said the senior policeman, "I'm afraid you can't do that." He smiled the fond smile that such policemen reserve for those people who are clearly harmless if a bit silly. He indicated a rectangle on the ticket that had the words "name and address of sender" printed above it. "You should write your name and address in that place," he said. "You make out a cheque for ten pounds, making it payable to the Clerk to the Justices at *this* address written here. Then you write the same address on the outside of the envelope, stick a sixteen-penny stamp in the top right hand corner of the envelope, then post it. And may we congratulate you on winning the Nobel Prize for Literature."

Notes

1. Those of you who have some knowledge of your present speaker as revealed by the loftier-minded section of the British Press will be resigning yourselves to a half hour of unrelieved gloom. 你们当中有对我有所了解的人，一般是通过英国报刊的高水平栏目的介绍，那么你们在一会儿的半个小时内将会陷入无法排解的郁闷之中。
2. How can a man who has been defined as a pessimist indulge in anything as frivolous as juggling? 一个被认为是悲观主义的人怎能沉溺于杂耍之类极不严肃的事情当中呢？
3. There is, they say, no fool like an old fool. Well, there is no fool like a middle-aged fool either. 俗话说，没有像傻老头那么傻的了。其实，中年的傻子也是很傻的。
4. Similarly critics have dug into my books until they could come up with something that looked hopeless. 同样，批评家们总要从我的作品中找到一些悲观失望的东西才肯罢休。
5. I am optimistic when I consider the spiritual dimension which the scientist's discipline forces him to ignore. 当我想到科学家们自己的种种规定限制了他们的精神时，我是一个乐观主义者。
6. All day long year in year out the daylight explanation drives back the mystery and reveals a reality usable, understandable and detached. 年复一年，各种解释使生活的神秘日渐减少，现实世界被揭示为实用的、可理解的、疏离的。
7. ...all day long action is weighed in the balance and found not opportune nor fortunate nor ill-advised but good or evil. ……人们整天都在权衡各种行为，发现这些行为不能用不合时宜、不幸运、不妥善等词语来评判，而只能说成是好的或坏的。
8. Since most scientists are just a bit religious and most religious are seldom wholly unscientific we find humanity in a comical position. His scientific

intellect believes in the possibility of miracles inside a black hole while his religious intellect believes in them outside it. 大多数科学家有点宗教信仰，多数的宗教人士也有些科学味道，因此我们觉得人生像一部喜剧，科学理性使人们相信黑洞中存在着奇迹，而宗教理性又使得他们相信黑洞外也存在着奇迹。

9. ...he was never old enough to have worked the thing out through living. "Men," he wrote, "must endure their going hence, even as their coming hither." Such a consideration may modify the essential jollity of an old man's nature. Is the old man right to be happy? Is there not something unbecoming in his cheerful view of his own end? 他还没有老到能总结出生活的至理名言的程度。他写道："人必须像忍受来一样，忍受去的命运。"思考这样的问题能增加老年人天性中的快乐。老年人有幸福的权利吗？他为自己的结局感到满意时，难道没有什么不恰当吗？

10. But when old age crept over them,
With many, many qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And King David wrote the Psalms.
当老年悄悄来到时，/他们带着疑虑开始了写作，/所罗门王写下了《箴言》/大卫王写下了《诗篇》。

11. Evidently age need not wither us, nor custom stale our infinite variety. 很明显，年老不一定会使我们衰竭，习俗不一定会使我们无限的多样性变得陈腐。

12. In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures, life may perfect be.
我们可以在微小的事物中发现美，/ 生命可以在短暂中体现出完美。

13. Personally I cannot tell whether those many dialects are being rendered mutually incomprehensible by distance faster than they are being unified by television and satellites; but at the moment the English writer faces immediate comprehension or partial comprehension by a good part of a billion people. 我自己无法讲明白以下这一点：英语的许多方言是因为地

理上的遥远而更难以相互理解了？还是因为电视和卫星的使用而更统一了？就在此时，这位英国作家直接面对的是几亿人口，这些人中有些能直接理解作者，有些能理解一部分。

14. The truth is that though each of the subjects for which the prizes are awarded has its own and unique importance, none can exist wholly to itself. 事实是，每一个奖项的授予都有它自己独特的重要性，但是任何一个奖项都不是独立存在的。

15. I am thinking of the plodders, the amiable majority of us, not particularly intelligent or gifted; well-disposed, but left high and dry among a mass of undigested facts with their scraps of saleable technology. 我想到的是苦苦追求善良的大多数人。他们天分不高，心怀好意，但高傲而冷漠，他们会用零碎的可以卖得出去的技术来处理大量没有消化的事实。

16. A novel ensures that we can look before and after, take action at whatever pace we choose, read again and again, skip and go back. The story in a book is humble and serviceable, available, friendly, is not switched on and off but taken up and put down, lasts a lifetime. 我们看小说，可以翻来覆去看，看得可快可慢，一遍又一遍地看，挑着看反复看。小说中的故事是供你享用的、友好的，可以随时拿起放下，伴随你一生。

17. No other art, I claim, can so thread in and out of a single mind and body, so live another life. 我敢说没有任何一种艺术形式可以像小说那样，使一个人的身心合为一体，可以让人过另一种生活。

18. As so often, when the unspeakable is to be spoken, the unthinkable thought, it is Shakespeare we must turn to; and I can only quote Hamlet with the skull: "Not one now, to mock your own grinning? Quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that." 每当一定要说出言语无法表达的道理，每当一定要想明白不可思议的事情，我们总是求助于莎士比亚，想到哈姆雷特拿着骷髅说的话："你没有一个笑话可以用来讥笑你自己吗？怎么这样丧气？你现在到小姐的房里去，告诉她，即使她的脂粉有一寸厚，她最后照样会变成这个样子，你这么说，看她笑不笑。"

19. Where the living creatures once clung they have worn two holes like the orbits of eyes, so that you might well sentimentalize yourself into the fancy that you are looking at a skull. No life. 以前挤满了生命的地方，现在就剩下像眼睛的两个洞了，你可以在深深的感叹中生出无穷的想象，想象着你正望着一具没有生命的骷髅。

20. He got it for about a single page of simple sentences which are neither poetry nor prose but for what, I repeat, has been called finely the poetry of the fact. He got it for those passionate utterances which were the very stuff of human courage and defiance. 丘吉尔获得诺贝尔奖，不是因为他的诗，也不是因为他的散文，而是因为他写的一页不是诗也不是散文的简单句子，这才是真正意义上的好诗句。丘吉尔得奖，是因为他那充满激情的文字，表达了人类无畏的勇气和蔑视权威的精神。

21. They may allow man to speak to man, the man in the street to speak to his fellow until a ripple becomes a tide running through every nation—of commonsense, of simple healthy caution, a tide that rulers and negotiators cannot ignore so that nation does truly speak unto nation. 语言文字使得各阶层的人们可以交流，交流一些基本常识和有益健康的知识，使人们之间的交流由涟漪变成大潮，使统治者、政治家们无法忽视。如此，国家之间就产生了对话。

22. ...until the rape of our planet is seen to be the preposterous folly that it is. ……直到有一天，我们对这个星球的毁坏如此之大而使我们认识到自己的荒唐和愚蠢。

23. In a sentence he must remember not to take himself with unbecoming seriousness. Fortunately some spirit or other—I do not presume to put a name to it—ensured that I should remember my smallness in the scheme of things. 一句话，他必须明白别太把自己当回事了。幸运的是，有一种无名的精灵告诉我：要记住你在大千世界里是极为渺小的。



Joseph Brodsky

约瑟夫·布罗茨基（Joseph Brodsky, 1940—1996），俄罗斯裔美国诗人。1940年生于列宁格勒的一个犹太人家庭。父母是高雅的知识分子，从小给他以良好的艺术熏陶，但也赋予他抹不去的犹太血统——在前苏联，“犹太人”一词的处境有些像一个脏字。7岁的时候，布罗茨基在学校撒谎说，不知道自己的民族是什么。然而很快全班都知道他是犹太人，他为此吃尽苦头。

布罗茨基15岁时退了学，这与其说是一个有意识的选择，不如说是一次勇敢的反抗。在一个冬天的早晨，他在一节课的中间站起身来，走出学校的大门，在老师与同学们惊诧的目光里，向洒满阳光的一眼望不到头的大街奔跑而去。那时，布罗茨基家一贫如洗，父亲因为是犹太人，被赶出军队，失去收入。布罗茨基决心独立生活，开始漂泊。不过，布罗茨基没有那么浓的书生气，他什么粗活都干得了，先后做过火车司炉、地质勘探队员、水手、车工等十多种工作。在他看来，这些工作与写诗没有什么差别。抡起斧头来的时候，那么重，又那么轻，提起笔杆时的感觉也一样。

“今日我们就要永远分手，朋友。/在纸上画一个普通的圆圈好了。/这就是我：内心空空如也。/将来只须看上一眼，随后你就擦掉。”哀歌里并不出现“悲哀”这个词，这是布罗茨基的风格：在最轻松的叙述方式中藏着最深广的忧愤。他的诗句像是一条道路，当你走上去的时候，才发现是一根绊脚索。读者不得不与作者一起感受跌倒时的剧痛。“一所学校就是一座工厂、一首诗、一家监狱、一门学问、一种无聊，并伴有恐惧的闪回。”应当更多地关注谎言，因为谎言比真理更能指认这个时代，诗人是渔夫，不打鱼，却捞起河水。

一切创造自身的诗人都否定主人与奴隶的世界。诗人的反叛受到

了镇压。1964 年，布罗茨基受到前苏联官方的审讯，罪名是“社会寄生虫”。诗人被判入狱五年，后来减至一年半。1972 年布罗茨基被驱逐出境。这是一种灼人的痛苦。1977 年，布罗茨基加入了美国国籍，但他声称：“我的心灵永远为俄罗斯歌唱。”没有人比他更懂得文学和历史，没有人比他更能自如地运用俄语。他用诗歌为自己重建一个世界。被称为“反叛的诗人”、毕生追求真理的布罗茨基在二十多年的时间里出版了 41 本著作，绝大部分是诗歌。因为他相信，对于灵魂来说，没有比诗歌更好的居所了。1987 年，布罗茨基获得诺贝尔文学奖，瑞典皇家学院称他“具有伟大的历史眼光”，他的诗歌“超越了时空的限制”。

1996 年 1 月 28 日，纽约市布鲁克林区公寓。一间到处放满书籍的房间里，布罗茨基因心脏病发作逝世。诗人没有经历任何的痛苦，死亡是在瞬间之内降临的。诗人唇边的一抹微笑，依旧如许温柔，好像在说，我写完最后一行诗，我累了，我走了。

Language and Literature

Language and, presumably, literature are things that are more ancient and inevitable, more durable than any form of social organization. The revulsion, irony, or indifference often expressed by literature towards the state is essentially a reaction of the permanent—better yet, the infinite—against the temporary, against the finite. To say the least, as long as the state permits itself to interfere with the affairs of literature, literature has the right to interfere with the affairs of the state. A political system, a form of social organization, as any system in general, is by definition a form of the past tense that aspires to impose itself upon the present (and often on the future as well); and a man whose profession is language is the last one who can afford to forget this. The real danger for a writer is not so much

the possibility (and often the certainty) of persecution on the part of the state, as it is the possibility of finding oneself mesmerized by the state's features, which, whether monstrous or undergoing changes for the better, are always temporary.[1]

The philosophy of the state, its ethics—not to mention its aesthetics—are always "yesterday." Language and literature are always "today," and often—particularly in the case where a political system is orthodox—they may even constitute "tomorrow." One of literature's merits is precisely that it helps a person to make the time of his existence more specific, to distinguish himself from the crowd of his predecessors as well as his like numbers, to avoid tautology [2]—that is, the fate otherwise known by the honorific term, "victim of history." What makes art in general, and literature in particular, remarkable, what distinguishes them from life, is precisely that they abhor repetition. In everyday life you can tell the same joke thrice and, thrice getting a laugh, become the life of the party. In art, though, this sort of conduct is called "cliché."[3]

Art is a recoilless weapon, and its development is determined not by the individuality of the artist, but by the dynamics and the logic of the material itself, by the previous fate of the means that each time demand (or suggest) a qualitatively new aesthetic solution.[4] Possessing its own genealogy, dynamics, logic, and future, art is not synonymous with, but at best parallel to history; and the manner by which it exists is by continually creating a new aesthetic reality. That is why it is often found "ahead of progress", ahead of history, whose main instrument is—should we not, once more, improve upon Marx—precisely the cliché.[5]

Nowadays, there exists a rather widely held view, postulating that in his work a writer, in particular a poet, should make use of the language of the street, the language of the crowd. For all its democratic appearance, and its palpable advantages for a writer, this assertion is quite absurd and represents an attempt to subordinate art, in this case, literature, to history.

It is only if we have resolved that it is time for Homo sapiens to come to a halt in his development that literature should speak the language of the people. Otherwise, it is the people who should speak the language of literature.[6]

On the whole, every new aesthetic reality makes man's ethical reality more precise. For aesthetics is the mother of ethics; the categories of "good" and "bad" are, first and foremost, aesthetic ones, at least etymologically preceding the categories of "good" and "evil." If in ethics not "all is permitted," it is precisely because not "all is permitted" in aesthetics, because the number of colors in the spectrum is limited. The tender babe who cries and rejects the stranger or who, on the contrary, reaches out to him, does so instinctively, making an aesthetic choice, not a moral one.

Aesthetic choice is a highly individual matter, and aesthetic experience is always a private one. Every new aesthetic reality makes one's experience even more private; and this kind of privacy, assuming at times the guise of literary (or some other) taste, can in itself turn out to be, if not as guarantee, then a form of defense against enslavement. For a man with taste, particularly literary taste, is less susceptible to the refrains and the rhythmical incantations peculiar to any version of political demagogy. The point is not so much that virtue does not constitute a guarantee for producing a masterpiece, as that evil, especially political evil, is always a bad stylist. The more substantial an individual's aesthetic experience is, the sounder his taste, the sharper his moral focus, the freer—though not necessarily the happier—he is.[7]

It is precisely in this applied, rather than Platonic, sense that we should understand Dostoevsky's remark that beauty will save the world, or Matthew Arnold's belief that we shall be saved by poetry. It is probably too late for the world, but for the individual man there always remains a chance. An aesthetic instinct develops in man rather rapidly, for, even

without fully realizing who he is and what he actually requires, a person instinctively knows what he doesn't like and what doesn't suit him. In an anthropological respect, let me reiterate, a human being is an aesthetic creature before he is an ethical one.[8] Therefore, it is not that art, particularly literature, is a by-product of our species' development, but just the reverse. If what distinguishes us from other members of the animal kingdom is speech, then literature—and poetry in particular, being the highest form of locution—is, to put it bluntly, the goal of our species.[9]

I am far from suggesting the idea of compulsory training in verse composition; nevertheless, the subdivision of society into intelligentsia and "all the rest" seems to me unacceptable. In moral terms, this situation is comparable to the subdivision of society into the poor and the rich; but if it is still possible to find some purely physical or material grounds for the existence of social inequality, for intellectual inequality these are inconceivable. Equality in this respect, unlike in anything else, has been guaranteed to us by nature. I am speaking not of education, but of the education in speech, the slightest imprecision in which may trigger the intrusion of false choice into one's life. The existence of literature prefigures existence on literature's plane of regard—and not only in the moral sense, but lexically as well. If a piece of music still allows a person the possibility of choosing between the passive role of listener and the active one of performer, a work of literature—of the art which is, to use Montale's phrase, hopelessly semantic—dooms him to the role of performer only.

In this role, it would seem to me, a person should appear more often than in any other. Moreover, it seems to me that, as a result of the population explosion and the attendant, ever-increasing atomization of society (i.e., the ever-increasing isolation of the individual), this role becomes more and more inevitable for a person. I don't suppose that I know more about life than anyone of my age, but it seems to me that, in

the capacity of an interlocutor, a book is more reliable than a friend or a beloved. A novel or a poem is not a monologue, but the conversation of a writer with a reader, a conversation, I repeat, that is very private, excluding all others—if you will, mutually misanthropic. And in the moment of this conversation a writer is equal to a reader, as well as the other way around, regardless of whether the writer is a great one or not. This equality is the equality of consciousness. It remains with a person for the rest of his life in the form of memory, foggy or distinct; and, sooner or later, appropriately or not, it conditions a person's conduct.[10] It's precisely this that I have in mind in speaking of the role of the performer, all the more natural for one because a novel or a poem is the product of mutual loneliness—of a writer or a reader.

In the history of our species, in the history of Homo sapiens, the book is anthropological development, similar essentially to the invention of the wheel. Having emerged in order to give us some idea not so much of our origins as of what that sapiens is capable of, a book constitutes a means of transportation through the space of experience, at the speed of a turning page. This movement, like every movement, becomes a flight from the common denominator, from an attempt to elevate this denominator's line, previously never reaching higher than the groin, to our heart, to our consciousness, to our imagination. This flight is the flight in the direction of "uncommon visage," in the direction of the numerator, in the direction of autonomy, in the direction of privacy. Regardless of whose image we are created in, there are already five billion of us, and for a human being there is no other future save that outlined by art. Otherwise, what lies ahead is the past—the political one, first of all, with all its mass police entertainments.[11]

In any event, the condition of society in which art in general, and literature in particular, are the property or prerogative of a minority appears to me unhealthy and dangerous. I am not appealing for the

replacement of the state with a library, although this thought has visited me frequently; but there is no doubt in my mind that, had we been choosing our leaders on the basis of their reading experience and not their political programs, there would be much less grief on earth.[12] It seems to me that a potential master of our fates should be asked, first of all, not about how he imagines the course of his foreign policy, but about his attitude toward Stendhal, Dickens, Dostoevsky. If only because the lock and stock of literature is indeed human diversity and perversity, it turns out to be a reliable antidote for any attempt—whether familiar or yet to be invented—toward a total mass solution to the problems of human existence. As a form of moral insurance, at least, literature is much more dependable than a system of beliefs or a philosophical doctrine.

Since there are no laws that can protect us from ourselves, no criminal code is capable of preventing a true crime against literature; though we can condemn the material suppression of literature—the persecution of writers, acts of censorship, the burning of books—we are powerless when it comes to its worst violation: that of not reading the books. For that crime, a person pays with his whole life; if the offender is a nation, it pays with its history. Living in the country I live in, I would be the first prepared to believe that there is a set dependency between a person's material well-being and his literary ignorance. What keeps me from doing so is the history of that country in which I was born and grew up. For, reduced to a cause-and-effect minimum, to a crude formula, the Russian tragedy is precisely the tragedy of a society in which literature turned out to be the prerogative of the minority: of the celebrated Russian intelligentsia.

Although for a man whose mother tongue is Russian to speak about political evil is as natural as digestion, I would here like to change the subject. What's wrong with discourses about the obvious is that they corrupt consciousness with their easiness, with the quickness with which they provide one with moral comfort, with the sensation of being right.

Herein lies their temptation, similar in its nature to the temptation of a social reformer who begets this evil. The realization, or rather the comprehension, of this temptation, and rejection of it, are perhaps responsible to a certain extent for the destinies of many of my contemporaries, responsible for the literature that emerged from under their pens. It, that literature, was neither a flight from history nor a muffling of memory, as it may seem from the outside. "How can one write music after Auschwitz?" inquired Adorno; and one familiar with Russian history can repeat the same question by merely changing the name of the camp—and repeat it perhaps with even greater justification, since the number of people who perished in Stalin's camps far surpasses the number of German prisoncamp victims. "And how can you eat lunch?" the American poet Mark Strand once retorted. In any case, the generation to which I belong has proven capable of writing that music.

That generation—the generation born precisely at the time when the Auschwitz crematoria were working full blast, when Stalin was at the zenith of his Godlike, absolute power, which seemed sponsored by Mother Nature herself—that generation came into the world, it appears, in order to continue what, theoretically, was supposed to be interrupted in those crematoria and in the anonymous common graves of Stalin's archipelago. The fact that not everything got interrupted, at least not in Russia, can be credited in no small degree to my generation, and I am no less proud of belonging to it than I am of standing here today. And the fact that I am standing here is a recognition of the services that generation has rendered to culture; recalling a phrase from Mandelstam, I would add, to world culture. Looking back, I can say again that we were beginning in an empty—indeed, a terrifyingly wasted—place, and that, intuitively rather than consciously, we aspired precisely to the recreation of the effect of culture's continuity, to the reconstruction of its forms and tropes, toward filling its few surviving, and often totally compromised, forms, with our own new, or

appearing to us as new, contemporary content.

There existed, presumably, another path: the path of further deformation, the poetics of ruins and debris, of minimalism, of choked breath. If we rejected it, it was not at all because we thought that it was the path of self-dramatization, or because we were extremely animated by the idea of preserving the hereditary nobility of the forms of culture we knew, the forms that were equivalent, in our consciousness, to forms of human dignity.[13] We rejected it because in reality the choice wasn't ours, but, in fact, culture's own—and this choice, again, was aesthetic rather than moral.

To be sure, it is natural for a person to perceive himself not as an instrument of culture, but, on the contrary, as its creator and custodian.[14] But if today I assert the opposite, it's not because toward the close of the Twentieth Century there is a certain charm in paraphrasing Plotinus, Lord Shaftesbury, Schelling, or Novalis, but because, unlike anyone else, a poet always knows that what in the vernacular is called the voice of the Muse is, in reality, the dictate of the language; that it's not that the language happens to be his instrument, but that he is language's means toward the continuation of its existence. Language, however, even if one imagines it as a certain animate creature (which would only be just), is not capable of ethical choice.[15]

A person sets out to write a poem for a variety of reasons: to win the heart of his beloved; to express his attitude toward the reality surrounding him, be it a landscape or a state; to capture his state of mind at a given instant; to leave—as he thinks at that moment—a trace on the earth. He resorts to this form—the poem—most likely for unconsciously mimetic reasons: the black vertical clot of words on the white sheet of paper presumably reminds him of his own situation in the world, of the balance between space and his body. But regardless of the reasons for which he takes up the pen, and regardless of the effect produced by what emerges from beneath that pen on his audience—however great or small it may be—

the immediate consequence of this enterprise is the sensation of coming into direct contact with language or, more precisely, the sensation of immediately falling into dependence on it, on everything that has already been uttered, written, and accomplished in it.[16]

This dependence is absolute, despotic; but it unshackles as well. For, while always older than the writer, language still possesses the colossal centrifugal energy imparted to it by its temporal potential—that is, by all time lying ahead. And this potential is determined not so much by the quantitative body of the nation that speaks it (though it is determined by that, too), as by the quality of the poem written in it. It will suffice to recall the authors of Greek or Roman antiquity; it will suffice to recall Dante. And that which is being created today in Russian or English, for example, secures the existence of these languages over the course of the next millennium also. The poet, I wish to repeat, is language's means for existence—or, as my beloved Auden said, he is the one by whom it lives. I who write these lines will cease to be; so will you who read them. But the language in which they are written and in which you read them will remain not merely because language is more lasting than man, but because it is more capable of mutation.[17]

One who writes a poem, however, writes it not because he courts fame with posterity, although often he hopes that a poem will outlive him, at least briefly. One who writes a poem writes it because the language prompts, or simply dictates, the next line. Beginning a poem, the poet as a rule doesn't know the way it's going to come out, and at times he is very surprised by the way it turns out, since often it turns out better than he expected, often his thought carries further than he reckoned.[18] And that is the moment when the future of language invades its present.

There are, as we know, three modes of cognition: analytical, intuitive, and the mode that was known to the biblical prophets, revelation. What distinguishes poetry from other forms of literature is that it uses all three

of them at once (gravitating primarily toward the second and the third). For all three of them are given in the language; and there are times when, by means of a single word, a single rhyme, the writer of a poem manages to find himself where no one has ever been before him, further, perhaps, than he himself would have wished for. The one who writes a poem writes it above all because verse writing is an extraordinary accelerator of conscience, of thinking, of comprehending the universe.[19] Having experienced this acceleration once, one is no longer capable of abandoning the chance to repeat this experience; one falls into dependency on this process, the way others fall into dependency on drugs or on alcohol. One who finds himself in this sort of dependency on language is, I guess, what they call a poet.

Notes

1. The real danger for a writer is not so much the possibility (and often the certainty) of persecution on the part of the state, as it is the possibility of finding oneself mesmerized by the state's features, which, whether monstrous or undergoing changes for the better, are always temporary. 作家的真正危险不是可能受到国家的迫害（这常常是肯定的），而是可能发现自己被国家的表面现象所迷惑，而这表面现象无论是怪异的还是正在向好的方向变化的，都是暂时的。
2. One of literature's merits is precisely that it helps a person to make the time of his existence more specific, to distinguish himself from the crowd of his predecessors as well as his like numbers, to avoid tautology. 文学的价值之一正是帮助人使他的存在更具体，使他区别于他的同辈人或先辈，帮助他避免重复。
3. What makes art in general, and literature in particular, remarkable, what distinguishes them from life, is precisely that they abhor repetition. In everyday life you can tell the same joke thrice and, thrice getting a laugh,

become the life of the party. In art, though, this sort of conduct is called "cliché." 使一般的艺术，尤其是使文学不同凡响，使它们高于现实生活的恰恰是它们痛恨重复。在日常生活中，把一个笑话讲三遍，能获得三次笑声，这笑声可以使聚会的气氛活跃。而在艺术中，重复就是陈词滥调。

4. Art is a recoilless weapon, and its development is determined not by the individuality of the artist, but by the dynamics and the logic of the material itself, by the previous fate of the means that each time demand (or suggest) a qualitatively new aesthetic solution. 艺术是不妥协的，它的发展不是由艺术家个人所决定的，而是由材料本身的动力和逻辑所决定的，是由所使用的方法的先前的命运所决定的，这种方法要求（建议）每次都找到新的高质量的美学途径。

5. That is why it is often found "ahead of progress," ahead of history, whose main instrument is—should we not, once more, improve upon Marx—precisely the cliché. 人们常常发现文学"走在进步之前"，走在历史之前，这就是其中的原因。而历史所使用的主要工具——如果我们不能再次超过马克思的话——恰恰是旧调重弹。

6. It is only if we have resolved that it is time for Homo sapiens to come to a halt in his development that literature should speak the language of the people. Otherwise, it is the people who should speak the language of literature. 只有当我们确定到了人类应该停止发展的时候了，文学才应该使用人民的语言，否则，人民应该讲文学的语言。

7. The more substantial an individual's aesthetic experience is, the sounder his taste, the sharper his moral focus, the freer—though not necessarily the happier—he is. 一个人的美学体验越是充实，他的趣味就越高雅；一个人的道德趋向越清晰，他就越自由，尽管他不一定就越幸福。

8. In an anthropological respect, let me reiterate, a human being is an aesthetic creature before he is an ethical one. 让我重申，以人类学的观点来看，一个人在成为一个伦理的造物之前已经是一个美学的造物了。

9. If what distinguishes us from other members of the animal kingdom is speech, then literature—and poetry in particular, being the highest form of locution—

is, to put it bluntly, the goal of our species. 如果将我们人类与动物王国其他成员区别开的是语言，那么文学，尤其是作为最高表达形式的诗歌，直率地讲，就是我们人类追求的目标。

10. This equality is the equality of consciousness. It remains with a person for the rest of his life in the form of memory, foggy or distinct; and, sooner or later, appropriately or not, it conditions a person's conduct. 这是一种意识的平等，这种平等的意识以记忆的形式伴随一个人的一生，这种记忆或模糊，或清晰，或早或迟，或恰当或不恰当，但它制约了一个人的行动。

11. Regardless of whose image we are created in, there are already five billion of us, and for a human being there is no other future save that outlined by art. Otherwise, what lies ahead is the past—the political one, first of all, with all its mass police entertainments. 无论我们是按照谁的形象造出来的，已经有50亿像我们这样的人了。对人类来说，除了用艺术勾勒出的未来以外，没有别的未来。否则，摆在我们面前的就只有过去，首先是政治意义上的过去，还有大量的暴力和战争。

12. ...but there is no doubt in my mind that, had we been choosing our leaders on the basis of their reading experience and not their political programs, there would be much less grief on earth. ……的确，我常想，我们在选领导人的时候，如果是以他们的学识而不是以他们的政治纲领为基础，地球上的悲哀痛苦就会减少许多。

13. If we rejected it, it was not at all because we thought that it was the path of self-dramatization, or because we were extremely animated by the idea of preserving the hereditary nobility of the forms of culture we knew, the forms that were equivalent, in our consciousness, to forms of human dignity. 如果我们抛弃这条路，那绝不是因为它是一条自我戏剧化的道路，也不是因为我们被一种想法激励着，这种想法要我们保留所有文化形式的传统高贵性，这些形式在我们的意识里与人类尊严的诸多形式相等。

14. To be sure, it is natural for a person to perceive himself not as an instrument of culture, but, on the contrary, as its creator and custodian. 当然，一个人不把自己当作文化的工具而把自己当作文化的创作者和监护人，这是很自

然的。

15. Language, however, even if one imagines it as a certain animate creature (which would only be just), is not capable of ethical choice. 即使把语言想象成某种有生命的造物（这样才公道），它也没有能力作伦理的选择。

16. But regardless of the reasons for which he takes up the pen, and regardless of the effect produced by what emerges from beneath that pen on his audience—however great or small it may be—the immediate consequence of this enterprise is the sensation of coming into direct contact with language or, more precisely, the sensation of immediately falling into dependence on it, on everything that has already been uttered, written, and accomplished in it. 不管他拿笔的理由是什么，不管他所写的在读者那里产生了何种效果，他的文字可以伟大或渺小——写作的直接后果是和语言直接接触的感觉，更确切地说，（作家）只要一动笔，语言便决定了一切。作家依赖语言来表达、创作和成就自己。

17. I who write these lines will cease to be; so will you who read them. But the language in which they are written and in which you read them will remain not merely because language is more lasting than man, but because it is more capable of mutation. 写这些文字的我将会死去,读这些文字的你也一样。但是被用来记录和阅读的语言将会永存，不仅因为语言比人类更持久，也因为它更能变异。

18. Beginning a poem, the poet as a rule doesn't know the way it's going to come out, and at times he is very surprised by the way it turns out, since often it turns out better than he expected, often his thought carries further than he reckoned. 刚开始写一首诗的时候，诗人通常不知道这首诗最终将以何种方式呈现，而且还常常为最后写成的诗感到大为惊讶，因为这首诗比他所期望的更好，其中的思想往往比他预计的走得更远。

19. The one who writes a poem writes it above all because verse writing is an extraordinary accelerator of conscience, of thinking, of comprehending the universe. 诗人写诗首先是因为写诗是一种良心和思想的奇妙加速器，是理解宇宙的奇妙加速器。



Seamus Heaney

谢默斯·希尼（Seamus Heaney, 1939— ），爱尔兰诗人。生于爱尔兰北部德里郡毛斯邦县一个笃信天主教、世代务农的家庭。希尼自小接受正规的英国教育，1961 年以第一名的优异成绩毕业于贝尔法斯特女王大学英文系。毕业后当过一年中学教师，同时大量阅读爱尔兰和英国的现代诗歌，从中寻找将英国文学传统和德里郡乡间生活经历结合起来的途径。1966 年，以诗集《一位自然主义者之死》一举成名。1966 年到 1972 年，希尼在母校任现代文学讲师，亲历了北爱尔兰天主教徒为争取公民权举行示威而引起的暴乱。

1969 年，第二本诗集《通向黑暗之门》的发表，标志着诗人开始向爱尔兰民族历史黑暗的土壤深处开掘。1972 年发表的诗集《在外过冬》，则是诗人基于爱尔兰的宗教政治冲突，寻求足以表现民族苦难境遇的意象和象征的结果。迫于政治压力，1972 年，希尼携妻移居都柏林。此后发表的重要诗集有《北方》（1975）、《野外作业》（1979）、《苦路岛》（1984）、《山楂灯》（1987）、《幻觉》（1991）及《诗选》（1980）等。希尼的诗作纯朴自然，奔流着祖辈们的血液，散发着土地的芳香。他以一种带有现代文明的眼光，冷静地挖掘品味着爱尔兰民族精神。他虽有学院派的背景，却绝无学院派的那种孤芳自赏的情调。

希尼不仅是诗人，还是一位诗学专家。自 1982 年以来，他一直担任美国哈佛大学修辞学的客座教授，1992 至 1994 年还担任过牛津大学的诗学教授。先后发表诗学散文集《专心致志》（1980）、《写作的场所》（1989）、《舌头的管辖》（1988）、《诗歌的纠正》（1995）等。

1995 年，由于他的诗"具有抒情诗般的美和伦理深度，使日常生活中的奇迹和活生生的往事得以升华"，希尼荣获诺贝尔文学奖。

Crediting Poetry

I credit poetry because poetry can make an order as true to the impact of external reality and as sensitive to the inner laws of the poet's being as the ripples that rippled in and rippled out across the water in that scullery bucket fifty years ago.[1] An order where we can at last grow up to that which we stored up as we grew. An order which satisfies all that is appetitive in the intelligence and prehensile in the affections. I credit poetry, in other words, both for being itself and for being a help, for making possible a fluid and restorative relationship between the mind's centre and its circumference. I credit it because credit is due to it, in our time and in all time, for its truth to life, in every sense of that phrase.[2]

To begin with, I wanted that truth to life to possess a concrete reliability, and rejoiced most when the poem seemed most direct, an upfront representation of the world it stood in for or stood up for or stood its ground against.[3] Even as a schoolboy, I loved John Keats' ode "To Autumn" for being an ark of the covenant between language and sensation; as an adolescent, I loved Gerard Manley Hopkins for the intensity of his exclamations which were also equations for a rapture and an ache I didn't fully know I knew until I read him; I loved Robert Frost for his farmer's accuracy and his wily down-to-earthness; and Chaucer too for much the same reasons. Later on I would find a different kind of accuracy, a moral down-to-earthness to which I responded deeply and always will, in the war poetry of Wilfred Owen, a poetry where a New Testament sensibility suffers and absorbs the shock of the new century's barbarism. Then later again, in the pure consequence of Elizabeth Bishop's style, in the sheer

obduracy of Robert Lowell's and in the barefaced confrontation of Patrick Kavanagh's, I encountered further reasons for believing in poetry's ability—and responsibility—to say what happens, to "pity the planet," to be "not concerned with poetry."[4]

This temperamental disposition towards an art that was earnest and devoted to things as they are was corroborated by the experience of having been born and brought up in Northern Ireland and of having lived with that place even though I have lived out of it for the past quarter of a century. No place in the world prides itself more on its vigilance and realism, no place considers itself more qualified to censure any flourish of rhetoric or extravagance of aspiration. So, partly as a result of having internalized these attitudes through growing up with them, and partly as a result of growing a skin to protect myself against them, I went for years half-avoiding and half-resisting the opulence and extensiveness of poets as different as Wallace Stevens and Rainer Maria Rilke; crediting insufficiently the crystalline inwardness of Emily Dickinson, all those forked lightenings and fissures of association; and missing the visionary strangeness of Eliot. And these more or less costive attitudes were fortified by a refusal to grant the poet any more license than any other citizen; and they were further induced by having to conduct oneself as a poet in a situation of ongoing political violence and public expectation. A public expectation, it has to be said, not of poetry as such but of political positions variously approvable by mutually disapproving groups.

In one of the poems best known to students in my generation, a poem which could be said to have taken the nutrients of the symbolist movement and made them available in capsule form, the American poet Archibald MacLeish affirmed that "A poem should be equal to/not true." As a defiant statement of poetry's gift for telling truth but telling it slant, this is both cogent and corrective. Yet there are times when a deeper need enters, when we want the poem to be not only pleasurably right but compellingly wise,

not only a surprising variation played upon the world, but a re-tuning of the world itself.[5] We want the surprise to be transitive like the impatient thump which unexpectedly restores the picture to the television set, or the electric shock which sets the fibrillating heart back to its proper rhythm.

It is difficult at times to repress the thought that history is about as instructive as an abattoir, that Tacitus was right and that peace is merely the desolation left behind after the decisive operations of merciless power.[6] I remember, for example, shocking myself with a thought I had about that friend who was imprisoned in the seventies upon suspicion of having been involved with a political murder: I shocked myself by thinking that even if he were guilty, he might still perhaps be helping the future to be born, breaking the repressive forms and liberating new potential in the only way that worked, that is to say the violent way—which therefore became, by extension, the right way. It was like a moment of exposure to interstellar cold, a reminder of the scary element, both inner and outer, in which human beings must envisage and conduct their lives. But it was only a moment. The birth of the future we desire is surely in the contraction which that terrified Catholic felt on the roadside when another hand gripped his hand, not in the gunfire that followed, so absolute and so desolate, if also so much a part of the music of what happens.

As writers and readers, as sinners and citizens, our realism and our aesthetic sense make us wary of crediting the positive note. The very gunfire braces us and the atrocious confers a worth upon the effort which it calls forth to confront it. We are rightly in awe of the torsions in the poetry of Paul Celan and rightly enamoured of the suspiring voice in Samuel Beckett because these are evidence that art can rise to the occasion and somehow be the corollary of Celan's stricken destiny as Holocaust survivor and Beckett's demure heroism as a member of the French Resistance. Likewise, we are rightly suspicious of that which gives too much consolation in these circumstances; the very extremity of our late

twentieth century knowledge puts much of our cultural heritage to an extreme test. Only the very stupid or the very deprived can any longer help knowing that the documents of civilization have been written in blood and tears, blood and tears no less real for being very remote.[7] And when this intellectual predisposition co-exists with the actualities of Ulster and Israel and Bosnia and Rwanda and a host of other wounded spots on the face of the earth, the inclination is not only not to credit human nature with much constructive potential but not to credit anything too positive in the work of art.

Which is why for years I was bowed to the desk like some monk bowed over his prie-dieu, some dutiful contemplative pivoting his understanding in an attempt to bear his portion of the weight of the world, knowing himself incapable of heroic virtue or redemptive effect, but constrained by his obedience to his rule to repeat the effort and the posture.[8] Blowing up sparks for meagre heat. Forgetting faith, straining towards good works. Attending insufficiently to the diamond absolutes, among which must be counted the sufficiency of that which is absolutely imagined. Then finally and happily, and not in obedience to the dolorous circumstances of my native place but in despite of them, I straightened up. I began a few years ago to try to make space in my reckoning and imagining for the marvellous as well as for the murderous. And once again I shall try to represent the import of that changed orientation with a story out of Ireland.

This is a story about another monk holding himself up valiantly in the posture of endurance. It is said that once upon a time St. Kevin was kneeling with his arms stretched out in the form of a cross in Glendalough, a monastic site not too far from where we lived in Co. Wicklow, a place which to this day is one of the most wooded and watery retreats in the whole of the country. Anyhow, as Kevin knelt and prayed, a blackbird mistook his outstretched hand for some kind of roost and swooped down

upon it, laid a clutch of eggs in it and proceeded to nest in it as if it were the branch of a tree. Then, overcome with pity and constrained by his faith to love the life in all creatures great and small, Kevin stayed immobile for hours and days and nights and weeks, holding out his hand until the eggs hatched and the fledglings grew wings, true to life if subversive of common sense, at the intersection of natural process and the glimpsed ideal, at one and the same time a signpost and a reminder, manifesting that order of poetry where we can at last grow up to that which we stored up as we grew.[9]

St. Kevin's story is, as I say, a story out of Ireland. But it strikes me that it could equally well come out of India or Africa or the Arctic or the Americas. By which I do not mean merely to consign it to a typology of folktales, or to dispute its value by questioning its culture bound status within a multi-cultural context. On the contrary, its trustworthiness and its travel-worthiness have to do with its local setting. I can, of course, imagine it being deconstructed nowadays as a paradigm of colonialism, with Kevin figuring as the benign imperialist (or the missionary in the wake of the imperialist), the one who intervenes and appropriates the indigenous life and interferes with its pristine ecology. And I have to admit that there is indeed an irony that it was such a one who recorded and preserved this instance of the true beauty of the Irish heritage: Kevin's story, after all, appears in the writings of Giraldus Cambrensis, one of the Normans who invaded Ireland in the twelfth century, one whom the Irish-language annalist Geoffrey Keating would call, five hundred years later, "the bull of the herd of those who wrote the false history of Ireland". But even so, I still cannot persuade myself that this manifestation of early Christian civilization should be construed all that simply as a way into whatever is exploitative or barbaric in our history, past and present. The whole conception strikes me rather as being another example of the kind of work I saw a few weeks ago in the small museum in Sparta, on the morning

before the news of this year's Nobel Prize in literature was announced.

This was art which sprang from a cult very different from the faith espoused by St. Kevin. Yet in it there was a representation of a roosted bird and an entranced beast and a self-enrapturing man, except that this time the man was Orpheus and the rapture came from music rather than prayer. The work itself was a small carved relief and I could not help making a sketch of it; but neither could I help copying out the information typed on the card which accompanied and identified the exhibit. The image moved me because of its antiquity and durability, but the description on the card moved me also because it gave a name and credence to that which I see myself as having been engaged upon for the past three decades: "Votive panel," the identification card said, "possibly set up to Orpheus by local poet. Local work of the Hellenistic period."

Once again, I hope I am not being sentimental or simply fetishizing—as we have learnt to say—the local. I wish instead to suggest that images and stories of the kind I am invoking here do function as bearers of value. Even if we have learned to be rightly and deeply fearful of elevating the cultural forms and conservatisms of any nation into normative and exclusivist systems, even if we have terrible proof that pride in an ethnic and religious heritage can quickly degrade into the fascistic, our vigilance on that score should not displace our love and trust in the good of the indigenous per se. On the contrary, a trust in the staying power and travel-worthiness of such good should encourage us to credit the possibility of a world where respect for the validity of every tradition will issue in the creation and maintenance of a salubrious political space.[10]

In spite of devastating and repeated acts of massacre, assassination and extirpation, the huge acts of faith which have marked the new relations between Palestinians and Israelis, Africans and Afrikaners, and the way in which walls have come down in Europe and iron curtains have opened, all this inspires a hope that new possibility can still open up in Ireland as well.

The crux of that problem involves an ongoing partition of the island between British and Irish jurisdictions, and an equally persistent partition of the affections in Northern Ireland between the British and Irish heritages; but surely every dweller in the country must hope that the governments involved in its governance can devise institutions which will allow that partition to become a bit more like the net on a tennis court, a demarcation allowing for agile give-and-take, for encounter and contending, prefiguring a future where the vitality that flowed in the beginning from those bracing words "enemy" and "allies" might finally derive from a less binary and altogether less binding vocabulary.When the poet W. B. Yeats stood on this platform more than seventy years ago, Ireland was emerging from the throes of a traumatic civil war that had followed fast on the heels of a war of independence fought against the British. The struggle that ensued had been brief enough; it was over by May, 1923, some seven months before Yeats sailed to Stockholm, but it was bloody, savage and intimate, and for generations to come it would dictate the terms of politics within the twenty-six independent counties of Ireland, that part of the island known first of all as the Irish Free State and then subsequently as the Republic of Ireland.[11]

Yeats barely alluded to the civil war or the war of independence in his Nobel speech. Nobody understood better than he the connection between the construction and destruction of state institutions and the founding or foundering of cultural life, but on this occasion he chose to talk instead about the Irish Dramatic Movement.[12] His story was about the creative purpose of that movement and its historic good fortune in having not only his own genius to sponsor it, but also the genius of his friends John Millington Synge and Lady Augusta Gregory. He came to Sweden to tell the world that the local work of poets and dramatists had been as important to the transformation of his native place and times as the ambushes of guerrilla armies; and his boast in that elevated prose was essentially the

same as the one he would make in verse more than a decade later in his poem "The Municipal Gallery Revisited." There Yeats presents himself amongst the portraits and heroic narrative paintings which celebrate the events and personalities of recent history and all of a sudden realizes that something truly epoch-making has occurred: "'This is not,' I say,/ 'The dead Ireland of my youth, but an Ireland/ The poets have imagined, terrible and gay.'" And the poem concludes with two of the most quoted lines of his entire oeuvre:

> "Think where man's glory most begins and ends,
> And say my glory was I had such friends."

And yet, expansive and thrilling as these lines are, they are an instance of poetry flourishing itself rather than proving itself, they are the poet's lap of honour, and in this respect if in no other they resemble what I am doing in this lecture.[13] In fact, I should quote here on my own behalf some other words from the poem: "You that would judge me, do not judge alone/ This book or that." Instead, I ask you to do what Yeats asked his audience to do and think of the achievement of Irish poets and dramatists and novelists over the past forty years, among whom I am proud to count great friends. In literary matters, Ezra Pound advised against accepting the opinion of those "who haven't themselves produced notable work," and it is advice I have been privileged to follow, since it is the good opinion of notable workers and not just those in my own country that has fortified my endeavour since I began to write in Belfast more than thirty years ago. The Ireland I now inhabit is one that these Irish contemporaries have helped to imagine.

Yeats, however, was by no means all flourish. To the credit of poetry in our century there must surely be entered in any reckoning his two great sequences of poems entitled "Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen" and "Meditations in Time of Civil War," the latter of which contains the famous lyric about the bird's nest at his window, where a starling or stare

had built in a crevice of the old wall. The poet was living then in a Norman tower which had been very much a part of the military history of the country in earlier and equally troubled times, and as his thoughts turned upon the irony of civilizations being consolidated by violent and powerful conquerors who end up commissioning the artists and the architects,[14] he began to associate the sight of a mother bird feeding its young with the image of the honey bee, an image deeply lodged in poetic tradition and always suggestive of the ideal of an industrious, harmonious, nurturing commonwealth:

The bees build in the crevices
Of loosening masonry, and there
The mother birds bring grubs and flies.
My wall is loosening; honey-bees,
Come build in the empty house of the stare.

We are closed in, and the key is turned
On our uncertainty; somewhere
A man is killed, or a house burned,
Yet no clear fact to be discerned:
Come build in the empty house of the stare.

A barricade of stone or of wood;
Some fourteen days of civil war;
Last night they trundled down the road
That dead young soldier in his blood:
Come build in the empty house of the stare.

We had fed the heart on fantasies,
The heart's grown brutal from the fare;
More substance in our enmities

Even today, three thousand years later, as we channel-surf over so much live coverage of contemporary savagery, highly informed but nevertheless in danger of growing immune, familiar to the point of overfamiliarity with old newsreels of the concentration camp and the gulag, Homer's image can still bring us to our senses. The callousness of those spear shafts on the woman's back and shoulders survives time and translation. The image has that documentary adequacy which answers all that we know about the intolerable.[16]

But there is another kind of adequacy which is specific to lyric poetry. This has to do with the "temple inside our hearing" which the passage of the poem calls into being. It is an adequacy deriving from what Mandelstam called "the steadfastness of speech articulation," from the resolution and independence which the entirely realized poem sponsors. It has as much to do with the energy released by linguistic fission and fusion, with the buoyancy generated by cadence and tone and rhyme and stanza, as it has to do with the poem's concerns or the poet's truthfulness. In fact, in lyric poetry, truthfulness becomes recognizable as a ring of truth within the medium itself. And it is the unappeasable pursuit of this note, a note tuned to its most extreme in Emily Dickinson and Paul Celan and orchestrated to its most opulent in John Keats, it is this which keeps the poet's ear straining to hear the totally persuasive voice behind all the other informing voices.[17]

Which is a way of saying that I have never quite climbed down from the arm of that sofa. I may have grown more attentive to the news and more alive to the world history and world-sorrow behind it. But the thing uttered by the speaker I strain towards is still not quite the story of what is going on; it is more reflexive than that, because as a poet I am in fact straining towards a strain, seeking repose in the stability conferred by a musically satisfying order of sounds. As if the ripple at its widest desired to be verified by a reformation of itself, to be drawn in and drawn out

through its point of origin.

I also strain towards this in the poetry I read. And I find it, for example, in the repetition of that refrain of Yeats', "Come build in the empty house of the stare," with its tone of supplication, its pivots of strength in the words "build" and "house" and its acknowledgement of dissolution in the word "empty." I find it also in the triangle of forces held in equilibrium by the triple rhyme of "fantasies" and "enmities" and "honey-bees," and in the sheer in-placeness of the whole poem as a given form within the language.

Poetic form is both the ship and the anchor. It is at once a buoyancy and a steadying, allowing for the simultaneous gratification of whatever is centrifugal and whatever is centripetal in mind and body. And it is by such means that Yeats' work does what the necessary poetry always does, which is to touch the base of our sympathetic nature while taking in at the same time the unsympathetic nature of the world to which that nature is constantly exposed. The form of the poem, in other words, is crucial to poetry's power to do the thing which always is and always will be to poetry's credit: the power to persuade that vulnerable part of our consciousness of its rightness in spite of the evidence of wrongness all around it, the power to remind us that we are hunters and gatherers of values, that our very solitudes and distresses are creditable, in so far as they, too, are an earnest of our veritable human being.[18]

Notes

1. I credit poetry because poetry can make an order as true to the impact of external reality and as sensitive to the inner laws of the poet's being as the ripples that rippled in and rippled out across the water in that scullery bucket fifty years ago. 我相信诗歌，原因是诗歌能够建立一个秩序，这个秩序就像 50 年前水桶里的水荡起的涟漪一样，激起诗人内心的敏感，忠实地反

映外在现实。

2. I credit it because credit is due to it, in our time and in all time, for its truth to life, in every sense of that phrase. 我相信诗歌，是因为它在我们的时代和所有其他时代都应当得到的信任，因为无论从哪种意义上讲，诗歌都是忠实于生活的。

3. To begin with, I wanted that truth to life to possess a concrete reliability, and rejoiced most when the poem seemed most direct, an upfront representation of the world it stood in for or stood up for or stood its ground against. 一开始我渴求在生活中找到具体可靠的真理，当发现诗歌能直接地、突出地再现它所代表、支持或坚决反对的世界时，我感到极为喜悦。

4. ...I encountered further reasons for believing in poetry's ability—and responsibility—to say what happens, to "pity the planet," to be "not concerned with poetry." （在以上诗人的风格中）我找到了更多的理由去相信诗歌的能力和责任在于表现发生的事情，在于去"悲天悯人"而不是去关注诗歌本身。

5. Yet there are times when a deeper need enters, when we want the poem to be not only pleasurably right but compellingly wise, not only a surprising variation played upon the world, but a re-tuning of the world itself. 然而，当我们要求诗歌不仅准确、令人愉快，而且明智、令人幸福，不仅能以令人惊奇的变化对世界产生影响，而且又能使世界本身变得重新协调的时候，我们就有了更深层的需要。

6. It is difficult at times to repress the thought that history is about as instructive as an abattoir, that Tacitus was right and that peace is merely the desolation left behind after the decisive operations of merciless power. 有许多时候我们难以抑制一种想法，即历史就像屠宰场一样给我们以启发，正如塔西陀所说，和平只不过是残酷无情的强权在实行暴力之后留下的荒凉景象。

7. Only the very stupid or the very deprived can any longer help knowing that the documents of civilization have been written in blood and tears, blood and tears no less real for being very remote. 认识到人类文明的记录是血与泪写成的，血与泪不会因为年代久远而变得不真实，如果对此无动于衷，

那他就是一个极其愚蠢的人或者是一个知之甚少的人。

8. ...like some monk bowed over his prie-dieu, some dutiful contemplative pivoting his understanding in an attempt to bear his portion of the weight of the world, knowing himself incapable of heroic virtue or redemptive effect, but constrained by his obedience to his rule to repeat the effort and the posture. ……（我）就像一个僧人躬身跪在祈祷椅上一样（伏案写作），就像那些有责任感、试图改变自己的想法去承担对这个世界的责任的人一样。他知道自己没有英雄的品质，无力拯救世人，但他深受戒律的约束，不断努力重复他的姿态。

9. ...true to life if subversive of common sense, at the intersection of natural process and the glimpsed ideal, at one and the same time a signpost and a reminder, manifesting that order of poetry where we can at last grow up to that which we stored up as we grew. ……虽然不合常理，但这个故事生动逼真，处于模糊的理想与自然过程的交叉点上，同时又是一个标志和提示，它表现出我们在成长过程中积蓄力量而最终能获得诗歌要求的那种秩序。

10. On the contrary, a trust in the staying power and travel-worthiness of such good should encourage us to credit the possibility of a world where respect for the validity of every tradition will issue in the creation and maintenance of a salubrious political space. 正相反，坚信这种好东西能够流传下去会使我们相信有可能存在这样的一个世界，在这个世界里，尊重每一种传统的效力有利于创造和维持一个健康的政治空间。

11. ...but it was bloody, savage and intimate, and for generations to come it would dictate the terms of politics within the twenty-six independent counties of Ireland, that part of the island known first of all as the Irish Free State and then subsequently as the Republic of Ireland. ……这场内战是血腥、野蛮和深刻的。在以后的几十年里它决定了爱尔兰26个独立郡的政治面貌。这些郡最初被命名为爱尔兰自由邦，后来成为爱尔兰共和国。

12. Nobody understood better than he the connection between the construction and destruction of state institutions and the founding or foundering of

cultural life, but on this occasion he chose to talk instead about the Irish Dramatic Movement. 没有人比他（叶芝）更理解国家制度的建立和破坏与文化生活的建立和毁坏之间的关系了，但在这个场合，他却选择了谈论爱尔兰戏剧运动。

13. "Think where man's glory most begins and ends,/ And say my glory was I had such friends." And yet, expansive and thrilling as these lines are, they are an instance of poetry flourishing itself rather than proving itself, they are the poet's lap of honor, and in this respect if in no other they resemble what I am doing in this lecture. "想想人的光荣何时开始又何时结束，/我有过这样的朋友，/这就是我的光荣。" 尽管这几行诗境界开阔动人，却是诗歌强调自身美好而不是去证明自身的一个例子。这样的诗正是诗人的声誉所在。恰是在这方面，这些诗歌和我的这篇讲演类似。

14. The poet was living then in a Norman tower which had been very much a part of the military history of the country in earlier and equally troubled times, and as his thoughts turned upon the irony of civilizations being consolidated by violent and powerful conquerors who end up commissioning the artists and the architects. 诗人当时正住在一座诺曼时代的塔里，这座塔是国家早期动荡年代军事史的一部分。他突然想到这座塔是对文明的一种嘲讽，那就是当年任命艺术家和建筑师修建塔的人竟然是那些残暴的有权势的征服者。

15. It satisfies the contradictory needs which consciousness experiences at times of extreme crisis, the need on the one hand for a truth telling that will be hard and retributive, and on the other hand, the need not to harden the mind to a point where it denies its own yearnings for sweetness and trust. 它满足了人的意识在十分危急的时刻所体验的相互矛盾的需要。一方面人需要明白自己将会体验到的是难以忍受的和惩罚性的痛苦，另一方面人不愿冷酷到否认自身对友善和信任的向往。

16. The callousness of those spear shafts on the woman's back and shoulders survives time and translation. The image has that documentary adequacy which answers all that we know about the intolerable. 打在那位妇女背上、

肩上的矛杆的残酷无情，超越时间和文字。这一形象有纪实的精确性，可以解答我们能认识到的所有难以忍受的痛苦问题。

17. And it is the unappeasable pursuit of this note, a note tuned to its most extreme in Emily Dickinson and Paul Celan and orchestrated to its most opulent in John Keats; it is this which keeps the poet's ear straining to hear the totally persuasive voice behind all the other informing voices. 诗歌不断追求这种音乐感。在埃米莉·狄金森和保罗·策兰的诗歌中，这种音乐感达到了极致。这种音乐感在约翰·济慈的诗歌中表现得最为丰富，正是这样的音乐感使诗人竖起耳朵倾听所有内容丰富的声音背后的那种具有说服力的心声。

18. The form of the poem, in other words, is crucial to poetry's power to do the thing which always is and always will be to poetry's credit: the power to persuade that vulnerable part of our consciousness of its rightness in spite of the evidence of wrongness all around it, the power to remind us that we are hunters and gatherers of values, that our very solitudes and distresses are creditable, in so far as they, too, are an earnest of our veritable human being. 换句话说，诗歌的形式至关重要。它的作用决定着诗歌在现在和将来的荣誉，它使诗歌有力量冲破周围世界的种种误解，使人们意识当中脆弱但正确的力量占上风。这种力量能提醒我们是价值的采集者，我们特有的孤独与悲伤值得赞颂，只要这些孤独与悲伤也是人类真挚的情怀。



Wislawa Szymborska

希姆博尔斯卡（Wislawa Szymborska, 1923－ ），波兰女诗人。曾从事过诗歌编辑和专栏作家等职业。她总是回避正式场合，却乐意和不多的几个朋友聚在一起，吃着鲱鱼，喝着伏特加，谈论着一些日常话题。在几十年的写作生涯中，只接受过一两次采访。平时，除了钓鱼和收集旧明信片，就是写诗，从从容容地写，一年也就写十来首，作品虽不多，但用有关评论家的话说“几乎每首都是精品”。在获得诺贝尔文学奖之前并不为世界所知，所以她的获奖令许多人吃惊。1996年获得诺贝尔文学奖后，她搬到了一个更为隐蔽的地方，“一个谁也找不到的地方”。她是个把宁静看得比什么都重要的诗人。尽管她长期过着近乎隐居的生活，但人们通过诗歌依然时时能感到她的存在。这样的缺席实际上比出席更有力量。

这位女诗人曾这样提醒当代诗人：诗并不是畅销商品。她痛恨那些为附庸风雅而买她的诗作的人。

The Poet and the World

They say the first sentence in any speech is always the hardest. Well, that one's behind me, anyway. But I have a feeling that the sentences to come—the third, the sixth, the tenth, and so on, up to the final line—will be just as hard, since I`m supposed to talk about poetry. I've said very little on the subject, next to nothing, in fact. And whenever I have said anything,

I've always had the sneaking suspicion that I'm not very good at it. This is why my lecture will be rather short. All imperfection is easier to tolerate if served up in small doses.[1]

Contemporary poets are skeptical and suspicious even, or perhaps especially, about themselves. They publicly confess to being poets only reluctantly, as if they were a little ashamed of it. But in our clamorous times it's much easier to acknowledge your faults, at least if they're attractively packaged, than to recognize your own merits, since these are hidden deeper and you never quite believe in them yourself. When filling in questionnaires or chatting with strangers, that is, when they can't avoid revealing their profession, poets prefer to use the general term "writer" or replace "poet" with the name of whatever job they do in addition to writing.[2] Bureaucrats and bus passengers respond with a touch of incredulity and alarm when they find out that they're dealing with a poet. I suppose philosophers may meet with a similar reaction. Still, they're in a better position, since as often as not they can embellish their calling with some kind of scholarly title. Professor of philosophy—now that sounds much more respectable.

But there are no professors of poetry. This would mean, after all, that poetry is an occupation requiring specialized study, regular examinations, theoretical articles with bibliographies and footnotes attached, and finally, ceremoniously conferred diplomas. And this would mean, in turn, that it's not enough to cover pages with even the most exquisite poems in order to become a poet. The crucial element is some slip of paper bearing an official stamp.[3] Let us recall that the pride of Russian poetry, the future Nobel Laureate Joseph Brodsky was once sentenced to internal exile precisely on such grounds. They called him "a parasite," because he lacked official certification granting him the right to be a poet.

Several years ago, I had the honor and pleasure of meeting Brodsky in person. And I noticed that, of all the poets I've known, he was the only one

who enjoyed calling himself a poet. He pronounced the word without inhibitions. Just the opposite—he spoke it with defiant freedom. It seems to me that this must have been because he recalled the brutal humiliations he had experienced in his youth.

In more fortunate countries, where human dignity isn't assaulted so readily, poets yearn, of course, to be published, read, and understood, but they do little, if anything, to set themselves above the common herd and the daily grind. And yet it wasn't so long ago, in this century's first decades, that poets strove to shock us with their extravagant dress and eccentric behavior. But all this was merely for the sake of public display. The moment always came when poets had to close the doors behind them, strip off their mantles, fripperies, and other poetic paraphernalia, and confront—silently, patiently awaiting their own selves—the still white sheet of paper. For this is finally what really counts.[4]

It's not accidental that film biographies of great scientists and artists are produced in droves. The more ambitious directors seek to reproduce convincingly the creative process that led to important scientific discoveries or the emergence of a masterpiece. And one can depict certain kinds of scientific labor with some success. Laboratories, sundry instruments, elaborate machinery brought to life: such scenes may hold the audience's interest for a while. And those moments of uncertainty—will the experiment, conducted for the thousandth time with some tiny modification, finally yield the desired result?—can be quite dramatic. Films about painters can be spectacular, as they go about recreating every stage of a famous painting's evolution, from the first penciled line to the final brush-stroke. Music swells in films about composers: the first bars of the melody that rings in the musician's ears finally emerge as a mature work in symphonic form. Of course this is all quite naive and doesn't explain the strange mental state popularly known as inspiration, but at least there's something to look at and listen to.[5]

But poets are the worst. Their work is hopelessly unphotogenic. Someone sits at a table or lies on a sofa while staring motionless at a wall or ceiling. Once in a while this person writes down seven lines only to cross out one of them fifteen minutes later, and then another hour passes, during which nothing happens. Who could stand to watch this kind of thing?

I've mentioned inspiration. Contemporary poets answer evasively when asked what it is, and if it actually exists. It's not that they've never known the blessing of this inner impulse. It's just not easy to explain something to someone else that you don't understand yourself.

When I'm asked about this on occasion, I hedge the question too. But my answer is this: inspiration is not the exclusive privilege of poets or artists generally. There is, has been, and will always be a certain group of people whom inspiration visits. It's made up of all those who've consciously chosen their calling and do their job with love and imagination.[6] It may include doctors, teachers, gardeners—and I could list a hundred more professions. Their work becomes one continuous adventure as long as they manage to keep discovering new challenges in it. Difficulties and setbacks never quell their curiosity. A swarm of new questions emerges from every problem they solve. Whatever inspiration is, it's born from a continuous "I don't know."[7]

There aren't many such people. Most of the earth's inhabitants work to get by. They work because they have to. They didn't pick this or that kind of job out of passion; the circumstances of their lives did the choosing for them. Loveless work, boring work, work valued only because others haven't got even that much, however loveless and boring—this is one of the harshest human miseries. And there's no sign that coming centuries will produce any changes for the better as far as this goes.

And so, though I may deny poets their monopoly on inspiration, I still place them in a select group of Fortune's darlings.

At this point, though, certain doubts may arise in my audience. All sorts of torturers, dictators, fanatics, and demagogues struggling for power by way of a few loudly shouted slogans also enjoy their jobs, and they too perform their duties with inventive fervor.[8] Well, yes, but they "know." They know, and whatever they know is enough for them once and for all. They don't want to find out about anything else, since that might diminish their arguments' force. And any knowledge that doesn't lead to new questions quickly dies out: it fails to maintain the temperature required for sustaining life.[9] In the most extreme cases, cases well known from ancient and modern history, it even poses a lethal threat to society.

This is why I value that little phrase "I don't know" so highly. It's small, but it flies on mighty wings. It expands our lives to include the spaces within us as well as those outer expanses in which our tiny Earth hangs suspended. If Isaac Newton had never said to himself "I don't know," the apples in his little orchard might have dropped to the ground like hailstones and at best he would have stooped to pick them up and gobble them with gusto. Had my compatriot Marie Sklodowska-Curie never said to herself "I don't know," she probably would have wound up teaching chemistry at some private high school for young ladies from good families, and would have ended her days performing this otherwise perfectly respectable job.[10] But she kept on saying "I don't know," and these words led her, not just once but twice, to Stockholm, where restless, questing spirits are occasionally rewarded with the Nobel Prize.

Poets, if they're genuine, must also keep repeating "I don't know." Each poem marks an effort to answer this statement, but as soon as the final period hits the page, the poet begins to hesitate, starts to realize that this particular answer was pure makeshift that's absolutely inadequate to boot. So the poets keep on trying, and sooner or later the consecutive results of their self-dissatisfaction are clipped together with a giant paperclip by literary historians and called their "oeuvre."

I sometimes dream of situations that can't possibly come true. I audaciously imagine, for example, that I get a chance to chat with the Ecclesiastes, the author of that moving lament on the vanity of all human endeavors.[11] I would bow very deeply before him, because he is, after all, one of the greatest poets, for me at least. That done, I would grab his hand. "'There's nothing new under the sun': that's what you wrote, Ecclesiastes. But you yourself were born new under the sun. And the poem you created is also new under the sun, since no one wrote it down before you. And all your readers are also new under the sun, since those who lived before you couldn't read your poem. And that cypress that you're sitting under hasn't been growing since the dawn of time. It came into being by way of another cypress similar to yours, but not exactly the same. And Ecclesiastes, I'd also like to ask you what new thing under the sun you're planning to work on now? A further supplement to the thoughts you've already expressed? Or maybe you're tempted to contradict some of them now? In your earlier work you mentioned joy—so what if it's fleeting? So maybe your new-under-the-sun poem will be about joy? Have you taken notes yet, do you have drafts? I doubt you'll say, 'I've written everything down, I've got nothing left to add.' There's no poet in the world who can say this, least of all a great poet like yourself."

The world—whatever we might think when terrified by its vastness and our own impotence, or embittered by its indifference to individual suffering, of people, animals, and perhaps even plants,[12] for why are we so sure that plants feel no pain; whatever we might think of its expanses pierced by the rays of stars surrounded by planets we've just begun to discover, planets already dead? Still dead? We just don't know; whatever we might think of this measureless theater to which we've got reserved tickets, but tickets whose lifespan is laughably short, bounded as it is by two arbitrary dates; whatever else we might think of this world—it is astonishing.

But "astonishing" is an epithet concealing a logical trap. We're astonished, after all, by things that deviate from some well-known and universally acknowledged norm, from an obviousness we've grown accustomed to.[13] Now the point is, there is no such obvious world. Our astonishment exists per se and isn't based on comparison with something else.

Granted, in daily speech, where we don't stop to consider every word, we all use phrases like "the ordinary world," "ordinary life," "the ordinary course of events"... But in the language of poetry, where every word is weighed, nothing is usual or normal. Not a single stone and not a single cloud above it. Not a single day and not a single night after it. And above all, not a single existence, not anyone's existence in this world.[14]

It looks like poets will always have their work cut out for them.

Notes

1. And whenever I have said anything, I've always had the sneaking suspicion that I'm not very good at it. This is why my lecture will be rather short. All imperfection is easier to tolerate if served up in small doses. 每当我谈论诗歌的时候，总是心存疑虑，我谈不好这个话题。这就是为什么我这次讲演会很短，因为小瑕疵是较容易容忍的。
2. When filling in questionnaires or chatting with strangers, that is, when they can't avoid revealing their profession, poets prefer to use the general term "writer" or replace "poet" with the name of whatever job they do in addition to writing. 当填表或与生人谈话时，即诗人不能再隐瞒自己的身份时，他们常常喜欢用"作家"这个泛泛的词，或者用除了写作以外任何职业的名字来代替"诗人"这个词。
3. And this would mean, in turn, that it's not enough to cover pages with even the most exquisite poems in order to become a poet. The crucial element is some slip of paper bearing an official stamp. 这意味着，想成为诗人，能写

出最精美的诗歌还不够，关键是要拥有一张盖有官印的纸。

4. The moment always came when poets had to close the doors behind them, strip off their mantles, fripperies, and other poetic paraphernalia, and confront—silently, patiently awaiting their own selves—the still white sheet of paper. For this is finally what really counts. 诗人们回到屋里的时刻总要到来，他们得关上门，脱掉外衣和其他的一些小饰品，此时他们将静静地、耐心地面对自己，摆在眼前的仍旧是白纸，因为这张白纸才是他们要考虑的最主要的事情。

5. Of course this is all quite naive and doesn't explain the strange mental state popularly known as inspiration, but at least there's something to look at and listen to. 当然这一切都太简单化了，解释不了那被认为是灵感的奇妙的精神状态，但人们至少还有可看的和可听的。

6. There is, has been, and will always be a certain group of people whom inspiration visits. It's made up of all those who've consciously chosen their calling and do their job with love and imagination. 过去有，现在有，将来还会有一批有灵感的人物。这些人都会自觉自愿地选择他们的职业，而且会以极大的热情和想象力去敬业。

7. A swarm of new questions emerges from every problem they solve. Whatever inspiration is, it's born from a continuous "I don't know." 他们刚解决了一个问题，就有新的问题出现。不管灵感是什么，它始终产生于"我不知道"。

8. All sorts of torturers, dictators, fanatics, and demagogues struggling for power by way of a few loudly shouted slogans also enjoy their jobs, and they too perform their duties with inventive fervor. 所有高喊口号的虐待狂、独裁者、追求权利的鼓动者也都热爱他们的工作，他们的工作也具有创造性。

9. And any knowledge that doesn't lead to new questions quickly dies out: it fails to maintain the temperature required for sustaining life. 任何不再产生新问题的知识都会很快消亡，它不能保持维持生命所需要的温度。

10. Had my compatriot Marie Sklodowska-Curie never said to herself "I don't

know," she probably would have wound up teaching chemistry at some private high school for young ladies from good families, and would have ended her days performing this otherwise perfectly respectable job. 假如我的同胞玛丽亚·居里从来没有说过"我不知道",她很可能一辈子就在一所贵族女子私立高中教化学,她很可能在这份还像样的工作中了却一生。

11. I audaciously imagine, for example, that I get a chance to chat with the Ecclesiastes, the author of that moving lament on the vanity of all human endeavors.我大胆想象能有机会和《传道书》的作者聊天,作者写下了这首动人的哀歌,感叹了人类一切徒劳无益的努力。

12. The world—whatever we might think when terrified by its vastness and our own impotence, or embittered by its indifference to individual suffering, of people, animals, and perhaps even plants. 世界——我们人类惊骇于它的广博和自己的渺小,这世界对人类、动植物所受的苦难无动于衷,令我们怨恨。

13. We're astonished, after all, by things that deviate from some well-known and universally acknowledged norm, from an obviousness we've grown accustomed to. 对于那些偏离了众所周知的而被普遍接受的事物感到惊异,也对我们一眼看不透的事物感到惊异。

14. But in the language of poetry, where every word is weighed, nothing is usual or normal. Not a single stone and not a single cloud above it. Not a single day and not a single night after it. And above all, not a single existence, not anyone's existence in this world. 而在诗的语言中,每一个词都被推敲过,没有一样东西是平常普通的,没有一块普通的石头,没有一片普通的云彩,没有一个普通的白昼,没有一个普通的黑夜,最重要的是在这个世界上没有任何东西的存在是平凡的。



Günter Grass

君特·格拉斯（Günter Grass, 1927－ ），德国作家。出生于德国但泽，父母为波兰裔德国人。在第二次世界大战中曾被美军俘虏。获释后先是务农，后来在柏林等地学习过艺术。做过一段时间的雕塑家，后从事诗歌、戏剧及小说的创作。主要作品有诗集《风信鸡之优点》、《三角轨道》等；剧作《洪水》、《叔叔，叔叔》、《恶厨师》、《平民试验起义》等；长篇小说《铁皮鼓》、《猫与鼠》、《非常岁月》合称《但泽三部曲》。1999 年作品《铁皮鼓哈里》获诺贝尔文学奖。这是一部以 20 世纪上半期的德国为背景的全景式讽刺小说。其获奖理由："其嬉戏之中蕴含悲剧色彩的寓言描摹出了人类淡忘的历史面目"。君特·格拉斯经常为自己的作品设计封面，画插图。此外他对政治颇有兴趣。

To Be Continued ...

People have always told tales. Long before humanity learned to write and gradually became literate, everybody told tales to everybody else and everybody listened to everybody else's tales. Before long it became clear that some of the still illiterate storytellers told more and better tales than others, that is, they could make more people believe their lies.[1] And there were those among them who found artful ways of stemming the peaceful flow of their tales and diverting it into a tributary, that, far from drying up, turned suddenly and amazingly into a broad bed, though now full of

flotsam and jetsam, the stuff of sub-plots. And because these primordial storytellers—who were not dependent upon day or lamp light and could carry on perfectly well in the dark, who were in fact adept at exploiting dusk or darkness to add to the suspense—because they stopped at nothing, neither dry stretches nor thundering waterfalls, except perhaps to interrupt the course of action with a "To Be Continued..." if they sensed their audience's attention flagging, many of their listeners felt moved to start telling tales of their own.

What tales were told when no one could yet write and therefore no one wrote them down? From the days of Cain and Abel there were tales of murder and manslaughter. Feuds—blood feuds, in particular—were always good for a story. Genocide entered the picture quite early along with floods and droughts, fat years and lean years.[2] Lengthy lists of cattle and slaves were perfectly acceptable, and no tale could be believable without detailed genealogies of who came before whom and who came after, heroic tales especially. Love triangles, popular even now, and tales of monsters—half man, half beast—who made their way through labyrinths or lay in wait in the bulrushes attracted mass audiences from the outset, to say nothing of legends of gods and idols and accounts of sea journeys, which were then handed down, polished, enlarged upon, modified, transmogrified into their opposites, and finally written down by a storyteller whose name was supposedly Homer or, in the case of the *Bible*, by a collective of storytellers. In China and Persia, in India and the Peruvian highlands, wherever writing flourished, storytellers—whether as groups or individuals, anonymously or by name—turned into literati.[3]

Writing-fixated as we are, we nonetheless retain the memory of oral storytelling, the spoken origins of literature. And a good thing too, because if we were to forget that all storytelling comes through the lips—now inarticulate, hesitant, now swift, as if driven by fear, now in whisper, to keep the secrets revealed from reaching the wrong ears, now loudly and

clearly, all the way from self-serving bluster to sniffing out the very essence of life—if our faith in writing were to make us forget all that, our storytelling would be bookish, dry as dust.[4]

Yet how good too that we have so many books available to us and that whether we read them aloud or to ourselves they are permanent. They have been my inspiration. Nor have things changed much since. Well into my fifth decade of enduring, no, relishing the moil and toil called writing, I chew tough, stringy clauses into manageable mush, babble to myself in blissful isolation, and put pen to paper only when I hear the proper tone and pitch, resonance and reverberation.[5]

Yes, I love my calling. It keeps me company, a company whose polyphonic chatter calls for literal transcription into my manuscripts. And there is nothing I like more than to meet books of mine—books that have long since flown the coop and been expropriated by readers—when I read out loud to an audience what now lies peacefully on the page. For both the young, weaned early from language, and the old, grizzled yet still rapacious, the written word becomes spoken, and the magic works again and again.[6] It is the shaman in the author earning a bit on the side, writing against the current of time, lying his way to tenable truths. And everyone believes his tacit promise: To Be Continued ...

But how did I become a writer, poet, and artist—all at once and all on frightening white paper? What homemade hubris put a child up to such craziness? After all, I was only twelve when I realized I wanted to be an artist. It coincided with the outbreak of the Second World War, when I was living on the outskirts of Danzig. But my first opportunity for professional development had to wait until the following year, when I found a tempting offer in the Hitler Youth magazine *Hilf mit!* (Lend a Hand). It was a story contest. With prizes. I immediately set to writing my first novel. Influenced by my mother's background, it bore the title *The Kashubians*, but the action did not take place in the painful present of that small and

dwindling people; it took place in the thirteenth century during a period of interregnum, a grim period when brigands and robber barons ruled the highways and the only recourse a peasant had to justice was a kind of kangaroo court.

All I can remember of it is that after a brief outline of the economic conditions in the Kashubian hinterland I started in on pillages and massacres with a vengeance. There was so much throttling, stabbing, and skewering, so many kangaroo-court hangings and executions that by the end of the first chapter all the protagonists and a goodly number of the minor characters were dead and either buried or left to the crows. Since my sense of style did not allow me to turn corpses into spirits and the novel into a ghost story, I had to admit defeat with an abrupt end and no "To Be Continued..." Not for good, of course, but the neophyte had learned his lesson: next time he would have to be a bit more gentle with his characters.

But first I read and read some more. I had my own way of reading: with my fingers in my ears. Let me say by way of explanation that my younger sister and I grew up in straitened circumstances, that is, in a two-room flat and hence without rooms of our own or even so much as a corner to ourselves. In the long run it turned out to be an advantage, though: I learned at an early age to concentrate in the midst of people or surrounded by noise.[7] When I read I might have been under a bell jar; I was so involved in the world of the book that my mother, who liked a practical joke, once demonstrated her son's complete and utter absorption to a neighbour by replacing a roll I had been taking an occasional bite from with a bar of soap—Palmolive, I believe—whereupon the two women—my mother not without a certain pride—watched me reach blindly for the soap, sink my teeth into it, and chew it for a good minute before it tore me away from my adventure on the page.

To this day I can concentrate as I did in my early years, but I have never read more obsessively. Our books were kept in a bookcase behind

blue-curtained panes of glass. My mother belonged to a book club, and the novels of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy stood side by side and mixed in with novels by Hamsun, Raabe, and Vicky Baum. Selma Lagerlöf's *Gösta Berling* was within easy reach. I later moved on to the Municipal Library, but my mother's collection provided the initial impulse. A punctilious businesswoman forced to sell her wares to unreliable customers on credit, she was also a great lover of beauty: she listened to opera and operetta, melodies on her primitive radio, enjoyed hearing my promising stories, and frequently went to the Municipal Theatre, even taking me along from time to time.[8]

The only reason I rehearse here these anecdotes of a petty bourgeois childhood after painting them with epic strokes decades ago in works peopled by fictitious characters is to help me answer the question "What made you become a writer?" The ability to daydream at length, the job of punning and playing with language in general, the addiction to lying for its own sake rather than for mine because sticking to the truth would have been a bore—in short, what is loosely known as talent was certainly a factor, but it was the abrupt intrusion of politics into the family idyll that turned the all too flighty category of talent into a ballast with a certain permanence and depth.

My mother's favourite cousin, like her a Kashubian by birth, worked at the Polish post office of the Free City of Danzig. He was a regular at our house and always welcome. When the War broke out my uncle was rounded up with those who finally surrendered. They were tried summarily and put before a firing squad. Suddenly he was no more. Suddenly and permanently his name was no longer mentioned. He became a non-person. Yet he must have lived on in me through the years when at fifteen I donned a uniform, at sixteen I learned what fear was, at seventeen I landed in an American POW camp, at eighteen I worked in the black market, studied to be a stone-mason and started sculpting in stone, prepared for admission to

art school and wrote and drew, drew and wrote, fleet-footed verse, quizzical one-acts, and on it went until I found the material unwieldy—I seem to have an inborn need for aesthetic pleasure. And beneath the detritus of it all lay my mother's favourite cousin, the Polish postal clerk, shot and buried, only to be found by me (who else?) and exhumed and resuscitated by literary artificial respiration under other names and guises, though this time in a novel whose major and minor characters, full of life and beans as they are, make it through a number of chapters, some even holding out till the end and thus enabling the writer to keep his recurrent promise: To Be Continued ...

The publication of my first two novels, *The Tin Drum* and *Dog Years*, and the novella I stuck between them, *Cat and Mouse*, taught me early on, as a relatively young writer, that books can cause offence, stir up fury, even hatred, that what is undertaken out of love for one's country can be taken as soiling one's nest.[9] From then on I have been controversial, which means that like writers banished to Siberia or suchlike places I am in good company. So I have no grounds to complain; on the contrary, writers should consider the condition of permanent controversiality to be invigorating, part of the risk involved in choosing the profession.[10] It is a fact of life that writers have always and with due consideration and great pleasure spit in the soup of the high and mighty. That is what makes the history of literature analogous to the development and refinement of censorship.

The ill humour of the powers-that-be forced Socrates to drain the cup of hemlock to the dregs, sent Ovid into exile, made Seneca open his veins. For centuries and to the present day the finest fruits of the Western garden of literature have graced the index of the Catholic Church. How much equivocation did the European Enlightenment learn from the censorship practised by princes with absolute power? How many German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese writers did fascism drive from their lands and

languages? How many writers fell victim to the Leninist-Stalinist reign of terror? And what constraints are writers under today in countries like Kenya, or Croatia?

I come from the land of book burning. We know that the desire to destroy a hated book is still (or once more) part of the spirit of our times and that when necessary it finds appropriate telegenic expression and therefore a mass audience. What is much worse, however, is that the persecution of writers, including the threat of murder and murder itself, is on the rise throughout the world, so much so that the world has grown accustomed to the terror of it.[11] True, the part of the world that calls itself free raises a hue and cry when, as in 1995 in Nigeria, a writer like Ken Saro-Wiwa and his supporters are sentenced to death and killed for taking a stand against the contamination of their country, but things immediately go back to normal, because ecological considerations might affect the profits of the world's number one oil colossus shell.

What makes books—and with them writers—so dangerous that church and state, politburos and the mass media feel the need to oppose them? Silencing and worse are seldom the result of direct attacks on the reigning ideology. Often all it takes is a literary allusion to the idea that truth exists only in the plural—that there is no such thing as a single truth but only a multitude of truths—to make the defenders of one or another truth sense danger, mortal danger.[12] Then there is the problem that writers are by definition unable to leave the past in peace: they are quick to open closed wounds, peer behind closed doors, find skeletons in the cupboard, consume sacred cows or, as in the case of Jonathan Swift, offer up Irish children, "stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled," to the kitchens of the English nobility. In other words, nothing is sacred to them, not even capitalism, and that makes them offensive, even criminal. But worst of all they refuse to make common cause with the victors of history: they take pleasure milling about the fringes of the historical process with the losers, who have

plenty to say but no platform to say it on. By giving them a voice, they call the victory into question, by associating with them, they join ranks with them.

Of course the powers-that-be, no matter what period costume they may be wearing, have nothing against literature as such. They enjoy it as an ornament and even promote it. At present its role is to entertain, to serve the fun culture, to de-emphasize the negative side of things and give people hope, a light in the darkness. What is basically called for, though not quite so explicitly, is a "positive hero."[13] In the jungle of the free market economy he is likely to pave his way to success Rambo-like with corpses and a smile; he is an adventurer who is always up for a quick fuck between battles, a winner who leaves a trail of losers behind him, in short, the perfect role model for our globalized world. And the demand for the hard-boiled he-man who always lands on his feet is unfailingly met by the media: James Bond has spawned any number of Dolly-like children. Good will continue to prevail over evil as long as it assumes his cool-guy pose.

In other words, no more "To Be Continued ..." Though write we did. We wrote by bearing in mind that Auschwitz marks a rift, an unbridgeable gap in the history of civilization. It was our duty to take the goose step out of German, to lure it out of its idylls and fogged inwardness. We, the children who had had our fingers burned, we were the ones to repudiate the absolutes, the ideological black or white. Doubt and scepticism were our godparents and the multitude of gray values their present to us. In any case, such was the asceticism I imposed on myself before discovering the richness of a language I had all too sweepingly pronounced guilty: its seducible softness, its tendency to plumb the depths, its utterly supple hardness, not to mention the sheen of its dialects, its artlessness and artfulness, its eccentricities, and beauty blossoming from its subjunctives. The only way writing after Auschwitz, poetry or prose, could proceed was by becoming memory and preventing the past from coming to an end. Only

then could post-war literature in German justify applying the generally valid "To Be Continued ..." to itself and its descendants; only then could the wound be kept open and the much desired and prescribed forgetting be reversed with a steadfast "Once upon a time."

How many times when one or another interest group calls for considering what happened a closed chapter—we need to return to normalcy and put our shameful past behind us—how many times has literature resisted. And rightly so! Because it is a position as foolish as it is understandable; because every time the end of the post-war period is proclaimed in Germany—as it was ten years ago, with the Wall down and unity in the offing—the past catches up with us.

At that time, in February 1990, I gave a talk to students in Frankfurt entitled "Writing After Auschwitz." I wanted to take stock of my works book by book. In *The Diary of a Snail*, which came out in 1972 and in which past and present crisscross, but also run parallel or occasionally collide, I am asked by my sons how I define my profession, and I answer, "A writer, children, is someone who writes against the current of time." What I said to the students was: "Such a view presumes that writers are not encapsulated in isolation or the sempiternal, that they see themselves as living in the here and now, and, even more, that they expose themselves to the vicissitudes of time, that they jump in and take sides. The dangers of jumping in and taking sides are well known: The distance a writer is supposed to keep is threatened; his language must live from hand to mouth; the narrowness of current events can make him narrow and curb the imagination he has trained to run free; he runs the danger of running out of breath."[14]

The risk I referred to then has remained with me throughout the years. But what would the profession of writer be like without risk? Granted, the writer would have the security of, say, a cultural bureaucrat, but he would be the prisoner of his fears of dirtying his hands with the present. Out of

fear of losing his distance he would lose himself in realms where myths reside and lofty thoughts are all. But the present, which the past is constantly turning into, would catch up to him in the end and put him through the third degree. Because every writer is of his time, no matter how he protests being born too early or late. He does not autonomously choose what he will write about, that choice is made for him.[15] At least I was not free to choose. Left to my own devices, I would have followed the laws of aesthetics and been perfectly happy to seek my place in texts droll and harmless.

But that was not to be. There were extenuating circumstances: mountains of rubble and cadavers, fruit of the womb of German history. The more I shovelled, the more it grew. It simply could not be ignored. Besides, I come from a family of refugees, which means that in addition to everything that drives a writer from book to book—common ambition, the fear of boredom, the mechanisms of egocentricity—I had the irreparable loss of my birthplace.[16] If by telling tales I could not recapture a city both lost and destroyed, I could at least re-conjure it. And this obsession kept me going. I wanted to make it clear to myself and my readers, not without a bit of a chip on my shoulder, that what was lost did not need to sink into oblivion, that it could be resuscitated by the art of literature in all its grandeur and pettiness: the churches and cemeteries, the sounds of the shipyards and smells of the faintly lapping Baltic, a language on its way out yet still stable-warm and grumble-rich, sins in need of confession, and crimes tolerated if never exonerated.

How can subversive writing be both dynamite and of literary quality? Is there time enough to wait for the delayed action? Is any book capable of supplying a commodity in so short supply as the future? Is it not rather the case that literature is currently retreating from public life and that young writers are using the Internet as a playground? A standstill, to which the suspicious word "communication" lends a certain aura, is making

headway.[17] Every scrap of time is planned down to the last nervous breakdown. A cultural industry vale of tears is taking over the world. What is to be done?

My godlessness notwithstanding, all I can do is bend my knee to a saint who has never failed me and cracked some of the hardest nuts. "O Holy and (through the grace of Camus) Nobelified Sisyphus! May thy stone not remain at the top of the hill, may we roll it down again and like thee continue to rejoice in it, and may the story told of the drudgery of our existence have no end. Amen."[18]

Notes

1. Before long it became clear that some of the still illiterate storytellers told more and better tales than others, that is, they could make more people believe their lies. 不久情况就明显了，一些文盲但会讲故事的人讲起故事讲得比别人更多更好，也就是说，他们能使更多的人相信他们的谎言。
2. Feuds—blood feuds, in particular—were always good for a story. Genocide entered the picture quite early along with floods and droughts, fat years and lean years. 复仇，尤其是血泪仇，往往是故事的好材料。伴随着洪水、干旱、丰年、饥年，种族屠杀早就是故事的素材了。
3. In China and Persia, in India and the Peruvian highlands, wherever writing flourished, storytellers—whether as groups or individuals, anonymously or by name—turned into literati. 无论在中国、波斯还是印度，或是秘鲁的高原上，只要有文字繁荣的地方，不管是集体还是个人，无名还是有名，讲故事的人都变成了文人墨客。
4. ...because if we were to forget that all storytelling comes through the lips—now inarticulate, hesitant, now swift, as if driven by fear, now in whisper, to keep the secrets revealed from reaching the wrong ears, now loudly and clearly, all the way from self-serving bluster to sniffing out the very essence of life—if our faith in writing were to make us forget all that, our storytelling

would be bookish, dry as dust. ……因为我们忘记了故事是由口头叙述开始的——时而含混不清、犹豫不决，时而像是被吓得说得急急忙忙，或是低声耳语，一会儿又好像怕秘密被不该知道的人听了去，时而又高声而清晰，从自私的夸口一直到说出人生的真谛——如果我们太忠实于文字以至于让我们忘记了故事带有以上口头语所有的特点，那我们的叙述只能是书本的、干巴巴的。

5. Well into my fifth decade of enduring, no, relishing the moil and toil called writing, I chew tough, stringy clauses into manageable mush, babble to myself in blissful isolation, and put pen to paper only when I hear the proper tone and pitch, resonance and reverberation. 我的写作生涯已进入了第五个十年了，其间的忍耐、有苦有乐的艰辛只有我知道，我在幸福而孤独的时光里，不停地咀嚼着枯燥而冗长的从句，再把它们变成音调音质都恰到好处的、铿锵有力的句子。

6. For both the young, weaned early from language, and the old, grizzled yet still rapacious, the written word becomes spoken, and the magic works again and again. 面对早已渴求语言甘露的滋润的年轻人，面对兴致勃勃的老年人，写出来的词又变成了说出来的话，文字的魔力一次又一次地再现。

7. Let me say by way of explanation that my younger sister and I grew up in straitened circumstances, that is, in a two-room flat and hence without rooms of our own or even so much as a corner to ourselves. In the long run it turned out to be an advantage, though: I learned at an early age to concentrate in the midst of people or surrounded by noise. 我得解释一下，我和妹妹成长在一个很狭小的环境里，只有两间屋子的一个房子，我们没有各自的单独房间，连属于我们各自的一个角落都没有。从长远来看，这样的艰苦环境对我有好处：我很小就学会了在喧闹的环境中保持注意力集中。

8. ...she was also a great lover of beauty: she listened to opera and operetta, melodies on her primitive radio, enjoyed hearing my promising stories, and frequently went to the Municipal Theatre, even taking me along from time to time. ……妈妈她也很爱美：从旧收音机里听歌剧、轻歌剧、歌曲，爱听我讲的充满希望的故事，她经常去市立剧院，还常常带上我。

9. …taught me early on, as a relatively young writer, that books can cause offence, stir up fury, even hatred, that what is undertaken out of love for one's country can be taken as soiling one's nest. ……早早就使我这个年纪轻轻的作家明白书会引起人的反感、激起人的愤怒甚至仇恨，也叫我明白了出于爱国的行为会被人误解成家丑外扬。

10. From then on I have been controversial, which means that like writers banished to Siberia or suchlike places I am in good company. So I have no grounds to complain; on the contrary, writers should consider the condition of permanent controversiality to be invigorating, part of the risk involved in choosing the profession. 从那以后我一直是有争议的作家。这意味着我与那些被发配到西伯利亚等地方的作家相似，总有同伴。我没什么可抱怨的。相反，处于别人的争议之中正好激发了作家的活力，同时也使作家这一行业有冒险性。

11. What is much worse, however, is that the persecution of writers, including the threat of murder and murder itself, is on the rise throughout the world, so much so that the world has grown accustomed to the terror of it. 然而更糟糕的是，对于作家的迫害、恐吓甚至于杀害，正在全世界范围内加剧，以至于全世界对于这种恐惧已经习以为常。

12. Often all it takes is a literary allusion to the idea that truth exists only in the plural—that there is no such thing as a single truth but only a multitude of truths—to make the defenders of one or another truth sense danger, mortal danger. 如此常常有一种文学性的暗示：真理以复数的形式存在，没有唯一的真理，只有很多的真理，这使得某种真理的捍卫者感到危险，致命的危险。

13. At present its role is to entertain, to serve the fun culture, to de-emphasize the negative side of things and give people hope, a light in the darkness. What is basically called for, though not quite so explicitly, is a "positive hero." 目前文学的角色是助兴，是淡化事物消极的一面，给人以希望，是黑暗中的一道亮光。尽管没有明说，从根本上讲，需要一个"正面英雄"。

14. The dangers of jumping in and taking sides are well known: The distance a

writer is supposed to keep is threatened; his language must live from hand to mouth; the narrowness of current events can make him narrow and curb the imagination he has trained to run free; he runs the danger of running out of breath. 作家这种参与并立场鲜明的做法的危险是很明显的：一旦参与，作家就不能与事物保持距离；他的语言不能过分；事实的狭窄使得作家也狭窄，这限制了他自由的想象力；要参与并站稳立场，作家就得冒身心疲惫的危险。

15. Because every writer is of his time, no matter how he protests being born too early or late. He does not autonomously choose what he will write about, that choice is made for him. 每一位作家都是他那个时代的产物，无论他如何抱怨生不逢时，他不能自动挑选他要写的内容，要写什么已经为他选好了。

16. Besides, I come from a family of refugees, which means that in addition to everything that drives a writer from book to book—common ambition, the fear of boredom, the mechanisms of egocentricity—I had the irreparable loss of my birthplace. 此外，我来自一个难民的家庭，这意味着除了激励作家不断写作的一切——普通的理想，对无聊的恐惧，自私的心理——我还有永远无法知道自己的出生地所带来的遗憾。

17. Is it not rather the case that literature is currently retreating from public life and that young writers are using the Internet as a playground? A standstill, to which the suspicious word “communication” lends a certain aura, is making headway. 当前的文学正从公众生活中隐去，年轻的作家把互联网当作游乐场了，难道不是这样吗？那个可疑的词汇“交流”被套上了某种光环，停滞不前的局面也正在蔓延。

18. “O Holy and (through the grace of Camus) Nobelified Sisyphus! May thy stone not remain at the top of the hill, may we roll it down again and like thee continue to rejoice in it, and may the story told of the drudgery of our existence have no end. Amen.” “神圣的、(加缪也曾这样说过）获得过诺贝尔奖的西西弗斯，祝愿你的石头不要停在山顶，让我们再一次把石头滚下山来，像你一样继续为之高兴，祝愿关于我们生活艰难的故事永不

枯竭。阿门。”西西弗斯，希腊神话中的暴君，死后堕入地狱，被罚推石上山，但石在近山顶时又滚下，于是重新再推，如此循环不息。此处指身处困境中的作家。

Appendices

一、诺贝尔遗嘱

我，签名人阿尔弗雷德·伯哈德·诺贝尔，经过郑重的考虑后特此宣布，下文是关于处理我死后所留下的财产的遗嘱。

在此我要求遗嘱执行人以如下方式处置我可以兑换的剩余财产：将上述财产兑换成现金，然后进行安全可靠的投资；以这份资金成立一个基金会，将基金所产生的利息每年奖给在前一年中为人类做出杰出贡献的人。将此利息划分为五等份，分配如下：

一份奖给在物理界有最重大的发现或发明的人；

一份奖给在化学上有最重大的发现或改进的人；

一份奖给在医学和生理学界有最重大的发现的人；

一份奖给在文学界创作出具有理想倾向的最佳作品的人；

最后一份奖给为促进民族团结友好、取消或裁减常备军队以及为和平会议的组织和宣传尽到最大努力或作出最大贡献的人。

物理奖和化学奖由斯德哥尔摩瑞典科学院颁发；医学和生理学奖由斯德哥尔摩卡罗琳医学院颁发；文学奖由斯德哥尔摩文学院颁发；和平奖由挪威议会选举产生的5人委员会颁发。

对于获奖候选人的国籍不予任何考虑，也就是说，不管他或她是不是斯堪的纳维亚人，谁最符合条件谁就应该获得奖金，我在此声明，这样授予奖金是我的迫切愿望……

这是我唯一有效的遗嘱。在我死后，若发现以前任何有关财产处置的遗嘱，一概作废。

阿尔弗雷德·伯哈德·诺贝尔

1895年11月27日

二、诺贝尔及诺贝尔奖趣话

诺贝尔小传

1833年10月21日，阿尔弗雷德·伯哈德·诺贝尔出生。按照瑞典人的命名习惯，阿尔弗雷德是名，诺贝尔是姓。不过按照后来约定俗成的叫法，诺贝尔家族的姓后来通常也就用以指阿尔弗雷德本人。

诺贝尔出生时家庭因一场大火破产，他父亲曾担心他活不长，因为他似乎连呼吸和吃奶的力气都没有，幼年一直生活在病弱的阴影中。

阿尔弗雷德·诺贝尔的学校生活仅止于小学。他到了上学的年龄时，被送进了斯德哥尔摩的圣雅各布高级卫道士小学念了几个学期的书。在这所小学里他所有的功课以及品德都得了最高分，是82个学生中得到最高分数的3个学生之一。

1842年，诺贝尔随家人到俄国圣彼得堡生活，父亲给三兄弟在家里办了一个诺贝尔家庭学校。此后的六七年内，爱好诗歌的诺贝尔一直做着“雪莱梦”，但父亲很反感，认为诗歌不过是懒散女子的消遣，一个有出息的男子汉不应当也不屑乐于此道。在家庭学校内，对诺贝尔理科教育影响最大的是家庭教师齐宁，他是俄国当时最著名的化学家。

1850年，诺贝尔17岁时，父亲为了家族事业的发展，决定送诺贝尔到欧洲各国和美国去见见世面，同时考察欧洲国家和美国在机械、化工方面的现状和进展。直至21岁他才回到圣彼得堡。这期间，他开始接触硝化甘油炸药的制造技术。1863年，诺贝尔返回瑞典，与父亲及弟弟共同研制炸药，因意外爆炸事故炸毁工场，炸死弟弟，政府禁止他们再进行试验。他因此一度把实验室设在了斯德哥尔摩市外梅拉伦湖的一条驳船上。

1866年秋的一天，雷酸汞的爆炸试验成功了，它即是今天用途广泛的雷管。此后诺贝尔在炸药方面的一系列发明使他成为“现代炸药之父”。

诺贝尔于 1891 年因法国政府的排斥被迫移居意大利的圣雷莫，这时他已 58 岁了，到他 1896 年病逝于此的 6 年间，在圣雷莫他不断致力于各种各样的新发明，涉及化工、机械、电气、医疗等领域。

诺贝尔一生到底完成过多少发明，获得过多少专利？据诺贝尔的助手索尔曼所作的不完全统计，诺贝尔一生所获得的专利为 351 项。

1896 年 11 月 28 日，诺贝尔跌倒在他的书房内，仆人见状，立即把他抬上二楼的卧室。当医生赶到时，诺贝尔的大脑已局部坏死。他除了能用他的母语瑞典语嘟嘟哝哝讲一些话之外，已完全不能用他熟悉的法语和意大利语讲话。在场的助手、医生和仆人全都是法国人和意大利人，他们除了听懂了“电报”这个单词之外，谁也听不懂他的临终遗言。同年 12 月 10 日凌晨 2 时，诺贝尔因脑溢血与世长辞，终年 63 岁。

诺贝尔临终时，没有一个亲友在身边，甚至连他喜欢的助手索尔曼也远在瑞典。恰如他生前所担心的：“在我临终时，也许没有一个亲友在我身边，好心地替我合上眼皮，在我耳边最后说一句安慰我的话。”一代科技巨星，就这样陨落了。

诺贝尔对自己个人的评价是——“最大的优点：保持他的指甲干净，对任何人都从不构成负担。最大的特点：没有家庭，缺乏欢乐精神和良好胃口。最大的也是唯一的请求：不要被活埋。最大的罪恶：不拜财神。生平重要事件：无。”

诺贝尔一生在死神的威胁下为人类向大自然索取动力，在讲述自己一生的科学技术成就时他只用了简短的几句话——“本文作者生于 1833 年 10 月 21 日，他的学问从家庭教师处得来，从没有进过高等学校。他特别致力于应用化学的研究，生平所发明的炸药有：锰炸药、无烟火药、‘巴立斯梯’或称 C89 号，1884 年加入瑞典皇家科学会、伦敦皇家学会和巴黎土木工程师学会。1880 年得到瑞典国王创议颁发的科学勋章，又得到法国大勋章。”

诺贝尔的工业帝国

诺贝尔生前曾说他不喜欢经商，说他厌恶那些尔虞我诈的商务纠

纷，他说与其进那些商务仲裁所，不如进他的技术实验室。然而他可确实是一位富有的商人，他生前在各国创建的诺贝尔分公司，可以说是现代跨国公司的先驱。

第一步是在一艘废弃在梅拉伦湖畔的平底驳船上迈出的。1863年10月14日，诺贝尔在瑞典获得硝化甘油引爆物的专利后，想立即建厂投产。由于市政当局的禁令，他在市区任何地方都找不到厂址，只好在“船上化工厂”着手投产。

此后，在瑞典诺贝尔开办过4家工厂。

1865年，诺贝尔在德国汉堡开设了德国的诺贝尔公司；1873年至1891年迁居法国期间，法国诺贝尔公司所属的工厂开办到7家；英国的诺贝尔公司所属的工厂曾发展到8家；到19世纪70年代，诺贝尔已成工业巨富，他委托大哥在芬兰和俄国开办了化工厂，还投资诺贝尔兄弟石油公司，后者曾是诺贝尔巨额资产的重要财源之一。

后来各国的公司和工厂被改组为两个国际托拉斯：英德托拉斯和拉丁托拉斯。从1886年到1896年的10年间，诺贝尔跨国公司已遍及21个国家，拥有90余座工厂，雇工多达万余人，到了19世纪80年代末90年代初，诺贝尔跨国公司实际上已成为一个庞大的工业帝国。

诺贝尔在巴黎工作和生活期间，流传着不少有关他的轶闻趣事。有一则说，他聘用作为厨娘的一个法国姑娘告诉他，她要辞职去结婚。诺贝尔问这位法国姑娘要他送点什么结婚礼物，这位聪明而机灵的法国姑娘提出：别的都不要，只想要“诺贝尔先生本人一天所挣的钱”。这个请求可难倒了诺贝尔，因为诺贝尔本人也不知道他一天挣多少钱。然而，诺贝尔是一个答应了的事就一定要办的人，于是他经过几天计算之后，算出他一天大概能挣4万法郎。这样，他就把4万法郎作为结婚礼物赠给了那位姑娘。据说这笔钱在当时的价值，仅靠它的利息就可以让这位姑娘舒心地过上一辈子。

诺贝尔的诗人梦

诺贝尔在少年时代深受英国诗人雪莱的影响，并因此做过想当诗人的“雪莱梦”。成年之后，尽管由于技术发明与商务发展两方面的事

务极为繁忙，业余时间很少，但诺贝尔对文学的爱好与他对科学的爱好一样始终如一。可以说，文学与科学是诺贝尔的两大精神支柱。

对于英国文学，诺贝尔除了喜欢阅读雪莱、拜伦和莎士比亚等人的作品之外，甚至对英国不怎么著名的作家、作品也极为熟悉。对于法国文学，他除了与雨果有直接交往而阅读他的作品之外，还广泛地阅读莫泊桑、巴尔扎克、左拉等人的作品。对于俄国文学，他喜欢阅读果戈里、陀斯妥耶夫斯基、托尔斯泰和屠格涅夫等人的作品。对于包括他的祖国瑞典在内的斯堪的纳斯亚各国的文学，他阅读过易卜生、比约恩森、加博格、基兰等人的作品。对这些作品他都有过独特的评价。

诺贝尔不仅喜欢阅读文学作品，而且也曾尝试过进行文学创作。他写过诗，《一则谜语》就是他的一首自传体式的长诗。晚年他开始创作小说，1861 年写的《在最明亮的非洲》、1862 年写的《姊妹们》，这两部作品抒发他对社会改革的观点，1895 年写的喜剧《杆菌发明专利权》，则对现实持批评态度，作品充满了挖苦和讥讽。

他唯一的一部正式出版的戏剧作品，是写于 1895 年的《复仇的女神》。这部悲剧在巴黎出版时，诺贝尔已经永辞人世。他的家族成员们认为："像这么一部可怜的剧作，不能给一位伟人带来荣誉的纪念。"因此只留下 3 本保存，其余的全部销毁。这个家族的决定也许是对的，因为，诺贝尔在年轻时表现出来的诗人气质，已经在漫长的发明家和大企业主的一点儿也不浪漫的岁月中消失了。

诺贝尔也喜欢与文学密切相关的哲学，对于当时著名的欧美哲学家，他比较喜欢英国哲学家斯宾塞的实证主义哲学。在哲学方面，他曾列出过一些准备写的论文目录和提纲。

诺贝尔的爱情悲剧

在诺贝尔生前与身后，人们对他常有欧洲"最富有的流浪汉"之说。他一生没有妻室儿女，也没有固定住所。他曾说过："我在哪里工作，哪里就是我的家。"曾有 3 位女性进入他的生活，但一个早逝，一个无缘，一个无知而负心，诺贝尔的爱情是悲剧。

青年时代的那次欧美之旅，诺贝尔曾在巴黎与一位法国姑娘有过短暂的热恋，不幸的是，那位姑娘不久猝然病逝。

1876年诺贝尔43岁时，奥地利大元帅弗兰兹·金斯基伯爵之女伯莎应聘做他的秘书，诺贝尔对她一见倾心，无奈伯莎心已属人，这两人虽无缘结为连理，却结成了永恒的友谊，伯莎后来成为著名女作家、世界和平运动先驱之一。

1876年秋，诺贝尔去奥地利进行商业旅行时，在一家花店里结识了卖花女索菲，此后诺贝尔与索菲维持了近15年的关系。诺贝尔一度希望索菲成为他的伴侣，为她在疗养地买了一幢漂亮的别墅，在巴黎富人区购置了一座华丽的公馆，但由于索菲没有文化，缺乏教养，又不听诺贝尔的劝导，只知挥霍放荡，使诺贝尔感到忧伤与失望。

1891年春天，她来信告诉诺贝尔说，她就要生下一个父亲是一位匈牙利军官的孩子来，诺贝尔看到这个消息后，彻底失望了，他还是写信去安慰和劝告她。诺贝尔从此决定不再与她来往，并通过一位律师为她提供了30万匈牙利克朗的养老费，这在当时是很大的一笔钱。

诺贝尔逝世后，索菲还去找拉格纳·索尔曼，她威胁说，如果不给她比遗嘱规定还多的东西，她就要将诺贝尔给她的216封信的原件出版权卖掉。这时，索尔曼正陷于四面楚歌之中，为了避免可能出现一场丑闻，执行人有条件地买下了这些信件，这样就保证他们在将来不致遭受任何讹诈。

诺贝尔的遗嘱

诺贝尔在他生命的最后几年，曾先后立下过3份内容非常相似的遗嘱。第一份立于1889年，第二份立于1893年，第3份则立于1895年。最后一份遗嘱存放在斯德哥尔摩一家银行，也就是要以它为准的最后遗嘱。这份遗嘱取消了分赠亲友的部分，将自己的全部财产用于设立奖励基金，于1897年初在瑞典公布于众。

在诺贝尔遗嘱公布之初，瑞典社会舆论的批评和谴责之声占了上风。报界公开地鼓励亲属上诉，反对它的理由主要是“法律缺陷”和“不爱国”。报界说，一个瑞典人不注意瑞典的利益，既不把这笔巨额

遗产捐赠给瑞典，也没有给瑞典人甚至斯堪的纳维亚人获奖的优先权，还要瑞典承揽这些额外工作，从而给瑞典人带来不能给他们任何利益的麻烦，那纯粹是不爱国的，瑞典的奖金颁发机构将不可能令人满意地完成分派给它们的任务。遗嘱还把颁发和平奖金的任务交给一个由挪威议会指定的委员会，瑞典与挪威之间的关系当时已经非常紧张，这将要严重损害瑞典的利益。一部分社会民主党人士指责说，诺贝尔设立奖金支持个别杰出人物，无助于社会进步。他们认为，诺贝尔的财产来自劳动和大自然，应该使社会每一个成员都得到益处。

而对法律缺陷的批评，曾被认为将使整个的遗嘱失效。高明的律师们挑出的第一个毛病是，遗嘱中没有明确讲出立嘱人是哪国公民。这样一来，就难以确定该由哪个国家的执法机关来判决遗嘱的合法性，更无法确定该由哪国政府来组织诺贝尔基金委员会了。这个指责不是没有道理的，因为，诺贝尔生在瑞典，成长在俄国，创业活动遍及欧洲，晚年也没有成为任何一个欧洲国家有国籍的公民。他们挑出的第二个毛病是，遗嘱没有明确指出全部财产由谁来负责保管。他们说，虽然遗嘱说要成立一个基金会，但又没有指定由谁来组织这个基金会。所以，可以认为，遗嘱执行人无权继承遗产，而继承遗产的基金会又不存在。

遗嘱执行人索尔曼等人不懈努力，1898 年 5 月 21 日，瑞典国王宣布诺贝尔遗嘱生效。1900 年 6 月 29 日，瑞典国会通过了诺贝尔基金会章程。1901 年 12 月 10 日，即诺贝尔逝世 5 周年的纪念日，颁发了首次诺贝尔奖。

诺贝尔奖的纰漏

选错了奖励项目的诺贝尔奖

1921 年，诺贝尔奖委员会在公告中说，由于爱因斯坦发现了光电效应，所以决定把本年度的物理学奖授予他。许多科学家认为，光电效应的科学意义无法和相对论相提并论。因此，科学家们认为，不是爱因斯坦不够格，而是诺贝尔奖委员会选错了奖励项目。

选错了授奖对象的诺贝尔奖

1918年的化学奖颁给了弗里茨·哈伯。他在第一次世界大战期间发明了毒气，战争中死于毒气的人不计其数。哈伯自己在战后都感到罪孽深重，以至于怕被人认出来而故意蓄起了胡子，并到外国去避了一段时间的风头。

1923年，诺贝尔生理学或医学奖授予了两位科学家，一位是加拿大的巴丁，一位是苏格兰的迈克劳德。颁奖后不久，科学家们提出了异议。因为在进行胰岛素实验时，作为所长的迈克劳德根本就不在现场，更激起公愤的是诺贝尔奖把巴丁的真正合作者贝斯排除在外。这是多么的不公平！

1949年医学奖的共同获奖人之一、葡萄牙人伊加斯·莫尼兹的贡献是开创了脑叶切除手术。但行家认为，他在1936年出版的一本关于脑叶切除手术的小册子对手术效果的介绍含有夸大不实之词。他说手术不影响患者的智力和记忆，而事实上约有一半的患者术后有意识和行动上的障碍，如感情冷漠、行动迟缓、神经紧张、失去方向感和时间感等。

20世纪未获诺贝尔奖的五大科学发现

由于诺贝尔在遗嘱中只要求将诺贝尔奖用于奖励那些在物理学、化学、生理学或医学、文学及和平事业中“对于人类作出最大贡献的人”，加之诺贝尔奖评选委员会坚持许多不合理的评选规则，致使20世纪的一些重大科学发现并未获得评选委员会的“青睐”。

相对论 根据已公开的诺贝尔奖评选档案资料，在20世纪的头二十年里，由于爱因斯坦提出相对论，几十名著名科学家一直提名他为诺贝尔物理学奖候选人。但是，当时身为诺贝尔奖评审团成员、1911年诺贝尔医学奖得主加尔斯特兰德却认为，相对论应接受时间的考验，致使爱因斯坦连年落选，直到1921年才因光电效应得到了诺贝尔物理奖。

“哈勃定律” 20世纪的二三十年代，美国天文学家埃德温·哈勃揭示出在无垠的宇宙中，银河系只是“一名小小的成员”。哈勃首次提

出，在银河系之外存在大量星系，并认为遥远的星系在其光谱中产生显著的“红移”现象。哈勃的理论认为，“红移”最快的星系就是离我们最远的星系。这也就是著名的“哈勃定律”。由于当时的诺贝尔物理学奖评审团仍坚持旧的评选规定——天体物理学的发现不在评奖范围内，使哈勃失去获奖机会。

“岛屿生物地理学” 20世纪50年代和60年代，罗伯特·麦克阿瑟和爱德华·威尔逊运用数学研究并创造性地进行实地考察后提出物种是如何移居新领地的理论，使世界科学界为之震惊。今天，自然资源保护工作者运用这一理论，能计算出为保护濒临灭绝物种的生存需要多少栖息地；进化生态学家利用这一理论，对物种构成和物种的灭绝有了更为深入的了解。

“大陆漂移”理论 地球物理学家韦格纳在1915年提出地球陆地漂移的理论时，遭到很多人讥笑，认为大陆漂移说荒诞不经。韦格纳于1930年在格凌兰岛进行科学探险考察时遇难。后来，一些科学家继承了韦格纳的事业，继续对大陆漂移理论进行研究，并完善了他的理论。到20世纪50年代，人们获得有关这一理论无可辩驳的证据时，韦格纳已经不在人世了，他也没有获得诺贝尔奖。

“意识与无意识”理论 1929年，著名的心理学家弗洛伊德提出了轰动一时的“意识和无意识及其对行为影响的理论”。但这一理论并未使他获诺贝尔奖。据说弗洛伊德死前一直认为，10年后诺贝尔奖评委会会打电话告知他获奖。但因在诺贝尔活着的时代，心理学处于早期发展阶段，因此心理学理论不会被列入评奖范围，研究心理学的人必会被拒之门外。

［Ｇｅｎｅｒａｌ Ｉｎｆｏｒｍａｔｉｏｎ］
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